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Spectrum

The Economic Issue

ONE PROBLEM which the Labour Government now faces, with the prospect of a shorter than normal period of power ahead of it, is that it is going to be hard to hand out any useful prizes during the time available. The distinctive thing which it has to offer in economic policy is a different way of doing business. That way should in the end produce more wealth more consistently than the Tories have succeeded in doing. But the improvement in the techniques of managing our economic affairs cannot be compassed quickly, and in the meanwhile the actual process of change will, especially if people are in a hurry, produce some awkward moments. It is possible to imagine Labour going out of office after a couple of years, having successfully laid the foundations for a more rapid rate of economic growth, and leaving it to another government to gather the ultimate harvest of popularity.

But this is a risk which it cannot afford to shun. If the party has any significant contribution to make, it must at least start by demonstrating that it can make the nation's productive apparatus yield more than it would do left to unguided and unimpeded private enterprise. ("Unimpeded" in this context is not used to suggest the alternative of a perfect market, which does not, and cannot in modern conditions, exist anywhere; it means the absence of impediments on the individual firm pursuing the easiest way of making a profit.) This is not to deny the legitimacy of Labour's aims to redistribute wealth, as well as make more of it. The lack of a proper capital gains tax, for instance, has been a public scandal, since Mr. Selwyn Lloyd as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1962 reluctantly produced the present ineffectual device. But it would be sad if the party at this stage reverted to primitive socialist ideas which saw redistribution as the chief instrument of economic policy. It would also be very unlike Mr. Wilson.

The underlying assumption of the Wilsonian school is that, broadly, redistribution should apply not to existing wealth, but to the increment which results from the growth of the economy. Hence the altogether healthy anxiety to control profits on land. (That is different from the attempt to control land prices, which is a more doubtful starter.) All this reflects a more sophisticated notion of social justice. It also puts the accent more firmly than ever on economic growth.

There are two main instruments of policy to secure this object. One is to raise the volume of productive investment, and the other is to deploy our resources in manpower, technology and capital more effectively. The Conservative Government in its last two years of office, after the great Cabinet purge of 1962, began to tackle both. Labour does not need to reverse any engines—as it would have been compelled to do if it had come into office during the unregenerate period of Tory economics, say three years ago—what it has to do is to make them go a lot

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faster. The fair complaint against the last government is not that it did not go for the right economic policy in the end—a policy which raised the level of investment and attempted to plan the long-term use of the nation's resources—but that it did so with insufficient energy, conviction, and discrimination.

It is the lack of discrimination which it seems to me that Labour is especially equipped to put right, though of course it will not be able to do so unless the other two virtues are present too. The essential point is a doctrinal one. If you start out from a deeply held belief in the rights of the owners of property to manage it as they see fit, indeed see the limitation of public power by private ownership rights as one of the basic aims of organised society, then it becomes exceedingly difficult to develop a convincing philosophy of economic intervention.[1] By what right does the state intervene to give owners different rewards—to favour one business activity over another which is no less virtuous but happens not to serve some chosen social purpose? The principle of equality among property owners is the enemy of planning.

Take a crucial example—factory investment. I said that the Conservatives had, especially in recent years, successfully encouraged capital investment in general. As a proportion of the national product it has now risen, after many years when we were lagging behind European standards, to the respectable figure of around 20 per cent. But when one comes to examine the detail of what has been done the picture is very worrying. Broadly, what has gone up sharply is investment in housing, shops, public utilities—all that is fine—but expenditure (in real terms) on equipment and buildings in manufacturing industry is barely one tenth above what it was seven years ago, in 1957. In Germany and elsewhere in Western Europe meanwhile, it has risen by well over half. If one is looking for an obvious reason for the lack of competitiveness of British industry and its poor showing in export markets, it is here in the factories. That is where nearly all of our exports come from; if the plant is less modern or there is less plant, then we inevitably lose out to competitors who have the capacity to meet an order for more up-to-date products more rapidly.

[1] Mr. Enoch Powell, whose role is that of the articulate *id* of the Tories, keeps reminding them of the libidinous urges which shaped their original being by his constant cry for "less government."

Now, the argument is not that the investment allowances to British industry are inadequate —they are by now, but again only since a couple of years ago, probably the most generous in the world—but that they are insufficiently discriminating. With one or two exceptions, they treat all comers equally. And if these particular tax allowances do not suffice to achieve the purpose, then other forms of discrimination should be boldly applied.

THERE ARE, HOWEVER, two points on which the Labour Party ought to clarify its own ideas, if it is to make a success of a policy of economic intervention serving a full-scale national plan. Both are concerned with its relationship to private enterprise. The first point is that this kind of planning has no special connection with socialism; it is successfully practised in France and in other countries by right-wing governments. It is only in the Anglo-Saxon world that a party of the Left has to be put up to justify the active intervention of the state to assert the public interest in the private sector. The second point is that the technique of modern planning in an economy where the great bulk of industry is still in private ownership requires a measure of sympathy on the part of the public authorities towards the objectives of private enterprise. The collaboration that is necessary from management if it is to succeed will not be forthcoming unless it is made clear that planning is not a prelude to public ownership, but rather a substitute for it.

But will the old-guard socialists, many of whom are still very vocal in Wilson's entourage, readily accept the notion that new-style planning makes old-style nationalisation *démodé*? They are more likely to try to have both—which would almost certainly mean making a success of neither. Labour's traditional preference for using a stick rather than a carrot in its dealings with private enterprise has somehow got to be overcome. The doctrinal incubus of the Left in Britain, to match that of the Right about property, is the view that profits are distasteful and big profits evil.

So much of the practical outcome depends on doctrine that it seems a great pity that the parties have just given us such an un-doctrinal election. It would have helped to clear their own minds if they had deigned to argue about it with one another.

Andrew Shonfield

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Difficult Decisions

DENIS HEALEY may have the most unenviable job in the Cabinet. Many of the party's supporters and even some of his own colleagues believe that Labour's return to power will mean the immediate transformation of Britain from a wicked nuclear into a benign non-nuclear power, a transformation that in fact would depend as much on Soviet, American, and French policy as British. Seven years of international debate on the control of strategy in NATO are just about to reach a climax with the need to decide on acceptance, deferment, or rejection of the MLF. He will be under very strong pressure to cut defence expenditure or at any rate to prevent it rising to the expected level of £2,400 million for the next financial year. Yet his two obvious courses are foreclosed, a reduction of British commitments East of Suez where one third of the defence budget is spent, or a drastic reduction of research and development programmes which might produce unemployment in the aircraft industry. The only ways to stabilise defence expenditure all involve an even closer relationship between the United States and Britain whose President and Prime Minister have not yet decided how much they trust each other.

The new Cabinet will have to spend a lot of time on defence questions whether the Minister of Technology likes it or not. For the government has unluckily come to power at a time when it is unlikely that enough significant progress can be made on arms control agreements to enable the issues in the defence field to be fudged, even though the atmosphere of *détente* may persist. It is possible that those original signatories of the 1963 Test Ban Treaty may soon feel able to extend it to underground tests. But even before Khrushchev preceded Sir Alec into obscurity it had become clear that the need to avoid a complete break with China was restricting Soviet freedom to consider far-reaching arms control agreements with the West. Except in the unlikely event that the Chinese nominal bomb test leads to a complete *bouleversement* in international alignments in the next year or so, the going at Geneva is likely to be sticky, the pressures on Moscow to seek arms control or other agreements on Europe will be insufficient, while the need to maintain a foothold in Asia will lead to its continuing support of Britain's most active adversary, Indonesia. If the Prime Minister attempts to use his own extensive contacts in Moscow to revive a Soviet-Western dialogue that may be sinking into diminuendo for a while, he risks arousing hostility in Washington and Bonn which will bedevil his NATO policy.

This must take priority for the time being, not merely because the Prime Minister obviously intends to follow Lord Attlee's advice and take his biggest decisions first, but because by misfortune he is faced with only a short time in which to persuade Johnson and Erhard to hold their hand on the MLF, or else decide to join it. Fortunately Dean Rusk now seems at last ready to restrain his colleagues who insist that a "final decision" must be taken in December in order to get the requisite treaty legislation through the *Bundestag* before election fever rises in Germany next summer. But Britain can have no clear European policy nor a confident relationship with the United States until the MLF issue is settled.

THE MLF does undoubtedly represent *one* solution to the problem of enhancing the confidence of the non-nuclear powers in NATO without losing the advantages of centralised control. It has a number of obvious disadvantages in terms of cost, of its drain on skilled manpower and resources, of its likely effect within NATO itself. But it is a proposal on which a great deal of effort and ingenuity has been expended, and, given the extent to which German expectations have been aroused, it can only be replaced by one that holds promise of achieving the same central objective by other means. Some non-official studies have been attempted, in Britain and the United States, on one such approach: the reorganisation of NATO into functional civil-military planning teams and the development of a crisis management system in Washington. But though Labour spokesmen have vaguely referred to such ideas, there is no evidence that they have done much homework on the problem. The Foreign Office and the Ministry of Defence have been so preoccupied with shooting down each other's kites over the MLF that they have little in the way of formed proposals on an alternative approach to put to

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Ministers. More important still, no groundwork of understanding on such an alternative with Paris or with Bonn has been established.

It therefore seems almost certain that the government must negotiate on the existing MLF proposal. One way to buy time for consideration of better ideas and greater British influence over the final outcome would be to offer to contribute Britain's own *Polaris* fleet to the multilateral force. But this may well conflict, not only with the left wing's distaste for the *Polaris* programme in any form, but also with the need to save foreign exchange (some £40–50 million in dollar costs) by reducing it. In that case the government's hope of exerting a stronger influence over the development of the MLF will mean extending the proposal made to the other MLF powers by the Home government last July, for including the TSR-2 and other interdiction weapons in Europe in the MLF, to the V-Bombers and other nuclear weapons. One way or another the Government is bound to end in subscribing to the principle of multilateral control in NATO.

EUROPEAN DEVELOPMENTS are too pressing for the government to harbour any illusion that the American "special relationship" can be a substitute for a European policy. But where Britain's commitments beyond Suez are concerned, a very difficult judgment on the dependability of the Anglo-American relationship confronts the government. The United States has ceased applying pressure for a larger British contribution of ground forces in Europe on the understanding that the Malaysian confrontation is shouldered by the Commonwealth without involving American assistance. There is no danger of the Labour government withdrawing from this bargain; indeed the risk is that it may find the role of policeman in the Indian Ocean (which the services love as much as they hate being in Germany) too seductive.

The thorny question will be how to afford an active South Asian policy. The bold course would be to reorganise its supply routes to the Far East westabout through the United States and the American bases in the Pacific. It could then begin to withdraw from the quarrelsome or blackmailing countries where British bases on the eastbound route lie: Malta and Cyprus, Libya and the Sudan, the Aden Federation and South Africa (Simonstown). This would lower its expenditure, widen its freedom of action in Africa, and even make possible the development of a sensible policy towards Egypt. But this would involve a judgment that American and British Far East policies will always march in step. In the far off days of the "New Frontier," Labour would probably have taken the risk. Will it feel able to do so with a new Administration that may be on the verge of more militant confrontations with China?

THERE ARE A HOST of other problems to be decided. The Army wants more men; the decision to lay down a large new aircraft carrier for the Indian Ocean needs reconsideration; Julian Amery's plans for a British space programme should come under close scrutiny; a decision must be taken whether to produce the TSR-2 despite the scorn that Labour heaped on it in opposition or else see its enormous development costs entirely wasted.

Though the problems are tough and can offer no political dividend whichever way they are decided, Harold Wilson has put a strong team of Ministers into the Quadragon. Though Denis Healey may bore the House of Commons and seem diffuse and viewy to Americans, he is one of the few British politicians who has devoted sustained thought to strategic questions. In addition he has the blend of energy and obstinacy which is essential to the job. Fred Mulley, his deputy and Minister for the Army, knows a great deal about NATO and the problems of European defence policy. If anyone can unravel the Penelope's web of the British aircraft industry, whose research overheads are out of alignment with its earning power, it is Roy Jenkins, and it will be a great improvement to have an economist rather than a jingoist at Aviation. Free of his predecessor's Gaullist tendencies, yet free also of the anti-Europeanism of many of his colleagues, he was a brilliant choice for this unenviable assignment. The country's economic difficulties should usefully strengthen his hand in pruning overlapping projects and rationalising the British aeroplane industry.

But if the Labour government does succeed in making a better amalgam than its predecessor of the conflicting pressures from which defence policy emerges, it will be partly thanks to inheriting a greatly improved system of central planning and accounting. Just as Robert McNamara's reputation owes a great debt (unacknowledged) to the plans of the Eisenhower Administration, so Healey will be indebted to the internal reforms of Thorneycroft.

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This is in fact the irony of defence policy in every country. Plans or weapons or mistakes in defence policy take so long to mature that it is the Minister of five to ten years hence who benefits or is harmed by them. Just as Peter Thorneycroft was to a large extent the prisoner of Duncan Sandys, so an unknown Defence Minister of the late 1960s or early 1970s will be principally affected by the decisions taken by Denis Healey in the next twelve months.

Alastair Buchan

Old & New

I AM DELIGHTED to give three cheers for a Labour government. But I reserve the right to give four for a Socialist government. By which I mean a government that is ultimately prepared to wage war on all those forces in society which cramp and impoverish the lives of men. For this after all is the old nineteenth-century ideal from which all left-wing parties derive, and to which they must periodically be recalled. I should like to think that the "cultural debate" inside the British Left in the late 'fifties and early 'sixties, defective though it often was in the matter of precision or practicality, did a certain amount towards reviving interest generally amongst members of the Labour Party about the kind of society into which they wanted the kinds of political reform they wanted to fit. Certainly this was the impression I got from attending meetings or talking to societies, avowedly of a purely political kind, in very different parts of the country.

I think that to many people the debate as it was conducted was open to one very general criticism: and that is that it never seemed to find an appropriate level for itself between the most minute proposals and the most utopian aspirations. Personally I don't feel this to be so much of a criticism as some might, since I am sure that any radical attempt to improve the quality of life in our society must be prepared to consider, virtually within the same span of attention, who should pay museum officials and how much, and what the cities of the future should look like.

Still, one of the many hopeful things that the new government has done has been to set up (though under another title) a Ministry of Culture, and I dare say that Miss Jennie Lee, however many ideas she has of her own, might well feel she has the right to expect of someone who expressed views on this subject without any of the responsibilities of action, to say *now*, when something can be done, how he sees the problems. This is what I want to do: stating problems or at least a range of them, but seldom giving answers, and throughout stressing (because I think this *is* so important) the interconnexion between very big and very small issues. For whether a plan is utopian or not is not an absolute matter but a function of the age. In an age of big changes, big interventions are not utopian. It was little Hans who was utopian, not those who presumably came after him and repaired the dyke.

LET US THEN MAKE a start where anyone would probably think we should: larger grants to museums and galleries, so that these are no longer risible in comparison with the levels in, say, certain European countries. For these grants must be raised if our institutions are not to be priced out of the market: and if (as I sincerely hope) we don't resort to the iniquitous American system whereby increasingly museum purchases are in the hands of rich private individuals disposing of public money which has been handed to them by the state under the euphemism "tax concessions." Museums, then, must get more money, and exactly how much will depend (as Miss Jennie Lee will know only too well) in part on how much there is around. In part, I say; for we are here also up against a general question which needs to be answered before we can determine the proper allocations, and that is; What is the function of a museum nowadays? In an age when it is no longer the case that objects are necessarily safer inside a museum than they are outside it, the museum has outlived its function as (literally) a conservatory, and therefore it can no longer be the right policy that museums should simply aim at acquiring any work of "museum quality" that

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falls within their reach. There are certain museums in this country (*e.g.*, the Victoria and Albert) which have adapted themselves to the new role as didactic institutions, but I should like to see awareness of this function far more widely spread as museums become financially able to pick and choose.

Of course any government that is going to be more lavish with public money, will have to develop *pari passu* a system of answerability. But answerability in the administration of the arts is a very obscure matter, and there is no point in paying mere lip-service to the principle by a token scheme which is more likely to be inhibitory rather than constructively critical. The trustee-system is an anomaly, which is well fitted only to cases where the director himself is ill-suited to his task, and though it would be nice to think that a close link with local authorities was healthy, I doubt if in fact it is. Probably the best administrative solution for museums, as for so many other things (*e.g.* education) is to organise them on a regional basis.

But the structure of museum-responsibility is likely to be something of interest to a left-wing government for reasons other than those of a purely accountancy kind. For museums are not likely to assume the wider functions that socialists would like to see them take on as long as they continue to be for a large part of the population alien institutions, the repositories of "their" values. And it is, I think, at least worth experimenting to see if the hideous cultural divide could not to some degree or other be closed by the "democratisation" of the museum structure.

Personally I would expect more hopeful results along rather different lines. In the first place, the proliferation of societies and organisations attached to museums and which gain their members on the basis of their common interests, not their common backgrounds. (In other words, the exact opposite of too many societies which are called "The Friends of ——" this or that.) Such associations should receive strong financial support. Secondly, I should like the traditional museum-building to become, wherever practicable, converted into a "centre." In very large cities, there are, I am aware, objections to the plan because it leads to an excessive centralisation of everything worth seeing. But in cities where the centrifugal tendency has not gone too far, the great advantage of the scheme is that many people may be led by one interest, which they are prepared to admit, to a place where they may become aware of other interests, which had been, for social or personal reasons, suppressed.

The third and most effective way of breaking down cultural resistance is through education. And yet, of course, there is no item over which the new administration can more successfully command our sympathy than the educational legacy they have been left. How can we expect the over-sized classes and the antiquated buildings of our system to be the localities of cultural diffusion? Frustration here may suggest a solution elsewhere. Might it not well be possible in some areas (though in others, alas, it could never happen) for the channels of assistance to be reversed, and for museums, galleries, libraries, theatres, historical and social institutes to supplement the deficiency of our schools and to discharge, perhaps even literally, the function of a class-room?

THE REFERENCE to geographical difficulties in the last paragraph once again brings us back to my point that Jennie Lee will have to switch her gaze constantly from the minute details of organisation to the panorama of society. For no sort of cultural diffusion is possible in a society which is demographically incoherent, and where cities in one area are denuded only so that the countryside in another can be submerged. The Labour government is pledged to do all it can by way of aid or encouragement to stop the wholesale movement of peoples from areas where they want to live to areas where they can. I hope it will be seen that the cultural aspect of this policy is not neglected.

The problem is to make our traditional cities fit for human existence, and I hope that there will be no one found nowadays (least of all a socialist), with the sight of urban deterioration all around us, to deny that this is an *aesthetic* problem. This means an imaginative attempt to encourage the New: and also a recognition of the obligation to save (wherever this is necessary, however costly it may be) the Old. Ancient buildings and the countryside are the "open museums" of a society, which can never be put under key by pomposity and snobbery. The brutalisation of our cities, which has occurred at such a rapid pace in the last few years under the stimulus of profit, should have shaken the old prejudice that the cause of conservation is a matter of mere mindless conservatism, a hobby of leisured *dilettanti*. It is no coincidence that it was the greatest of English socialists who

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founded the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

There are many issues that I have not touched upon but which Miss Jennie Lee will have to: the problem of standards; the problem of centralisation against diffusion of resources; the State as patron; the proper interpretation for to-day of William Morris' great slogan, "By us, not for us." All of these I might well have had to consider if I had begun at another obvious practical starting-point: that of subsidies to theatre and opera. But this again just shows the complex introduction of practical and theoretical issues in this field, as well as the magnitude and the seriousness of the new Minister's task.

Richard Wollheim

Bitter Priorities

THINKING OF what might now be done for this country's education—and hearing in the days following the election of the disastrous state of the country's finances—can only provoke some bitter reflections. It is bitter to know that with an £800 million deficit in the balance of trade, Government expenditure must be cut back and that for two years at least Labour's plans for education will be hamstrung. What problems will they face?

Unlike many Ministries where research is a dirty word, the Department of Education and Science has surveyed the greater part of education in the past few years. The Crowther, Newsome, and Robbins Reports have covered secondary and higher education, and the Plowden Committee will soon report on the primary schools. (There is also the report on school buildings which it was found "impracticable" to publish before the election.) These reports recommend expenditure on a massive scale—and to implement them even partially would cost far more than the Treasury can possibly make available. This means that there will have to be some highly painful decisions about "priorities"—painful not merely because some things will be put before others but because whole sectors may have to be cut back or, at least, not expand at anywhere near the rate at which the Reports argued that they should. In fact the result of the Reports appearing as uncoordinated exercises has been to create false expectations of what can be done all along the line. There is the general picture of slum conditions in school buildings, worn-out Victorian plant that needs replacement as much as broken-down railway rolling stock: and this at a time when the universities are expecting to be launched on a programme of expansion. But the first priority is the provision of teachers. For if we do not get more teachers quickly the size of forms in primary schools if the marriage rate among teachers remains constant after 1970 will rise to over 60. Surely that problem takes priority over a new building for an arts faculty in an ancient university.

BEHIND THIS battle for priorities lies an even more perplexing long-term problem. Not unlike the economy, British education is beset with a deep-seated trouble (and the passage of the Butler Act only accentuated it). It is how to transform a system that produces a small highly-trained élite with remarkable efficiency into a system that is not only more egalitarian but also more effective in bringing into the educational élite—which every country's academic system is bound to create—young persons whose potential talents entitle them to be in it but who run little chance of being selected under the present system. Or to put the dilemma another way: how are we to increase the number of those with talent, who ought to receive full-time education until eighteen and go on to an institution of higher education, without destroying the quality of that education which is, at present, given to comparatively few? Can we give far more children the genuine opportunity of going to schools with a grammar school kind of education built into them and *also* increase the quality and number of applicants to universities? Can we at the same time retain the quality of teaching that is given in sixth forms and in first-degree university courses?

The social defects of our present system are so marked that it is easy to forget certain advantages which it possesses. The educational

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system from the age of fifteen onwards is incredibly economical. Specialisation and competition ensure that, at eighteen, boys and girls know a good deal and have been trained in the discipline of their subjects. They have been able, in only three years, to take first-degree courses at universities which are of a high standard. The *B.A.* and *B.Sc.* still are known to represent a recognised standard of achievement (so much so that, in the main, boys and girls stay at the university for higher degree work only if they intend to research or teach in a university). Their contemporaries in America and Europe are usually several years older before they finish their courses. Except for a few outstanding universities or liberal arts colleges, the level of achievement in America at first-degree stage is two years behind British achievement. The leeway is made up in the many excellent graduate schools in American universities to which the cleverer students go. The drop-out rate elsewhere is also higher. British undergraduates may be few in number but a higher proportion finish their courses, and unlike their fellow students at the Sorbonne (who strike in protest about the intolerable conditions for study produced by a system where anyone with the required qualifications can enrol) they have adequate conditions for study by European standards. The heartbreak at eleven-plus and the scramble for university places produce, in the end, for those who make the grade, a path along which grant-aided students (who may have a chance of a year's residence in a hall or hostel) lead lives which though not paradise are vastly less frustrating than those of most European students.[1] This is the system whose merits thoughtful Americans often implore us to recognise when we are complaining about its defects. Working here for a year on leave or as visiting professors, American academics may criticise our schools as "class-conscious", "unimaginative", "uniform-wearing" or "rule-ridden", but they cannot praise too highly the fact that children learn a great deal and the schools teach at a high level. They are alarmed that *we* will destroy what *they* regard as the main educational asset of the country: a sixth form that works, and a first-degree course that represents a respectable level of achievement. There are, of course, formidable *educational* defects in the present system; but clearly if Britain is to develop the social and technological skills needed to raise the standard of living, we cannot afford to let our standards of achievement drop.

YET IT IS PRECISELY this system which has got to be altered—and with it the situation of the independent schools both before and after thirteen-plus—if an education which is both just and efficient in promoting latent talent is given to the seventy per cent of British children who do not go to grammar schools. It is true that good talent can fail to develop if (as too often in an American high school) children move from grade to grade and no incentive is given to a child to get forward in his learning. But it is also true that the existence of able pupils in a form can give a lift to the work of the whole form and this can be repeated right through the school. At present the children in secondary modern schools—despite some notable exceptions—have not the incentives before them and the stimulus around them to try to cope with the tough grind of the discipline of subjects—though they sometimes learn to use their imagination better than their contemporaries in grammar schools. Time and again sociological studies have shown that the present educational system is heavily weighted against those working-class and lower-middle-class boys who have potentially greater ability than some of those from the higher ranks of the middle class who are selected for grammar school education and later pass into universities. These unfortunates are the children who after leaving at fifteen try to educate themselves at overcrowded technical colleges where the rate of failure among the part-time and night class students is very high. Certainly "Two Nations" still exist in British education.

What must now be done is to lay the foundations of an educational system which is not stratified according to class structure. While this change is being effected it must, in the short run, provide funds for greater facilities for further education for those who in the meantime are unable to get places on the grammar school/university ladder. In further education this could be a new period of development for the W.E.A.—have they the resilience to adapt themselves? Not only do we need a new outlook from teachers towards recruitment and incentives but we have got to try a good number of new devices (in particular, the extension of external degrees which at present only London

[1] This picture is confirmed by the recent appendices of the Robbins Committee.

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University offers) to give part-time higher education to those who at present cannot study full time. We have also got to have the courage to be selective. If there is an obvious field where more money must be spent (*e.g.*, primary-school buildings or the training of social scientists), we cannot afford to spend whatever few funds are available by increasing the building or training programmes in other places. And if there are institutions which cannot run their affairs economically and efficiently, they should be examined to see why they can't. But of all the changes recently in education none is as important as the need to improve *primary* education. And much as bricks and mortar are needed to build new schools they are insignificant compared with the need to decrease the numbers in primary school forms by increasing the number of teachers in these schools and improving their conditions of service.

Noel Annan

The Future Can Work

"I BID IT," said my friend, the critic on the aisle, reviewing a new play, "a qualified welcome," and I might say the same thing about the new Labour Government, facing as I do so the rather lonely feeling (stifled in the inevitable euphoria that the mere fact of a change stimulated) that I may have just voted Labour for the last time. "That's the last vote you'll ever get out of me, Harold Wilson," I cry over the garden wall, "if you waste it like you did the last one."

Will he? Let us tot up the chances. Some of the new Government appointments are simply ridiculous, and one or two of them are worse than that. True, Mr. Wilson has given a good many political IOU's on the way up the greasy pole, and he is in no position as yet to default on them. Even so, any Government which omits Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, Mr. Reginald Paget, and Mr. Austen Albu, and includes Mr. Stephen Swingler, Mr. Harold Davies, and Mrs. Barbara Castle (and she in the Cabinet, at that) tempts one to write it off in advance.

Mr. Wilson, of course, knows a trick worth two of that. Some of his less predictable appointments have been shrewd: having Mr. Richard Crossman's erratic brilliance at the Ministry of Housing, for instance, means that there will probably be a series of experiments with *papier-mâché* houses with their chimneys in the cellar, but that something both exciting and useful should ultimately emerge. Some of the newly-created Ministries, too, are imaginative, although Professor Parkinson must be laughing fit to bust, and although the spectacle of Mr. Cousins and Lord Snow sitting in the Ministry of Technology banging their egos on one another while Sir Solly Zuckerman tries to get a word in edgeways is one to make the angels weep—yet, my original phrase stands: a qualified welcome.

But my terms are stiff. I voted Labour to "get Britain moving," and Mr. Wilson has got to explain what he means by that and then do it. What *I* mean by it is fairly simple. I want (and I do not believe that I am by any means alone in this among those whose votes are only lent, not given, to Labour) not a Socialist Commonwealth, but a modern industrial society where competition is not the enemy, but the welcomed friend; where new techniques, new equipment, new ideas and new men do not have to wait until the rest of the world has abandoned them as outmoded before they can hope to be taken up in Britain; where our ludicrous class-structure, rotting whole sectors of our education, our economy, even our defences, is broken to pieces; where the University population-explosion implied in the Robbins Report is not regarded by anybody as self-evidently absurd, and the only criticism of it is the reasoned kind provided by such as Mr. Kingsley Amis; where a shop which wants to open in the evenings, for the convenience alike of its customers and its shareholders, shall not be forbidden to do so; where effort at every level is rewarded, and efficiency encouraged; where the Home Office is thoroughly disinfected, and some of the noisome creatures that have gathered in damp corners there in recent years sprayed with political Flit; where to no man will we sell, to no man deny, to no man delay, justice or right; where the Government will not run away from its own sword for fear of cutting its fingers; where a Clean Food Act is passed and enforced; and where the trains, even if they do not run on time, are occasionally, or even frequently, washed.

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IT IS A FORMIDABLE PROGRAMME for a Government with a majority the size of Mr. Wilson's, and I had better make it clear right away that I for one am not going to be fobbed off with the nationalisation of steel and the legalisation of private buggery. The plain fact is that not only are other countries ahead of us, but the rate at which the gap is widening is increasing all the time, and it is this gap which I insist that the new Government set about closing. There are more than four times as many computers, *per capita*, in the United States than in Britain, and mostly of a design and performance far ahead of those we have; what is more, this ratio is not falling, but rising. This is the age of the computer, whether we like it or not, and the computer—and everything it symbolises—has got to be regarded as indispensable, and soon.

Yet I did not vote Labour simply out of hope; I also believe. I believe that Mr. Wilson has the mind and energy and resolution (the one thing that may be lacking—we shall see—is the necessary political courage) to overcome the desperate conservatism of the Labour Party (probably the most conservative body on earth, not excluding the French Jockey Club) and get the country moving. The Conservatives might in the future be in a position to get the country moving even more rapidly; but by the time of this election they were so obviously exhausted, and their leader so obviously unfitted to the task, that there was no serious alternative to voting Labour, and there will not be such an alternative until the Opposition has regrouped behind a new chief and re-thought its programme and its direction.

And there is no denying that the first days of the Labour Administration have provided, though with shafts of gloom amid the light, a distinct feeling that old, long-rusted wheels are beginning to turn. That the lights are burning late in Whitehall is not in itself evidence of this; they used to do so when Mr. Duncan Sandys was engaged on his twenty-third longhand rewriting of those Colonial constitutions that are causing us so much trouble now they are actually in force. But the sense of purpose, of pressure, of sheer hard work, is unmistakable.

The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Wilson really does speak the language of the times. The emphasis on science and technology during his campaign was not merely an attempt to appeal to the young professional voter; it was there because Mr. Wilson actually does put the emphasis on science and technology, because he knows that the world puts the emphasis there, and will do so more and more as time goes on. For once, we may be moving into an era in which we do not simply sit and wait for foreigners to learn our language, but in which we go out and learn theirs: a language of efficiency and competition, experiment and flexibility, technique and priority, investment and growth, education and social justice.

The more one talks about it, the more one realises that one is talking about the United States. Mr. Wilson's constant use of rather ill-digested tags from American election campaigns has been much ridiculed, with some justice. But behind the phrases is a sound political instinct; if there is a model for Mr. Wilson's Britain it is the United States. He has seen the future; and it works. Some of his followers may not have been so fortunate; but they, and we who voted them in, and who will vote them out again if they fail us, have certainly seen the past; and it doesn't.

Bernard Levin

Towards a New Role

IT IS A DAUNTING experience to ask for change and to get it. Three or four years ago when I was writing *A State of England* at what seemed something of a dead point in English history almost any purposive movement was welcome. Now, with a new government (and a new ministry of technology), it is possible to be a little more discriminating. At the time I had looked to association with Europe as a natural development that could both impose modernisation upon us and enable us to rediscover the creative role in the world which we had somehow or other lost since the war. Now it seems that the way to Europe is blocked by the obstinate longevity of President de Gaulle, but there has rarely been so much talk of bringing Britain "up to date" as during the recent election campaign. Evidently for the time being we are condemned to pulling ourselves up by the

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hair, and it is clear that a sharpened consciousness of economic vulnerability has brought a sense of urgency to what were before rather slow-moving discussions on "how to adapt ourselves to the twentieth century." Since Mr. Macmillan's cabinet reshuffle of 1962 there has been a flurry of governmental activity on the home front, symbolised by the publication of a number of far-reaching reports on specific problems, and which will certainly be continued and presumably speeded up by Mr. Wilson.

"Modernisation," therefore, would seem to be something of a *fait accompli*, and even those institutions most resistant to change—the trade unions for instance—are beginning to have a faintly cardboard air about them, as though they were waiting for the final push. It seems probable that we are going to scramble into the 1980s with determination and, at times, desperation. None the less it is at this point that some questions should be asked about the type of society that awaits us. To judge from some recent utterances, efficiency will be its watchword, and there seems to be some danger that a high rate of economic growth will be regarded not merely as an essential pre-condition of the good life, but as synonymous with it. There is a curious whiff of the Manchester School about the political atmosphere at the moment. British political life is increasingly dominated by technical problems, and few stop to think of the ends their solution is intended to serve.

What are we to do with spare resources when we get them? The usual reply is prefaced by the word "more." We want "more" schools, "more" hospitals, "more" universities, "more" houses. But when it is asked why we want more of these things, the public arguments produced are often crudely utilitarian and also circular —*e.g.*, we want more universities to turn out more technologists to produce a higher rate of economic growth to enable us to build more universities, etc., etc.... This type of reasoning is, no doubt, put forward in order to provide practical justification for expenditure in time of financial stringency. But, when applied to education, not only does it abandon the humanitarian reasons for allowing individuals to develop their capacities as far as they are able, but it also neglects that gratuitous element which is the essence of "cultural" activity—but which can hardly be proved in figures to be of immediate national advantage. Of course, we want "more" of anything that can help us to raise the quality of our national life, to get rid of poverty and ignorance, but it is just because of this that we should regard the future in a more positive light than the chilly illumination provided by our contemporary Gradgrinds.

In part the retreat from the discussion of ultimate reasons for practical courses of action that have now become, politically speaking, so many conditioned reflexes, is due to what has been called "the end of ideology." Once the Labour party's claim to govern was identical with its claim to a particular type of respect for the human personality and its requirements. It was based on an idea of man deemed to be better than that held by its opponents. Now both parties prefer to boast of the efficiency with which they will carry on the business of government. Administration has become an end in itself—a state of mind natural to administrators, but less so to statesmen.

No doubt, this diminution of the ideological content in our political life was inevitable and perhaps desirable in that the havoc created by ideology has been all too evident over the last fifty years, while the questions we have to answer *do* require technical solutions. We—and not only we—are emerging from the wars of religion into a period of scepticism in which analytical caution rather than fervent belief will be the characteristic state of mind of political leaders. But we shall not be freed from the necessity of value judgments. In the fields where economic efficiency has to be weighed against social good, nothing but a very firm sense of what we want can help us to decide. Shall outlying areas of the country—the Hebrides, the Shetlands—be left to decay? What proportion of the national income can be spent on the aged? What priorities shall be adopted in the process of improvement? Efficiency is no help here or, rather, it is a prejudice that can distort decision. Both the Labour and the Conservative parties have within them traditions that are humane and also currents of thought that are not. It is of some importance that, in the course of modernising Great Britain, the better side of each of them should not disappear. Technocrats are always good servants, but bad masters. In a world where the relationships between the state and the citizen is to be improved and, with the best intentions, state power over events made more effective, it is quite essential that political control should be maintained with, at the back of its parliamentary manifestations, some sense of traditional humane values.

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Ultimately, the British people will have to decide what role it wishes to play in the world. During the election campaign this question was hardly posed, since it seems clear that neither independence through the independent deterrent nor moral superiority through the United Nations nor togetherness through the Commonwealth have much substance to them. Despite President de Gaulle and the failure at Brussels, I personally still believe that that role will be found in association with Western Europe, though, after one disappointment, we shall presumably have to go through the business of exploring *culs-de-sac* while the General stands in our way.

But, if that is so, then our role in the world could consist of bringing a breath of political and democratic life into potentially purely technocratic institutions—precisely the same breath, in fact, as we need to maintain in our own country if we wish to keep our traditional values alive. Such a role would be in accordance with Britain's history, and might help us towards that re-evaluation of it that now seems inevitable and essential if we are to remain in touch with our past. For, if modernisation of a country means anything, it must signify, not a separation from the past, but a revivification of old traditions and an encounter with national virtues that have been forgotten.

Modernisation—the wish to see increased efficiency and expansion in all aspects of British life—in itself is something desirable, but it is not enough. Not only must the quality and tone of life which it produces be watched narrowly, but by itself it does not provide a *raison d'être* for Britain's existence. We must modernise *for* something, for the perpetuation of what is best in our society and political system, for the contrbution we can make to the wider political unities to come. But it is just this aim that will be defeated if our new Ministers give way to what might seem to be their greatest temptation: a fascinated contemplation of Britain's own moral superiority at home and a rather priggish xenophobia abroad. There is a profound contradiction between carrying Britain into the 1980s and remaining emotionally fixated on the 1940s and 1930s, between preparing the future and continuing to fight the last world war. Modernisation must also imply a discarding of deeply-rooted prejudices and an emerging from the paralysis imposed by emotional traumas. It will have no point if it does not prepare us to take real decisions about our national future. If, having lost an empire and perhaps gained a favourable trade balance, we have still not discovered a place in the world, then all of us, conservatives, socialists, and liberals, will have failed, and a transitory prosperity will hardly conceal that failure.

Anthony Hartley

Campaign Journal

By Richard West

At Norwich, during a difficult patch in the electoral battle, Mr. Harold Wilson remarked to reporters: "I am not a Kennedy, you see—I am a Johnson—I fly by the seat of my pants...." Maybe. But there is no doubt of the influence made by Kennedy on his campaign. He read and re-read Theodore White's *The Making of the President*. He used Kennedy phrases like "new frontiers" and rather unwisely talked of "the first hundred days" of a Labour government. It was not well received, and I asked Mr. Wilson if he would make use of the phrase again. "No," he said with a self-mocking grin, "I was thinking of Kennedy—but other people thought of Napoleon. Then of course Alec Home said I wanted to solve *all* the problems of Britain in 100 days. He's not very accurate, that man...." It was Kennedy's example that made Wilson want a TV confrontation with "that man." Sir Alec very wisely declined on the grounds that "this was not a presidential campaign." And Wilson has good reason to thank him for that. If confrontation became a precedent he might be forced in future elections to come face to face with someone as quick and shrewd as himself—Reginald Maudling or Iain Macleod.

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The Kennedy comparison came full circle on the night of the count. "We didn't know at first whether we were in Los Angeles or Hyannisport," said one of those watching TV with Wilson. As late as 12.52 on Friday afternoon, Mr. Wilson himself remarked to me: "It's getting more like the Kennedy story all along. We'll get the result from Cook County soon...." The close result was the nearest resemblance between the Wilson and Kennedy campaigns. While Wilson himself never lacked dynamism or ideas, there was the same old Labour Party dullness about his entourage, no signs of a Sorensen or Schlesinger or Salinger. Instead of a brother Bobby, Mr. Wilson brought with him old father Herbert. The organisation lacked the Kennedy touch. It was a great day for the Labour Party when it fixed up a radio telephone link between Transport House and Wilson's HQ in the Adelphi. But when contact was made, it still took minutes for the switchboard at Transport House to find Len Williams, the general secretary of the Party: "Hello, Len? Hello? I wanted to speak to Mr. Williams. Could you put me back to the switchboard, then?" The same trouble occurred with the telephone proudly installed in Mr. Wilson's car. For the benefit of a TV team he demonstrated its efficiency by ringing back to his office at the Adelphi Hotel. But unhappily there was no answer; his aides were all taking their lunch.

Luck was not all on Mr. Wilson's side. True, he was saved from the embarrasssment of the Hardy Spicer affair by the indiscretions of Herbert Hill (who referred to his striking workers as "those poor dears of low intelligence"). True, he was lucky that the resignation of Mr. Khrushchev and the explosion of China's bomb were not announced until late on polling day. But the long, hot summer certainly helped the Conservatives. So too did the apparent but very deceptive health of the nation's economy. So too did the London tube strike. Many admirers say that Wilson waged a "perfect campaign" apart from the Hardy Spicer slip. I cannot agree with this verdict. In the first place he tried to do too much himself. He could quite well have delegated the press conferences to a colleague. He could have given rather fewer and shorter set speeches. Throughout the campaign he constantly taunted Sir Alec for having only one speech and for using speech-writers. In fact there was only one basic Wilson speech which might very well have been improved by a ghost or two. This is not just the jaundiced attitude of a reporter having to hear Wilson too often. Towards the end of the campaign he was several times heckled by people who shouted: "You said that last week!"

Moreover his speeches are much too long. The Home speech, although trite, lasts a mere half hour at most. The Wilson speech goes on for 55 minutes—or the standard length of an Oxford don's lecture. Once up on the platform he seems quite incapable of arresting the flow of it. One evening, when very tired, he gave the same speech to two consecutive groups of constituents and persisted even although it must have been clear to him that they were half asleep. In jolly mood, and particularly against hecklers, he can be very funny. But his perorations on housing, technology and "the New Britain" have a monotone drone that I hope never again to hear. The excuse for these massive speeches was the encouragement of the party faithful. But the encouragement generally lasted only about twenty minutes. He would have been much better advised to have given three or four short speeches each evening, reaching three or four times as many people, and without the tedious set passages. Oddly enough his best speeches were always the ones he took least trouble with, when he was ad-libbing with odd jokes, anecdotes, and reflections. He is particularly good on specific details and I remember with fascination his observations on how to train Kirkby boys as chefs (to learn French, book-keeping, etc.).

He made a great point of having a bit of his evening speeches broadcast "live" on television. He would make sure to be told the *exact* time that he was going out on the air. He kept glancing at his watch and at the TV producer in front of him while he waited the moment to give his prepared phrases. But this was the curious point: the throwaway, ad-libbing remarks while he was waiting to go on TV were invariably far more exciting than the prepared address. Even the tone of his voice was different. As soon as he came to one of the set perorations his voice increased in volume and acquired a ponderous pseudo-Churchillian boom. One final criticism: he did not do nearly enough whistle-stop tours and outdoor meetings. He is particularly good at these because there is more chance of getting hecklers. The greatest Labour gains were in areas (South London, Stockport, Bolton) where Mr. Wilson had done whistle-stop tours. A personal appearance in some more

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key marginal seats, like Reading, could have added those few extra seats for Labour.

IT WAS FITTING that Harold Wilson's final campaign should have been waged from Liverpool. The city of the Beatles and Maggie May has a kind of violent vitality which almost adds up to a culture. The brawling Irishmen who once lived in central Liverpool have mostly moved out into neighbouring "new towns" such as Kirkby in Harold Wilson's Huyton constituency. This is a rum place, with the highest birth rate outside Red China, and one of the highest records of violence in Great Britain. The locals call it "Dodge City" and one of its schoolboy residents said to journalists: "Do you want a good headline?—HOOLIGANISM IS DISGUSTING IN KIRKBY!" He sounded mightily proud of the fact. Hundreds and even thousands of children followed Mr. Wilson about his constituency, chanting his name to three quick handclaps. When shut out of his meetings they stood outside and pounded on the french windows. In mock school-elections they voted for him by overwhelming majorities; and at one time they nearly tore him apart with adulation. Children and even grown-ups frequently touched his car with magical awe and then gazed at the hand which had received such high honour. "I haven't seen so many children at meetings since 1950 and 1951," said Mr. Wilson, prophetically. They were years of electoral dead heats.

This Huyton constituency is one of the most bizarre in Great Britain. It includes the new town of Kirkby—with its skyscraper flats and its litter, its gleaming supermarkets and its smashed telephone booths. Next to it is the ancestral home of the Earls of Derby, the most venerable of all Tory families. Indeed, Harold Macmillan was staying there during the last days of Mr. Wilson's campaign. The constituency includes new factories and many acres of rolling agricultural land. It is not only big in size but exceedingly hard to get around and over: the Wilson cavalcade got lost and delayed so many times that one local councillor who was supposed to act as guide earned the nickname of "*cul-de-sac* Charlie."

THE STRONG LIBERAL POLL will reopen the old dreary debate on the place of a third party. No fair-minded person objects to "the Liberal voice" being heard, except that one always seems to hear it when trapped on long train journeys or in the bars of foreign hotels. With nine M.P.s virtually holding the balance of power, the Liberals now have no excuse for not making their views heard in Parliament. For the last fourteen years they have failed, not from lack of numbers, but from lack of quality. When the Communists had two M.P.s in the House, they constantly made the headlines. They were lively, noisy, opinionated, and good debaters. The Liberals have been none of these things. They have neither produced a natural front-bencher nor even a back-bencher of Colonel Wigg or Gerald Nabarro quality. Although Mr. Grimond is good on Commons questions he has steadfastly failed to rise to the big occasion. It is the chief indictment of the Parliamentary Liberal Party that during thirteen years, while each of the other parties went through an internal crisis of confidence, not one M.P. crossed from either side—to them....

It is good to see that the Highland Scots have lived up to their history. Of the seven crofting counties, five are now Liberal, one Labour, and only one Tory. The Tories might have held Inverness but it was rumoured locally that the late Tory member Lt.-Col. Neil McLean spent too much time away in the Middle East. Indeed he was widely known as the M.P. for Baghdad South, or the Jordan Highlander.

Connoisseurs of *The Times* much enjoyed the pre-election leaders in which Sir William Haley came out for the Liberals after a series of intellectual Swedish exercises. Some of them may have missed the tidbit from the correspondence columns of 12th October. It was from James Morris, The Old Rectory, Waterperry, Oxford, and it was headed NOT THIS TIME. This Mr. Morris is not a Reverend but a distinguished author who, not long ago, wrote a book (*The Outriders*) in favour of Liberalism. It was done in the style of historical pageants, written, produced and played by aristocratic ladies. But now, sad to see, this troubadour of the Liberal Party was singing against his own side. Calling on Liberals not to waste votes on inferior candidates but to defeat the "fustian socialists," he ends with this marvellous peroration: "Our time hasn't come yet: when it does, we shall make of this a country that will beguile and astonish the world." A government led by Grimond, Thorpe, James Morris, the Rev. Timothy Beaumont, and Eric Lubbock would beguile and astonish the world with a vengeance.

EXCEPT FOR THE racial undercurrents at Smethwick and elsewhere, there was little extremism

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in this election. There was no sound from the extreme left of the Labour Party and no sign of the Mosleyites. The CND movement, which had flourished during this third Conservative Government, fizzled out with its candidate at Twickenham. Towards the end of the campaign there was an outbreak of hooliganism in which young men, often in black leather coats decorated with metal studs, tried to shout down Conservative speakers. I watched an entertaining battle at Putney where Sir Alec Douglas-Home was making one of his whistle stops. On the one side were some very Young Socialists yelling "*Home Out!*" Against them were pitched Conservative ladies armed with umbrellas and bags of pepper. Some men stewards joined in. The skirmishes lasted about ten minutes until the appearance of a Swiss free-lance journalist. He took some cine-pictures of the hecklers, then read them a lecture: "Stop that! You are losing the Labour Party votes!" The hecklers looked very shame-faced and immediately shut up. At least the heckling was an indication of interest. At times one doubted whether the public really cared. When Wilson or Home arrived at a station or left his hotel there was seldom more than a handful of people to cheer. Accompanying them in the train we would read reports of the other campaign in America: 200,000 greet Johnson in Chicago. "Only 3,000" turned out to hear Miller. Except in his own Huyton, Wilson was never mobbed. The British are thankfully calm about their political leaders.

I ALWAYS believed that Home was a foolish choice as leader of the Conservative Party. He is boring, remote, aloof, and surprisingly ignorant for a man who has spent over thirty years in politics. In all his speeches around the country he laid stress on the need for a Prime Minister to meet the people and hear what they had to say. Yet whenever he did actually meet them he seemed completely uninterested. I remember particularly his visit early this year to the new Rootes motor car factory at Linwood, near Glasgow. There had been much about this factory in the newspapers and even in Home's speeches. It was a major investment of capital in a depressed area—the first new motor car factory in Scotland for over thirty years—an exciting experiment in moving people from Glasgow slums to a new town. When Home went round the factory he was obliged to stop every now and then to chat with the workers. This made good photographs. Afterwards I asked these chosen workers what the Prime Minister had said to them. He might have asked, for instance, how they liked this new kind of work or whether they missed Glasgow. But no. He asked the same question to everyone: "How long have you been here?" This of course is the stock question asked by visiting generals to old soldiers, or by visiting lairds to other people's servants. It is simply an idiotic question to ask at a factory that has been open only a few months.

Occasionally I have told this story to Home admirers. Their reply is always the same: why should the Prime Minister take an interest in the trivia of British life when he has to shoulder the responsibilities of a world power? Probably Home would agree with this answer. It reflects the patrician attitude to politics and government. But ours is not a patrician society. The strength of Britain depends on its industrial classes—employer and employee alike—who should trust and be understood by the Prime Minister. I believe that Home's supporters gravely over-estimated his appeal. He certainly charmed women—traditionally the more conservative sex—and he certainly won the feudal vote: all those people who feel that this country needs to be run by a gentleman. But most people thought him weak and amateurish. He did not appeal to the more progressive Tories nor to men and the young in general. His tiresome and largely irrelevant obsession with Britain's "independent deterrent" was an embarrassment to the party machine and a cause of bewilderment to his audiences. His speech was banal. He infuriated parts of his audiences by refusing to take questions. Above all he did not know how to deal with hecklers. All this might not have mattered too much if Home had fulfilled his original purpose of reuniting a shaken administration. Yet here again he failed. Two of his best men resigned at his appointment. Others, like R. A. Butler and Maudling, were dubiously loyal. But his real mistake was to cling on to, or even reinstate some of the Tory fuddy-duddies who had long been discredited with the public. One thinks of Selwyn Lloyd, Henry Brooke, Lord Dilhorne, Julian Amery, and Lord Blakenham. Throughout his speaking campaign Mr. Wilson had only to mention one of these names, or the name Home itself, to get an automatic laugh from his audience.

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Could anyone else have done better than Home? Not Quintin Hogg certainly. He is much too intemperate for the British taste. But Maudling certainly would have given Wilson a closer fight, and a closer fight could only have meant a Conservative victory. He above all would have known how to exploit the sense of economic well-being. I think that Butler too might have pulled it off. He has always been the most popular of the Conservatives with floating voters, Liberals, and even with Labour supporters. It is hard to believe that Edward Heath could have come across to the British public in only a year, but Macleod certainly could. However I feel sure that if Macleod had led the Conservative Party, they would not have won Smethwick or Eton and Slough. Unlike Sir Alec he would have used his fullest influence to denounce the use by local Tories of racialist propaganda. When the defeated Smethwick candidate, Mr. Gordon Walker, went to the Foreign Office he was told by R. A. Butler how sorry he (Butler) was to hear that racial arguments had been used in the elections. Had he known, Mr. Butler said, he would have put a stop to it. I am sure Mr. Butler did not know; it was not part of his job. Perhaps Sir Alec did not know, but was it not his job to investigate, and to disown all those who played on racial hatred for the sake of his party?

In Wilson's daydreams of victory, the climax was always to be that journey on Friday, October 16th, from Liverpool down to London and Buckingham Palace. Early in the week a rumour spread among the Wilson entourage that he had asked Sir Alec Douglas-Home for the use of a *Viscount* from the Queen's Flight to get him quickly to London. Later it was agreed to travel down on the 8.15 train. If the Conservatives won, Wilson would go later: "We'd have all the time in the world," he explained. But by 8.15 on the Friday morning he still did not know if he had won or lost. As soon as he and his advisers had settled into their compartments, Mr. Wilson brought out his slide rule to work out the number of seats they would win on the basis of those declared overnight. At this point it transpired that none of his group knew the overnight score. None of the journalists knew either. None of the radios worked while the train was in motion; during the brief stops at stations there was no news bulletin on the state of the parties. There was gloom in Mr. Wilson's compartment. His slide rule foretold just how close the result was to be. At Bletchley, twenty railway workers assembled in front of his carriage window to cheer, and were given a thin smile in return. Mr. Wilson had no statement to make to the press at 11.30. Ten minutes later he lost his temper with some photographers and a TV crew. "I'm not a performing seal! I've said over and over again that I'm not going to be photographed eating or drinking!" When the train came into Euston station just after noon, Mr. Wilson received a hero's welcome but still did not yet know if he had won. Back at Transport House he paced in front of the TV set like a distracted man. His face was pale, his eyes unseeing, his mouth fixed in a kind of ghastly smile. The anxiety of the long, lonely fight since becoming leader was revealed. He did not become his old, perky self until moving in to Number Ten. "Nice place we've got here," he told a friend.

The press conference had a grander stature at this than at any previous general election. With Wilson appearing each morning at Transport House or on tour, and Maudling at Central Office, no journalist could complain that he was not allowed to put the people's questions. But British journalists clearly are not very good at this form of reporting. The *Times* political correspondent, David Wood, said of one Conservative conference that the questions came "mainly from Labour sympathisers or foreign correspondents." Almost inevitably. Most journalists are in any case Labour sympathisers. The American and Canadian correspondents proved far superior to the British at asking shrewd and persistent questions. Indeed, even Mr. Wood, after his rather disparaging introduction quoted above, records at length the answers given to some of these "Labour sympathisers or foreign correspondents." The British press corps was split between the "Lobby" of regular and accredited political correspondents and the much larger group of reporters who are assigned to political stories for elections. The "Lobby," jealous of its special relationship with the politicians, does not enjoy being seen to operate in the public view. Indeed the only question I ever heard asked by Mr. Wood was a request not to appear on television. The "Lobby" correspondent of the *News of the World* went so far as to make a special demand that journalists at the press conference should not ask "silly questions"—this from the repre-

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sentative of one of the silliest newspapers in the world.

For all its shortcomings at these conferences, the press did well by the election. The *Daily Express* surprised both readers and writers by its lively but impartial coverage. "We played it for news and for laughs," said one of the top *Express* men. In the case of the notorious George Gale interview with R. A. Butler ("we are slipping"), the laughs came from the Labour Party. The *Mail* and *Telegraph* were both biased, as was the *Mirror* across the political tracks. The *Guardian* appeared to revive a bit for the occasion and gave a particularly good coverage to Wilson. The *Times* constituency surveys had the usual good sense and a quite unusual brightness. The *Sunday Telegraph* led the field of political comment with its sprightly if contradictory columns by Ian Waller, Henry Fairlie, and Peregrine Worsthorne. The *Sunday Times* "Insight" column provided some good detailed news of the infighting, although some readers are wearying of the fashionable journalistic habit of telling you, to the minute, when so-and-so ordered his breakfast of eggs (two) and bacon (three rashers).

WHAT WAS IT all really about? The Conservatives based their campaign on defence, the dangers of nationalisation, and the high financial cost of the Labour programme. The Labour Party fought on the long-term welfare issues of housing and social services, and on the immediate issue of the stagnating economy. But I hardly believe that the election was really about these things at all. Perhaps housing won some votes to Labour although their policies frightened owner-occupiers. The economy? It is hard to get people excited over the differences between a 2½ and a 4 per cent rate of growth. Our slums and our treatment of old-age pensioners may be disgraceful, but I do not believe that they make much impression on floating voters. Certainly the Labour Party itself was distressed by the *Daily Mirror*'s election "shock issue" two days before the poll, with its old-fashioned pictures of broken back-to-back cottages and miserable old folk. "It identifies the Labour Party with slums," said an irritated party official.

If this election was not fought on policies, it was none the less a most real contest. Never since 1945, perhaps, has it meant so much which side won. The real difference was one of attitudes and of personalities. The Conservative attitude was relaxed, rather materialistic, satisfied with the past, and completely confident of Britain's "leading role" in the world. The Labour Party was austere, querulous, and self-critical. This attitude well fitted the mood of Britain in 1963: the year of Profumo, regional mass unemployment, and the failure of the Common Market talks. It was a less attractive attitude in the lovely unprecedented sunshine of 1964—but still forceful enough to swing the voters. If asked to sum up the election issue, I would choose a rather vague question: "Are you or are you not satisfied with the way this country is going?" The overwhelming majority clearly answered *No* (although many voiced their protest through the Liberals).

It seemed to me throughout the campaign that Labour speakers always made a strong impact when they complained that Britain was "lagging behind" other countries. The Conservatives retaliated with the accusation of "running down Britain." But I feel that many people shared the Labour Party's unease about Britain's future: her sliding exports, inefficient management, lack of technologists, poor schools, and inadequate transport. There was also, I think, a disenchantment with Britain's traditional upper classes, with the Old Etonians, the grouse-shooters, and the aristocratic charm. The clash of attitudes was nicely expressed in the personalities of the leaders. Indeed it is possible to read from the regional results that attitudes rather than policies swung the day. Many of the seats that went Labour—such as the two Boltons and the two Stockports—are by tradition Tory. But the kind of Tory there tends to be puritanical, practical, and opposed to Etonian la-di-da....

MANY PEOPLE prophesied that Wilson, in power, would "astonish the world with his ingratitude," to borrow a 19th-century phrase. Quite the contrary. In selecting his ministers he has rewarded every old friend, however dull and incompetent, who had helped in his fight for the party leadership. There may not have been much of the New Frontier in his campaign but there was a touch of Tammany Hall in his choice of a government. One must not be too carping. It was not an unpleasant surprise to find Barbara Castle in the Cabinet and an amusing jest to make Britain's leading Luddite, Frank Cousins, the Minister of Technology in charge of C. P. Snow. Would not the really balanced government have had F. R. Leavis across the road as Minister of Culture....

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D. W. Brogan

Death in Dallas

Myths after Kennedy

THE ASSASSINATION of John Fitzgerald Kennedy was a public crime that had an exceptional resonance.[1] We have supped well on horrors in this century. Political murder is common enough; so are political murders carried out as part of a great conspiracy or at the orders of governments and parties. The formal cause of World War I was a political murder in which some officials of a government were implicated (to put the charges against Serbian government at the lowest). There was a wave of "anarchist" assassination at the beginning of this century. Kings, Presidents, Prime Ministers, Grand Dukes, an Empress were among the victims. From Portugal to Japan, conspiracy was active and often successful in intimidating and overthrowing systems of government. There were highly developed or politically inspired assassins; social revolutionaries; anarchists; "double patriots" in Japan. One President of the United States, McKinley, was murdered; another, Mr. Truman, had a very narrow escape. Theodore Roosevelt and Georges Clemenceau were both wounded by assassins. An attempt was made on President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt (this Commission dismisses the view that the assassin really got his man, the Mayor of Chicago, Anton Cermak, "Tony the Bohunk", in 1933). The Nazi party and the Communist party both practised intra-party as well as external assassination and it might be said that the most famous assassination before Kennedy's was the murder of Leon Trotsky. Political murder, planned and carried out by individuals, spontaneously or performed at the orders of secret societies or of governments, was common.

[1] *Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy*, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C.

Why, then, the shock at the assassination of Kennedy? One reason was the character or, at any rate, the public "image" of the victim. "Image" can be used here in a strict sense, for with the coming of television, Kennedy was one of the world figures whose appearance and manner were best known. His own murder was photographed and the murder of his presumed assassin was televised. And that was part of the shock. For Kennedy symbolised, perhaps more than he embodied, the hopes, the attitudes, of a very great part of the world, outside as well as inside the United States. Born in 1917, a real hero of World War II, with a remarkable power of suggesting physical vigour and adequacy despite his serious and permanent disability, Kennedy contrasted with men like Macmillan and de Gaulle, men who had endured the "Great War", not to speak of Adenauer, who seemed a contemporary of Bismarck's, or Khrushchev who symbolised a bloody civil war and a past that might well chill the blood of those who knew of it. Memory and a cultivated absence of memory marked these world leaders. Kennedy was actuality, not history. Even for people who were twenty years younger, Kennedy was "with it," was in the modern world born at Hiroshima, not a survivor from the ancient world that died at Sarajevo. Even his war heroism was of a kind to appeal to people for whom World War I had been invented by Miss Joan Littlewood. Macmillan and de Gaulle had been victims of repeated fruitless and bloody assaults in the meaningless mess of the Western Front. Young Lieutenant Kennedy, towing the wounded sailor behind him through shark-infested seas, was something out of a less horrible past, out of *The Odyssey*, not out of *Le Feu* or *All Quiet on the Western Front*. He was (the

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parallel is possibly absurd) a Rupert Brooke magnified a millionfold.

He was more than a symbol of the new age. He was given credit for defeating the steel barons—and given credit on the Left. He was given credit (with his brother) for standing up to the Southern racists (although he was criticised for coming to the battle too slowly). And he was the man who both refused to panic when Khrushchev tested his nerve or to drive his rival into a corner. He stood up to the ebullient Chairman who was so fond of threatening the world, defied him (and *The Guardian*), and won a Munich success in reverse. He had plucked safety from the nettle danger. No wonder the news of his death brought public tears in the streets of Moscow as well as in London and New York.

But it did not bring tears everywhere. It did not bring tears in Peking or in many parts of the United States, or, to put it more accurately, it was only a matter of formal sorrow for millions of Americans, all over the United States, but especially in the South, especially in Texas. Outside the United States, the world in great part loved him for the enemies he had made and the news of his death brought a spontaneous reaction (in which I shared and which I expressed). This was the work of the extreme Right, of the pathological preachers of hate, fear, suspicion, of the people who were apparently set on producing a climate of opinion in which it might well seem to an indoctrinated fanatic that it was his duty, and the only way to national salvation, to remove (execute?) this agent of the vast internal and external conspiracy which was strangling the United States, making it ready for the not remote moment when "the Commies" would take over, abolish "our freedom, religion and laws" as the Orange song puts it, among the freedoms being the Texas oil depletion allowance that accounts for so many Texas fortunes.

The fact that the crime took place in Texas and not only in Texas but in Dallas, was and is of great importance. There must have been many thousands of readers of Mr. John Bainbridge's sardonic articles on Texas published in *The New Yorker* or in book form, other thousands who had read Miss Edna Ferber's *Giant*, others who knew that Texas was the hope of those stern and unbending reactionaries, usurping the title "conservative", who hoped to win Texas for a new Republican party owing more to John C. Calhoun than to Abraham Lincoln. Like California, Texas was, in the United States, the butt of many many jokes, less good-natured jokes than those directed at the cockpit of crackpots, Southern California. There were plenty of people before November 22nd who agreed with the late General Sheridan (who commanded thereafter what is locally called "the War between the States"): "If I owned Texas and Hell, I'd rent Texas and live in Hell."

Dallas was the chosen home of Major-General Walker who had been edged out of the army because of his attempted indoctrination of the troops and had been a conspicuous figure in the disgraceful riots at the University of Mississippi. Texas was the centre not only of violently reactionary doctrine but of reactionary power. It was the home state of Mr. H. H. Hunt, the most feared oil tycoon and of Mr. William Buckley of *The National Review*. (I do not wish for a moment to confuse the witty and civilised Mr. Buckley with Mr. Hunt, whose oil millions have gone to his head.)

Moreover, it became known rapidly that just before the President's arrival posters denouncing him were in circulation and it was known that one of the objects of the visit was to test the President's popularity and to build up the Texas Democratic machine for 1964. And the main Dallas paper carried an advertisement that could be read as a warning to President Kennedy to stay away—or else.

Thus, if there were any motives for murdering the President, they were motives powerful only on the Right. One of the President's greatest political assets was his handling of the Cuban crisis, but he had not pursued the flying foe; he had permitted Chairman Khrushchev to retreat in good order (and to earn the gratitude of Lord Russell). He won the political support of millions of American mothers who were not as sure as was—and is—Senator Goldwater that Khrushchev would back down if faced down. Even in the West, people were not as sure as they should have been that all bullies are cowards. By softening the American will to resist or back the Commies into a corner, Kennedy was "objectively", as the Communists say, a traitor. Moreover, he was thought likely to win again, with a much bigger majority with which he would take the United States to hell in a

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handbarrow, carry further his policy of wrecking the Southern way of life or even (only the most credulous believe this) attacking the oil depletion allowance, the Texas Ark of the Covenant.

Everything seemed to point to a right-wing conspiracy or a right-wing fanatic, with possibly a Henry II in the background, or if it was a one-man show, Kennedy had gone the way not of a Becket, but of Henri III, Henri IV, and William of Orange—or possibly of Marat at the hands of a Charlotte Corday. Obviously, the Chief Justice of the United States, the Chairman of the Commission, thought this when he made his famous denunciation of the merchants of hate.

I THINK that some of the permanent confusion that was created comes simply from the apparent probability that the assassin and/or assassins must come from the Right. *Cui bono* was a reasonable if dangerous approach. And this initial bias was strengthened when it was revealed that the man charged by the Dallas police was a "Red," a self-professed Marxist, who had emigrated to Russia, had a Russian wife, had returned to America but was planning to go to Cuba for which he had been fighting a rather dim propaganda battle. When this improbable villain was murdered he was in the hands of the police, and the cry of "frame up" and "cover up" was inevitable. Indeed, one reason for setting up the Commission was to judge and if possible lay the suspicions that were generated spontaneously—and not so spontaneously—by the circumstances of the double assassination, especially of the assassination of Oswald by Jack Ruby.

To take Ruby first. He was what the Americans call a "sleazy" character. There is no evidence that he was a gangster or a friend of gangsters, but he grew up in a part of Chicago and at a time when "keeping your nose clean" was a feat of heroic virtue. Ruby was not, is not, a man of heroic virtue. He is a character out of a road company production of *Pal Joey*. He was also representative of a type common enough in all countries, well known to me, of the dim, unsuccessful, pathetically striving creatures who want to "be in on it." They hang around bars, churches, newspaper offices, police stations (not around all of them, of course). They want to be seen along with famous or notorious figures, they push themselves in the way of television cameras, eavesdrop, tell and re-tell tall tales, are grateful for tolerance or for scraps of gossip. They can be seen in the Press Club bar in Washington, in and around political meetings, even in El Vino's. But they do not, as a rule, shoot people.

We are not very likely to get any very clear picture of Ruby's motives, perhaps he couldn't give a clear picture of them if he wanted to, but much of the general mischief of Dallas comes from his behaviour.[2]

It was because this tiresome but familiar figure was known to the Dallas police that they let him run around or didn't notice that he was around.

This is not to excuse the Dallas police for much more serious faults which turned, by their consequences, into crimes. The Commission seems to me much too kind to them. It is not only that they were instructed to be helpful to the press, but that they jumped at the chance of literally world-wide fame or notoriety. It was to this vanity, this passion for attention, that we owe some of the most confusing episodes, that we owe the contradictory and inaccurate communiqués issued far too frequently, that we owe many of the rumours which (I think) the Commission squashes, but which will live, as can be seen from the long record of "myths after Lincoln" (or Dreyfus). There is nothing or little to be said for the Dallas officials, except that they were the victims of a bad American (and French) habit of trying arrested men in the newspapers and getting the raw materials for the trials from policemen who may be liars or incompetent or both.

BUT THERE IS A NEW dimension to the ignoble pursuit of inside stories that should be noted. TV had multiplied the drawbacks of the press interrogation of suspects, of the officious revelations of Chiefs of Police and District-Attorneys. No one who has not seen it, or has not endured it, can fully appreciate the confusion brought about by the mere mechanics of TV. The trailing cables, the blazing lights, the camera men running, jumping, pushing, shouting are a complete obstacle to rational behaviour. I have seen the madhouse atmosphere of several American

[2] I don't think it matters in the least whether or not he went to the hospital where the President was dying; the Commission thinks he didn't. But it is just the place he would try to get into, as he would try to get into Hell if a Big Shot was being admitted.

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national and state conventions, and with all the will in the world, thought is impossible when this competitive TV jazz is on. There is, there was, only one way to deal with it; to keep the prisoner *incommunicado* (with access to a lawyer to secure him from his own folly or the third degree) and keep TV (and the press) out of it, to make them content with a brief, carefully weighed communiqué. To demand this is to demand more than the American press or TV systems will give, for all the pious resolutions they are passing at the moment. After all, it was to give the press and TV pictures and stories that the transfer of Oswald to jail was so abominably snafued. Oswald (and justice and history) were the victims of the arrogance of the Fourth and Fifth Estates.

The police authorities, the legal authorities of Dallas come out very badly indeed (though not worse than many people would have expected). And this brings us to the neglected point that accounted for more confusion. Oddly enough, murdering the President of the United States is not a federal crime. Therefore, the Federal District-Attorney, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Secret Service had no *locus standi* for beginning *"l'instruction,"* as the French would put it. It is practically certain (this is true of far more places than Dallas) that federal legal officials and police organisations are superior to local forces, more carefully selected, less open to pressure, better disciplined. F.B.I. men did interrogate Oswald in the madhouse of the police headquarters, but they were not in charge. And oddly enough, one open breach of the law further begat confusion. The new President, most properly, wanted to get to Washington as soon as possible. Mrs. Kennedy, most naturally, refused to leave without her husband's body, so in despite of the clear law that the autopsy, the inquest, etc., should take place in the jurisdiction of the crime, the dead President's body was flown off to Washington and the autopsy was performed there.

This gave a chance to the speculators, rumourmongers and mischief-makers, for the hasty examination made at Dallas differed from the thorough autopsy made at the Naval hospital at Bethesda. According to the autopsy, Kennedy was shot from behind his car; according to the first hasty examination, he was shot from in front, therefore not from the Book Depository, therefore not by Oswald. In the same way, the report grew that a bullet passed through the windshield, of course from the front; again Oswald was innocent. But no bullet pierced the windscreen from the front (the screen was cracked on the inside).

These two mistakes bred some of the most formidable rumours. Others were bred by the climate of opinion (in which, for a time, I shared) that the murderer must have been a right-wing fanatic or the instrument of a right-wing conspiracy. (The worst book on the case makes it plain to anyone who knows Texas mythology who the author thinks was the real power and planner behind the murders.)

THE REASONS for thinking Oswald guilty seem to me conclusive. The Commission proved, I think, that Oswald bought by mail order both the rifle that fired the shot that killed Kennedy and the pistol that probably killed Policeman Tippit. Anybody placed at the window (where *somebody* was seen on the morning of November 22nd) and who was a reasonably good shot with a rifle with a telescopic sight could have fired three shots in the time the presidential car was in the sights. The identification of Oswald from the street is inevitably not totally conclusive, nor is the identification of him by the people who saw the murder of Tippit. Then, although I think it likely that Oswald did try to kill General Walker, the evidence is not as conclusive as it is for the Kennedy assassination. But I have no doubt that Kennedy was shot by Oswald, that most rumours arose from either the bad behaviour of the Dallas police or from mythmaking by congenial publicity hunters. It was a one-man job.

THIS LAST is what so many people find it hard to believe. The event was so great; its consequences threatened to be so dangerous, that it seemed almost blasphemous to attribute so world-shaking a crime to a young, highly unstable, badly educated, semi-literate partisan of what he called "Marxism." The event deserved a greater cause, to amend Horace.

Yet all attempts to tie up Oswald with either the Russian or Cuban governments failed. The Commission has no doubt that the Soviet Government is telling the truth, if not necessarily all the truth. Oswald was neither a Russian nor a Cuban nor an American agent. Solitary assassins, ready to take the risk of almost certain capture, are no novelty. Of the

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three Presidents murdered before Kennedy, only one, Lincoln, was the victim of a conspiracy (*pace* Mr. Thomas Buchanan), and that a very incompetent one. The solitary conspirator cannot be betrayed by anybody but himself and no President of the United States can be really kept free from danger if he moves around (as President Kennedy remarked on the morning of his death). The importance of the event need not be transferred to the agent.[3]

Of course, as the Commission points out, its methods are naturally defective. In the absence of Oswald, the traditional adversary methods do not work. It has not been pointed out that the Anglo-Saxon method is not always the best and certainly not the only method of getting at the truth. Some witnesses had to be shielded as they were F.B.I. informers. (The American government has just abandoned a spy prosecution as it would have involved producing its own counter-espionage agents in court—a difficulty that does not hamper the Soviet Government.) It is not true that Oswald was denied legal aid. He was offered it by the Dallas Bar Association but preferred to try to get the help of Mr. John Abt (whose name has a certain resonance). It is a pity that the interests of Oswald were not entrusted to a lawyer sooner. It has been suggested that his family should have been represented. Who were his family—his mother, estranged till his death? Or his wife whose attitude to her dead husband was, shall I say, ambivalent? There was no substitute for Oswald and, thanks to Ruby, he was not available. The Commission admits that after the odious nonsense in Dallas Police Headquarters, it would have been hard to guarantee a fair trial to Oswald in any circumstances.

The Kennedy case is not closed; it never will be closed as long as party passions, *parti pris*, political and personal investment, the demands of the book trade need to keep it alive. Who knows? Mr. Mark Lane may produce his missing witness and show that Oswald, Ruby, and Tippit did know each other. Perhaps.

The Warren Commission's lengthy document makes fascinating reading and is admirably free from "federal prose." Incidentally it casts light on many aspects of American life. One of Ruby's ecdysiasts stripped too much for her otherwise not too fastidious employer. It was thought desirable to have a Jewish name at the bottom of the advertisement against Kennedy's visit (the extreme Right, basically anti-Jewish, needs its Jews). The Report enlightens us about many things: it gives what I think is the first realistic account and assessment of the Secret Service which, until November 22nd, was as sacred as our Scotland Yard was until a few years ago. It reveals a lack of co-operation between the Secret Service and the Federal Bureau of Investigation that recalls the internal wars of the French police services. It makes suggestions for presidential protection that might have been taken sooner but whose effectiveness depends on the willingness of Presidents to co-operate, a willingness that may have evaporated by now. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover has entered a demurrer that is also a defence and a plausible defence: if all suspects, crackpots, etc., known to the F.B.I., who are resident in a city the President is to visit, were to be rounded up, there would be a gross breach of law and an intolerable strain on the F.B.I. We learn that the police were too busy looking at the motorcade to watch the crowds. In reality, they were traffic cops not guards. The attention of the F.B.I. might be called to Elinor Glyn's brilliant description of the Russian soldiers facing inwards, their backs to the Tsar, during a great procession. But a President is not a Tsar. He must always run the risk of the fanatic, hostile to society or to life. It is perhaps rather ruthless to regret that Oswald did not get it out of his system by successfully shooting General Walker....

I wrote the above five days after I got my copy of the Warren Report (which was a few hours after it was published). I am normally a "quick study" (although obviously not nearly as quick as Lord Russell, Mr. Ralph Schoenman, and Mr. Mark Lane, who had their opinions ready even before the Report was issued). Since writing my original comments, I have read a great deal more on the crime and on the Report and I see no reason to change the views I expressed in any important matter.

Some things are now clearer. Two important F.B.I. agents have been "demoted." New precautions to protect the President have been

[3] A very recent attempt has been made to revive interest in the Dreyfus case by making the real traitor a very important general indeed. For this there is no evidence that would justify executing a TV camera-man.

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adopted by the Secret Service although President Johnson has repeatedly defied all prudence in his anxiety to "press the flesh" of the voters. No American President (especially if he is an active candidate) will consent to be guarded as the Tsar was. Both the F.B.I. and the Secret Service deserve the criticism directed at them by the Commission, but they have a nearly impossible job to do. (If the Puerto Ricans who attempted to assassinate Mr. Truman had been better shots, or had waited till he emerged from Blair House, they would have got their man.) After all, General de Gaulle, the object of several elaborately planned attempts on his life, dismayed and dismays his guards by advancing into crowds that may well harbour a fanatical assailant.

I do not think that my criticisms of the Dallas police and my imputation of motives of publicity-hunting are unjust; but it is possible that I attributed too much to the Texas ambiance. Since the *Report* came out, I have been moving around in the United States, notably in Southern California, and the political pathology of which I complained is not confined to Texas. The market is flooded with pamphlets imputing all kinds of knavery to President Johnson, asserting that the United States has been deliberately betrayed by the "Establishment," as well as by the "Commies." The Warren Commission has not impinged on the belief of many on the Right that President Kennedy was not the victim of a single unstable "Marxist," but of a Communist conspiracy. One New York Congressman is sure that proof of this will turn up. A well-known right-wing academic is convinced that Kennedy was executed by his Communist bosses for breaking faith with them. The average John Bircher may wish that THE FOUNDER hadn't charged President Eisenhower with being under Communist orders, perhaps under the orders of his brother who, on his theory, was (and presumably is) a Communist. An immense wave of hatred is still rolling in on the United States. A deep belief that the United States is being, as it long has been, betrayed, can be found in the eminently respectable letters-column of that excellent newspaper, *The Wall Street Journal*, letters provoked by its refusal to back Barry Goldwater. The "Conservative" candidate for an important office in a mid-western state believes that Kennedy was the victim of a Jewish-Communist conspiracy, financed to the tune of $25,000,000 by the formally respectable society of the B'nai B'rith. The A.D.A. (Americans for Democratic Action) is solemnly denounced as the American branch of that well-known conspiratorial organisation which sticks at nothing, the Fabian Society. No one has so far suggested that both are branches of SMERSH and that the sudden death of Ian Fleming ought to be investigated.

THE CREDULITY IS NOT confined to the Right. Characteristically, I see that the *Daily Worker* links, in a common innocence, Alger Hiss, and Lee Oswald. (Why the *Worker* should be so anxious to defend Mr. Hiss from a charge that, from its point of view, is not an insult but an honour, is a little puzzling.) Of course, if you can believe that Hiss was convicted by a forged typewriter you can believe anything, including even the incredible story he told the congressional committee of his relations with Whittaker Chambers.[4]

A distinguished American chemist, Dr. Otto Eisenschiml, wrote a most brilliant conspiratorial account of Lincoln's murder, *Who Killed Lincoln?*, of which an eminent American historian said to me: "I don't believe it—though I'm not sure why." America is a country with a passion for public secrecy, for official and unofficial "bugging," a country in which respectable, well-educated people will tell you the most improbable stories. To know this is the beginning of wisdom.

The next stage in wisdom is to know how erratic witnesses are, how easily memory can betray, how unobservant people are. (Until I read the Warren Report, I did not realise how tall President Kennedy was although I had seen him often and sometimes at very close quarters.) Of course, the evidence against Oswald is contradictory and circumstantial. It is one of the simplest psychological tests to perform a rapid action before a class and then ask the class what they have seen. We know from Christopher Hassall's book how difficult it is to learn what Rupert Brooke looked like, for example, what was the colour of his hair, though the contemporary witnesses saw him often, and at close quarters and at leisure. Of course, the evidence

[4] It was odd, confusing, and to certain minds sinister, that there were two Rubinsteins (from the Chicago night-club world) involved in the Oswald case and two Tippits (both with the Dallas Police). Lord Acton pointed out long ago, in connection with the Popish plot, that the old coincidence of some names added to the atmosphere of fear.

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is circumstantial. "There is a lot in circumstantial evidence, as when you find a trout in the milk." So said Thoreau.

The innocent remark of Chief Justice Warren that there was a lot that would not be known for a long time (he might have added, for ever) has been quoted as proving an official conspiracy. But there are still mysteries about Lincoln's death, and there are many more about the Dreyfus case, as that good left-wing historian, M. Guillemin, is fond of pointing out.

BUT THESE CONSIDERATIONS will not kill the American passion for belief in conspiracy. That belief is widespread at the moment, though for many Americans it is the "Commies" who are being covered up; for others, the extreme Right. No one seems to have given any serious thought to the role imputed to Robert Kennedy, officially, in 1963, the boss of the F.B.I. and boss of the Federal judicial machinery. Is he to be supposed to be shielding his brother's real murderers? It doesn't sound like him or like the family. Is the President's widow involved in the conspiracy? Mrs. Kennedy is still an extremely popular figure. She could not be silenced if her husband's murderers are being protected. It is necessary to *feel* this American mania to understand a great deal of what is being said and done in America—and outside it by voluntary exiles. *"Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."*

At the risk of being deemed a fool or a knave, I think the Commission has deserved well of the Republic, even though they have not provided evidence for that Right-wing conspiracy in which existence I myself expressed belief on TV on November 22nd and 23rd. But, unlike some people, I can learn.

The Back Streets of Fulham

Nobody knows very much about
The people who live in these rows of little houses.
They are mysterious. There are some respectable criminals.
Some pay lip service. Some are outright wild.
It is suspected that witches are worshipped.
The women are up to their eyes in folklore.

The wars start in the boredom.
Like mushrooms growing in cellars
They push up through the darkness, packed with violence.
If anything were known, it would disgust the neighbours.
The married women are genteel and may be neglected.
A husband knows that if he were a Roman Emperor
He could force a slave to suck him.
You could torture him, and he would never admit it,
For if such things were known, they would disgust the neighbours.

Nothing is known. It's all painted over
With do-it-yourself and efficient repair work.
When it cracks and the wars get out
The 'small public for poetry'
Is amused and disgusted.
And, it may be, dead.

Gavin Ewart

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Brian Crozier

Latin American Journey

Santiago, Chile

THE PARQUE COUSIÑO is hardly a park. Its tree-lined boundary encloses a vast open space of trodden earth, a grassless Hampstead Heath for Santiago's equivalent of Bank Holidays—fiestas, carnivals and political rallies—against a shimmering, majestic backdrop, the *Cordillera de los Andes*. There, on a Sunday bright with the sunshine of winter's end, Dr. Salvador Allende Gossens brought out his followers for a last show of popular unity. They came by foot, in donkey carts and lorries, working families out for the day, straggling columns of "WOMEN FOR ALLENDE," "YOUTH FOR ALLENDE," this-and-that for Allende, flags and banners unfurled, hand-done cartoons showing his opponent, Frei, as a puppet sprouting strings pulled by a monstrous Uncle Sam. In a corner, teenagers who could have been dropped into equivalent crowds in London and Paris without provoking raised eyebrows, were beating Chilean drums and dancing the traditional *cueca*, in which the distinctive element in what is otherwise just another folk rhythm is the fluttering coloured handkerchief held in the right hands of facing boy and girl.

Allende, a medical doctor and an impassioned socialist, is the bogeyman of Chilean politics—and indeed, since Castro's charisma paled in the wake of the Cuban rocket crisis in 1962, of Latin American politics as a whole. He is round, vigorous, jowled and slightly shifty, and he bought his own badge as bogeyman when he accepted the Communists as allies to form the Revolutionary Popular Action Front, or FRAP. That Sunday, he was out of form and short of temper, and his followers, though festive in their private pursuits, seemed listless and politically apathetic.

Eduardo Frei Montalva, now President-elect of Chile, is the rising hope of Latin Americans who are Christian enough to feel for the ragged poor who cluster round the continent's tiny islands of affluence, and western-minded enough to want to do something without putting dissidents or reactionaries behind barbed wire. And here in Chile reactionaries are thick on the ground in the affluent parts, driven by inflation to place their capital in European banking havens, neglecting the one social purpose and justification of capitalists—which is to use their money for productive investment, preferably at home—or waxing plump on dues and privileges from distant lands worked by tenant peasants with primitive tools and without the right to use the landlord's surplus water for their own irrigation.

Tall, pale, hawk-beaked and intense, this ex-lawyer and journalist maintained through 611 days of campaigning a line which the traditionalists and reactionaries could only regard as wildly revolutionary since, if he was allowed to carry it out, it would reduce their own wealth, to the advantage of the landless, the workless, and the illiterate. This faced them with a dilemma, for their own voters had drained away from the Conservative and Liberal parties to swell the weight of the Christian Democrat Freístas. On paper, Allende's programme and Frei's looked much the same: the social revolution was at hand. But to vote for FRAP was unthinkable: well though Khrushchev got on with visiting tycoons, the privileged Right doesn't cast its own death warrant into the urns. To vote for Frei was at least to preserve soul, limb and body; and with life went the chance of peaceful sabotage. Having reflected, the Right decided to vote for Frei, even though he kept on denouncing his new supporters. As some of them said: "We vote for Frei to-day so that we can vote against him to-morrow."

THIS *is the first part (Chile, Argentina, Brazil) of a Latin American journey by Brian Crozier, who was formerly on the foreign staff of* The Economist, *and is the author of "The Rebels" (1960) and "The Morning After: A Study of Independence" (1963).*

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PROBABLY NOT MANY of these false friends joined the fervent thousands of Freístas on Tuesday, September 1, three days before the elections and two after Allende's show in the *Parque Cousiño*; though many of the well-to-do were there, shouting with the rest, for some of Chile's erstwhile reactionaries know that change is inevitable and have come to say they welcome it. The *concentración* took place in the Alameda Bernardo O'Higgins, an imposing quadruple artery slashed across Santiago in grateful memory of an Irishman's hero son who led the mules, horses, guns and men of the Army of the Andes across the frightening Cordillera in 1817 to free Chile from the Spaniards. Bearing torches of rolled paper, the Freístas pressed on along the viable channels of the Alameda towards the unseen distant objective of the tribune. There was something of Mardi Gras about this Tuesday too, with floats, songs and banners to prove it: a living Statue of Liberty, bearing aloft a torch more efficient than the others, was prow to one of the larger floats. Two French companions and I, pressed forward by the Freístas, became part of the defile, slipping away through unsymbolical barbed wire to a grassy area of relative peace while the demonstrators marched on. Soon the nearest demonstrators stopped, however, because they could go no further, with the tribune still out of sight and the Alameda solid with Freístas. This was the moment. A hundred yards ahead, a Niagara of cascading fireworks materialised and the sky went wild with rocketing stars. The Freístas were joyful, and knew already they were triumphant.

CHILENOS swallow their words ("eat them," as a purer-speaking Bolivian put it), and this appetite, together with their volubility, sometimes makes comprehension an achievement. They are *simpático*, Mediterranean, democratic, and on all points except one, sophisticated. In that one point, which is exactly translated by the phrase "it couldn't happen here," they are as British as the heroic names that earned fame in Chile's fight for emancipation. In England, during Hitler's 'thirties, we called it complacency. Perhaps this is not surprising, for Chile, too, is an island, cut off from the rest by desert to the north, the Andes to the east, rain forest and ice to the south, and the widest of oceans to the west. When the Chileans say, "It couldn't happen here," they mean Chile could never be "another Cuba," Chile respects individual liberties and doesn't go in for Caudillos, and moreover has an army that keeps its nose out of politics. They mean, then, that even if the Communist Party ever found itself running a few ministries, it would not be capable of seizing power, and even if it did, heads would not roll as they did in that lazy, hot-headed, irresponsible island in which, one day in 1961, Fidel Castro discovered he was a Marxist. They mean, too, that even if things went dangerously wrong, as the army thought they did in Brazil, the soldiers would refrain from taking over, for Chile would find a political solution. Chilenos are white (even the *mestizos*, products of a long-accomplished, "stabilised" biological union, "think white") and think of themselves as rational.

This, being a state of mind, is politically important. Chile's intellectuals are divided into unequal "halves," with the Left easily tipping the scales (except, significantly, among the young), into those who dismiss the communist peril as a right-wing myth but fear the Right—and those who believe the Right to be resigned and beaten, but dread communism. An eloquently Allendista taxi driver told me the Chilean Communist Party was good, it would respect the law and the Constitution. Dr. Allende himself, who received me in the one quiet room of FRAP's ragged, gesticulating *Casa del Pueblo* ("THIS BUILDING FOR SALE" said a notice outside, with unkind anticipation) on the eve of his defeat, said sweepingly: "There is no problem. I am President of Chile and have the Presidential prerogatives. The Communists have made no requests and I have made no promises." Vanity? self-confidence? ignorance? More honestly, a young FRAP economist whom I asked whether he thought the Communists could be kept under control in the event of an Allende victory, answered, pensively and in English: "It's a calculated risk."

To a superficial eye, there seemed much to encourage the hope that the calculation was sound. Nobody would have known from visible evidence that there was any connection between FRAP and the Communist Party. At the *Parque Cousiño*, there were ragged marchers from the *callampas* (Santiago's mushrooming shanties on the fringes of the sprawling city); but no communists visible to the naked eye. Red China had a minor presence, in the form of pavement vendors of Chinese magazines in Spanish; but where were the hammers and sickles or the turgid violence of Marxist slogans, or the red flags?

And yet, and yet....

THE SOCIALIST INTELLECTUALS of FRAP are right, in one sense, when they say Chilean communists are unlike other communists. Certainly they are more agreeable than others (the Chileans are a naturally amiable people), even in what ought to be the closed world of slogans and hammers

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and sickles of their party headquarters, and even to visiting bourgeois journalists. But Chilean socialists, I soon discovered, know next to nothing about their home-grown communists. Paradoxically, the Chilean Communist Party is so open that it manages to achieve a quite distinctive secrecy. One thinks one knows what is so plainly undissimulated and one knows nothing. The party boss, for instance: Luis Corvalán is a scruffy, unmagnetic, unimpressive man, with no trace of the iron of which Stalin was made. Is this really the man who makes policy and issues orders? It seems hard to believe.

Yet this amiable, open, co-operative party, with its unimpressive leader, unsure of himself, is certainly the most homogeneous and disciplined Marxist body in Latin America, not excepting Fidel Castro's *Partido Unido de la Revolución Socialista*. Its dissident pro-Chinese faction, though noisy through its organ, *El Rebelde*, is insignificant. Ninety per cent of the party is solid for Moscow. And this is just what makes the behaviour of the party during the late electoral campaign so fascinating. For the communists to have decided to make common cause with Allende was in any case a somersault, for not long since he was at the receiving end of their scurrilous abuse. Still, for a while, the alliance seemed to be working. Then some very odd things happened. Allende, aware of the value of women's votes in this Catholic land (and indeed of the value of the votes of other people whose hearts for one reason or another sank at the prospect of a FRAP government) had been moderating his language and blurring his threats as the election date drew nearer. One day late in June a communist Senator blew all this unseemly moderation heaven-high, scaring the composure out of women and other decent Christians who might have begun thinking this man Allende was not so bad after all, with a speech abusing the Cardinal Primate, Silva Henríquez, and denouncing the Church in terms of unrestrained venom. What made Senator Jaime Barros Pérez-Cotapos do it? Surely not, as Barros put it in public self-denunciation in the Senate next day—after Corvalán had declared that this speech in no way represented the policy of a party respectful of religious beliefs—surely not because the speaker was the prisoner of persistently archaic ideas on religion.

Perhaps, then, because Allende had been getting too soft, and Barros (or the Communist party, wishing to make its position plain) couldn't stand it? A natural emotional reaction? This again is unconvincing on close examination, for another incident, still more curious, suggests that the Barros affair was carefully planned, retraction and all. Indeed it is scarcely conceivable that a prominent member of a disciplined Communist Party should make so damaging a speech at so delicate a moment in the electoral campaign without prior directive and clearance from headquarters.

I have little doubt that there *was* such a directive, and that clearance for the speech *was* given; and the other incident suggests that the reasons were international, not local. In February, Allende, then in Italy and still in his violent phase, allowed himself to be interviewed by the Italian communist paper *Paese Sera* and according to the version of it that was later published, praised Fidel Castro, adding that Chile ought to have a régime like his. Whether Allende said such things is less important than the fact that *Paesa Sera* said he did. What is still more important is how much later the paper said it. For the interview, though granted in February, was not published until August—just in time to compound the electoral damage caused by the communist Senator's speech. Allende himself made matters worse by denying he had given the interview. When *Paese Sera* proved him wrong by carrying a picture of him with their reporter, he protested that he had been misreported. By this time, few people were ready to believe him.

It is easier to find international reasons for these curious happenings than local ones. Mr. Khrushchev must have been torn apart, sorely tempted to let the Chilean communists and their allies prove, by victory, the superiority of Soviet over Chinese tactics, yet dreading what success could mean: the collapse of the Chilean economy, another Cuban burden for Moscow, a blow to the cosiness of the relationship with Washington. In the end (and encouragingly), Russia decided to put national interests above ideological ones. It all seemed to prove the truth of the Christian Democrats' most telling anti-Allende election poster, which merely said: "CHILE 2, RUSSIA 1"—a reference to Chile's recent soccer win over Russia that needed no translating in this *futbol*-mad country.

Now that Frei has romped home with an absolute majority over his two opponents (Durán, the Radical, being the other), it looks as though he could have won even without Moscow's assistance. Nobody had believed public opinion polls that had been saying this would happen, although a Freísta win by a small majority was widely expected. But the country voted for Frei, as well as the town, the provinces as well as the capital; even the working class districts did in many places.

TO SEE IT HAPPENING on September 4 was a stirring sight to visiting eyes accustomed to

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elections in a softer key. Not that this was violent or anything other than orderly and above-board. The Chileans pride themselves on their attachment to democracy and law and order and showed the pride to be well-founded. One of the main polling centres was Mapocho railway terminal, much as if Victoria Station were closed for polling purposes, with trains stopping further up the line, say at Croydon. There, a visiting Oxford don and I watched the patient queues of voters shuffling towards the station, men on one side, women on the other, under the watchful eyes of heavily armed troops (the only concession to Latin hotness of blood), fanning out inside to numbered booths reserved for their attention. Then Frei himself arrived, well surrounded, but heavily jostled by admirers, and the station burst alive with *vivas* and hand-claps.

At 8 p.m. the smell of victory was in the air and the crowds began to gather in the Alameda to breathe it in. Groups danced the inevitable *cueca*. More fireworks soared above the rooftops. Then Frei's family began to appear on a well-placed balcony: two sons and Señora Frei, each with a few words for the waiting microphones. It was a build-up. By the time Frei appeared, the public cheer had swelled into something mighty and joyful. His *V* sign, as throughout the campaign, stood both for victory and for his place—No. 2—on the voting slips. This time it really was victory.

Chile had earned its chance, its last chance, no doubt, of a social revolution without violence or strategic complications.

Buenos Aires, Argentina

THE PAVEMENTS in Buenos Aires are tiled, but many of the tiles are missing. Mounds of bricks or unexpected dips or sheets of iron over manholes impede progress. Many buildings are unfurnished and others are decaying. All this seems symbolic of this country of the future whose future, somehow, never becomes a present. Indeed, it recedes. Argentinos eat more and consume more, and there are more of them, than before the war. But they produce hardly anything more, so there is less to export, and the huge external debt grows huger, and money buys less. Ends thus being reluctant to meet, the Argentino takes on a second job or a third. Leisure vanishes and neither of his jobs (or none of the three) is done as well as it might be.

This country and its capital are full of paradoxes. Englishmen built its railways and Italians opened up the *pampas*. A tremendous building building boom created today's Buenos Aires in the 1880s. In the space of perhaps thirty years, a vast amount of capital work was done. Since then, apart from the frantic and extravagant industrialisation of Perón's régime, remarkably little. Argentina lives on accumulated fat without creating new fat. The great *estancieros*, badly frightened by Perón's populist violence, leave vast areas of their estates uncultivated, having plenty left to live on, like lords of old. Yet the break up of the *estancias* doesn't seem to be the answer: to chop off the unused bits of the great estates and farm them out to illiterate peasants innocent of agronomic science and unprovided with machines would create a new social problem instead of solving an old one, and it would not grow more beef or wheat.

Perón plundered the reserves, played havoc with the banking system, and when all else failed helped himself to the pension funds, until then sacrosanct.[1] Frondizi completed the process of ruin. And now Arturo Illia, a kindly, cautious, courteous, undynamic country doctor from Córdoba province, has inherited the mess.

In Buenos Aires, at least, nobody is very kind to Dr. Illia. Some foreign observers seem to find him even worse than Frondizi, mainly because he has made a rather half-hearted attempt to control prices and has *dirigistes* among his economic entourage, pupils all of the formidable Dr. Raúl Prebisch, of the U.N. Economic Commission for Latin America. *Tía Vicenta*, a satirical magazine, shows Illia on its cover, stretched out fast asleep, and the caption has one underling whispering to another: "He's been sleeping for three months. Isn't it time we woke him up?"

I'm not at all sure the critics are right. This country has had a massive dose of excitement and intoxication (in the French and English senses of the term). Perhaps what it needs most now is a little peace and quiet, until it lumbers off to a fresh start. This, at any rate, is what Illia himself thinks. The *Palacio Rosado*, where he works a daily twelve hours, no doubt at his own cautious pace, is a delicious bit of neo-rococo confectionery and has the only lift I have been in that is adorned with a tinkling chandelier. His office is as large as a conference room, and probably serves as one. His desk is one end of a vast mahogany table, and his silent white telephones, and a device studded with

[1] Argentine employees have an unusually high percentage of their pay withheld for superannuation purposes—25 per cent or more. This entitles them to a large pension after 30 years of service, when retirement is mandatory. Thus the labour market is weighed down by "young" old age pensioners of fifty or so, seeking another job; and the Budget is weighed down with its debt to the pensioners.

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lights that flash when some unseen secretary takes an unwanted call, are on a separate structure to one side.

DR. ILLIA GREETS ME paternally, complementing the handshake with a pat on the shoulder. He asks me how I am and I resist the temptation to consult him about the feverish infection I have picked up. He talks learnedly and softly about British institutions and the stability they have conferred. He has an ascetic, wrinkled face, white hair, and opaque brown eyes. This stability, this British respect for institutions, he says, are just what Argentina lacks. And yet, Argentinos were beginning to develop democratic and orderly ways when the armed forces "spoiled everything" in 1943. Since then, Argentina had lived through twenty years of abnormality; the first priority was therefore to return to normalcy, calm, and stability, after the destructive tensions of the recent past.

To illustrate the purport of the Five-year Development Plan, the President produces a map of Argentina and patiently explains the geographical constants of the Argentine economy, its tropical north, its wine-growing irrigated west, its bountiful *pampas* and its frozen, mineral-bearing south. New techniques, he says, will be brought to bear on each region, so that it does the job nature fitted it to do and the great unused potential of the country, neglected these long years, is tapped for consumption and export, now and to-morrow. I refrain from pressing the President to tell me where his planners hope to find the labour to do all this in his underpopulated country, the skills, and above all the pushing enterprise (not, certainly, among the unrepentantly sybaritic *estancieros*).

Perón: the hated, adulated name lingers heavily over table-talk since he threatened to return from his affluent Spanish exile before the end of the year. I bring the name in now, and for the first time, the President shows signs of disturbance. This and this (he points to the map) is what needs to be done. The country has "no time for Perón" and doesn't want him, and he should get that into his head. More in this vein (but off the record), then the map serves again, this time for Dr. Illia to bring up another subject of burning topicality in Argentina: the sovereignty of the Islas Malvinas, which we call the Falklands. This, he says, pointing to the map, is the continental shelf and the Falklands are part of it, and the Argentine Antarctic is a natural prolongation of it. It is all one entity and all due for development. This is a tricky one. The question is before a UN committee on colonialism as I write these lines in Buenos Aires. Historically and geographically, the Argentine claim is not negligible, but the Falklands are inhabited, and there's the rub—in order of numbers by 600,000 sheep and 2,000 humans, most of them British.[2]

MY FIRST encounter with Argentine students was between Santiago and Buenos Aires, when a string of air-travel infuriations condemned us to a broken night in the old university town of Córdoba. The students were an elated band of young Christian Democrats returning to B.A. with tidings of joy at Frei's victory. They were carefree and solicitous.

They were also, I think, exceptional. Marxism has not yet become old-fashioned in Latin American universities, in spite of at least one notable case of disillusionment in B.A.'s professorial body, and to be a Marxist, to have an *ideology*, is still an intellectual badge of respectability. I knew this before I faced a few dozen students who had waited patiently for me while I was interviewing President Illia, who himself had kept me waiting an hour. The Faculty of Law, where I met them, is of palatial proportions. They heard me out on Independence in Under-developed Countries, then fired questions at me, with courtesy but hostile intent. Did I not agree that economic imperialism had taken the place of military imperialism? Would not imperialism make it impossible for a Chilean government to nationalise the copper companies? I answered them and they heard me out. There was no applause.

[2] The humans are not, as the Argentinos say, a transient population of temporary migrants: 80 per cent of them were born there and have no wish to come under Argentine rule. Nor are they an oppressed colony: the "colonialism" issue is absurd: there is no national liberation movement in the Falklands. On the other hand, do we really still want the Falklands, Gibraltar and other scattered bits of real estate that once seemed so essential? Is there not a basis here for long-term bargaining: a delayed transfer of sovereignty in return for solid economic concessions, for instance special rights for British fishing?

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

THIS IS an elusive revolution. It doesn't shout at you from all sides, as in Algiers (and doubtless Havana), where banners spread across the street call on the people to work to make the revolution a success. That is the style of popular democracy: you can't escape from the revolution and are not meant to. This is different, partly because it is Brazilian and Brazil is not like other countries, and partly because the men who took the revolution through its first phase are quiet, serious men who have no

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taste for demagogy and are content to wait for events to prove they are doing what has to be done.

So Rio's *Cariocas* sun themselves on the beaches, career with unconscious menace on the highways, and fulfil what they hold to be life's first purpose: enjoyment of the moment. Since this is a country of surging vitality and exuberance of spirit, enjoying the moment, in fact, quite often means hard work. São Paulo, having no beaches, is the pulsating symbol of tomorrow's Brazil, its towering steel and concrete the playgrounds of a new race of producer-consumers with giant appetites.

My first discovery is that this famous bay, for all its bizarre grandeur, is not as beautiful as Sydney's harbour. My second, that the Willyses, Simcas, and Volkswagens that proliferate here are all Brazilian-made, protected by a total ban on foreign car imports and correspondingly steep in price. A third discovery, which logic would put second, is that the best views of this Atlantic fantasy of high hills and ocean belong to the *favelas*, the inevitable shanty-towns that sit on top of wealthier Rio.

Visiting Western writers usually get moist under the collar when writing about Latin America's shanty-towns, but a little perspective does no harm. It is, of course, objectively shocking to Western consciences with memories of the depressed 'thirties, to learn that hundreds of thousands of *Cariocas* live without water or sanitation. But what came before and what might come after are important too. The *favela* and the *callampas* of Santiago and the *villa miseria* of Buenos Aires offend the eye and, more persistently, the nose. On the other hand, they are symbols of progress, of a kind. The ex-peasants who inhabit them lived in equally degraded conditions before moving to the big city, but without the big city's side-attractions. That, indeed, is why they moved to the big city —for its light and its shops and, here in Rio, its beaches. As an old-hand of the *favelas* told a wide-eyed newcomer, on a bus, within earshot of a middle-class *Carioca*: "You won't believe this, but here in Rio, they bring fresh milk and warm bread to people's doorsteps." The distressing popular image of the shanty-towns as places of suffocating misery is truer of some than of others and in all cases only an aspect of the truth. Buenos Aires' is worse than Rio's, because its inhabitants, huddled together on flat ground, have neither light nor air and babies die like flies. On the other hand, perhaps 70 or 80 per cent of the "houses" have television and some enterprising individuals own cars. It is wrong to think of them as unemployed and "outside the monetary economy," as one writer put it. Their labour may be casual but it brings in something, and there is no rent to pay. Some prosperous inhabitants, used to the ambience of huddled bodies, refuse offers of decent housing, at prices they could afford, preferring to save the money or spend it. Many of them come from lonely or even desolate spots and like the crowd, stinks and all. I heard of farmers from Paraguay, with several acres of land, who have sold up and now live in the *villa miseria*, with no thought of returning to the monotony of their former life.

Here in Rio, in any event, the picture is brighter. The *favelas* cling picturesquely to the upper slopes, as we all saw in *Orfeu Négre*, and there is light and space. There you don't die of heat or cold, and babies live, mostly. One *favela* has its own water, piped up to it by the authorities; another has been razed to the ground and its habitants have been re-settled in a new town.

It requires, then, quite an effort of the imagination to picture the great street demonstrations, sparked off by the women of São Paulo, that made that vain and wily man, ex-President João Goulart, realise the game was up and gave the Brazilian armed forces a walk-over victory they were far from expecting. By April 2nd it was all over, and the repression began. Like the unsanguinary revolt that preceded it, it has been a very Brazilian repression, determined but not very violent, hardly a terror. Not for Brazil the massed execution squads of Cuba and the mounds of offending bodies. As in all repressions, there were stupidities and anomalies. The soldiery who lined up the professors and students of São Paulo University and went through the library seizing such obviously subversive literature as *Our Man in Havana* and *Le Rouge et le Noir* typified the befuddled persecution of the intelligentsia. There were also instances of brutality, but these may have been departures from policy, not applications of it.[3]

Of course, many heads have rolled, but only metaphorically. Exalted heads, like Goulart's own and that of ex-President Juscelino Kubitschek, the visionary of Brasília and possessor of a vast fortune which, it is alleged, represents the spoils of office. Distinguished heads: those of Oscar Niemeyer, the inspired architect of Brasília, who, like Kubitschek, has been deprived of civil rights, or Celso Furtado, the talented economist who directed SUDENE, the Society for Development of the North-East and who (a slap in the face for the military régime, this) has accepted the hospitality of Harvard for his enforced exile.

[3] In a situation where a free press still operates, several conservative newspapers have been reporting individual cases of prisoners being tortured.

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Of the men I have just mentioned, only one was a Communist, despite the specifically anti-Communist impulse of the revolution. Too much should not be read into the scarcity of Communist victims of the long purge, however. This is, or will be, much more than an anti-Communist revolution; besides, most of the real Communists—men like Luis Carlos Prestes, the veteran leader of the Party, and Francisco Julião, organiser of the Peasant Leagues in the depressed North-East—got away, or have successfully gone underground. There was not, as far as I know, a Communist plot to seize power in Brazil at the time of the military take-over. But the evidence is overwhelming that the Brazilian polity was in an advanced state of decomposition, as a direct result of Goulart's policy of placing Communists or near-Communists in key posts in the government, the army, and the local State administrations. When the generals struck, the evidence they found—in official cheques, documents, money, and arms—was, I was told, vast.

What this evidence showed, however, was *not* merely that the Brazilian Communists, with help from Moscow and Prague as well as Peking, were doing well with subversion—but that the authorities, themselves deeply corrupted by enrichment in office, were systematically undermining Brazil from within. The Communist penetration, it should be emphasised, was all at the top: it did not extend downwards in depth. The "masses" were not involved, as their utter refusal to stand by Goulart demonstrated. For this reason, the military régime soon discovered that it was not going to take long to cut out the skin cancer of Communists in high places; the real malignancy was deeper down in Brazil's vital organs and would need a major job of political surgery.

AT THIS POINT, one has to look backward, at recent history, or nothing makes sense. In 1930, when Brazil's unwanted coffee was being burnt, Getulio Vargas, the *gaucho* governor of Rio Grande do Sul, in Brazil's deep south, marched on Rio, carried to power on the backs of military and political malcontents. These were his friends and he never forgot them. Vargas, the populist leader *par excellence*, did a lot for (and to) Brazil. He sparked off the great Brazilian expansion—and the great Brazilian corruption. He opened schools and factories; and he made sure his friends grew rich. Kubitschek was his political descendant, in both the favourable and pejorative senses; and Goulart (who had been Vargas' Minister of Labour) took populism to the point where, drained of substance and over-ripe with corruption, it was bound to collapse.

What, in effect, President Castelo Branco and his men are trying to do is to liquidate the social and political heirs of Vargas, and then make a fresh start. This is the real point of the revolution, and one needs only to state it to see that it will take time. Indeed, as a close adviser of President Castelo Branco told me, with engaging candour, "the real revolution hasn't begun yet." More candour: "There had been injustices in the purge, but these were inevitable." The government wanted to finish with arbitrary methods as soon as possible and hand justice back to the normal tribunals. It also wanted to return Brazil to democracy. But first, various reforms were necessary: these would constitute the real revolution.

The land and its use are fundamental to Brazil's future. It is not merely a social blot but, less emotively, an economic nonsense that twenty-seven million Brazilians should be living in destitution and near-starvation in the North-East. A social blot because these people, freed from slavery only seventy-six years ago, are free only to exist in undernourished squalor while absentee landlords grow flabby on the fruit of their labour. An economic nonsense because these people, and perhaps twenty-three million more Brazilians, live hand-to-mouth, unable to buy the products of São Paulo's frenetic industrial expansion. Unless these fifty million Brazilians join the thirty millions who are already consumers, Brazil will be stuck with its high-cost cars and refrigerators, and with its inflated money going round in the same old circles. Potentially the Brazilian market is much larger than Great Britain's; in fact it is to-day far smaller.

Nothing is quite right in the North-East. Large chunks of the great estates (*latifundia*) lie fallow, but the smallholdings (*minifundia*) are uneconomically tiny. Methods are antiquated, and yields derisory. In Brazil's circumstances, to re-distribute the land is the lesser part of land reform: the major part is to make the land yield more and put the extra wealth into the pockets of the peasants. And the revolutionary government's land reform programme reflects this order of priorities. Educational and technical training, fertilisers and combine-harvesters, these are more important than breaking up huge estates to hand them over to peasants who know nothing about the secrets of nature's bounty. Yet re-distribution, too, plays its part: amputations of unexploited land and concentrations of smallholdings to make larger and more productive units.

In October or November 1966, say the revolutionaries, elections will be held. How much will have happened since then? Land reform? The beginnings of a two-party system by the elimina-

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tion of tiny groups without mass support? A streamlining of ministries? A *cruzeiro* that loses less than 1 per cent of its value per month? An incorruptible administration? All these are in the revolutionary programme. A rendezvous with Brazil two years from now will show how much of it is Utopian, as some of it surely is.

Brasília

THE SUBTLE NASALITIES of Brazilian Portuguese, incomprehensible at first, yield meanings of a kind after two or three days. I am guilty of the linguistic arrogance of Spanish-speakers who like to think of Portuguese as a debasement of Castilian. It is nothing of the kind, and the Lusitanian uniqueness of it is a source of cultural pride among Brazilians. It is pointed out to me that in Portuguese, Brasília takes an accent on the first "*i*", whereas in Spanish it doesn't need one. This is one of the authentic *frissons* of this surrealist country, like Magritte's bridge that ends inexplicably halfway across the river it spans, while its uninterrupted reflection reaches to the other side.

This, too, is Brasília. The sight of it from a high floor of the Hotel Nacional is like a strident chord in a desert of silence. Everything about it is *insolite*: a building here, a building there, receding in a clear, hand-painted Daliesque perspective to an improbable horizon, very minute and distant. Red, red earth. Spectacular underpasses and flyovers and endless avenues of brilliant, contemporary lamp-posts which, at night, create the illusion of a vast, inhabited metropolis, instead of the inspired, underpopulated lunacy one sees by day. Here and there workmen are busy, encouraging the visitor to hope that one day, perhaps, Brasília will be completed. Elsewhere, practical needs have taken over from Professor Lucio Costa's master-plan and Oscar Niemeyer's exuberant blueprints, creating low-lying shopping streets that would fit unnoticed into a Wild West town in North America. Hardly born, Brasília already had its *favelas*, till the authorities removed them bodily and dumped them out of town, lightless and waterless.

Inside the Hotel Nacional (which typically lacks basin and bath plugs) or the Planalto Palace where the President of the United States of Brazil does his work, is a claustrophobic, carpeted sameness of red timber, a Marienbad of contemporary monotony, heavy with potential persecution. There, in the Palace, President Castelo Branco receives me. He is a small man in a dark-blue suit, almost disturbingly uncharismatic and untelegenic (I should guess); and he talks to me about "legality" (which is what I hoped he would not do) before telling me (as I had hoped he would) that he is determined to push the land reform through, regardless of entrenched opposition.

I leave Planalto. Dusk is falling, and as the Palace recedes from the taxi window, it seems to float on its swanning, marble-faced supporting pillars. I am no longer sure Brasília exists.

In Certain Homes

In certain homes people with keepsakes lean
over little things kept in bowls in the shade for years.
Then a tinkling sound—they sift fingers through the glass.

Looking back at our home I see it like that—so keen
I don't like to turn any more. Over some millrace
have already poured a miraculous million fish,

All out of control. But one splinter—though cut—I grasp:
to desire the right things now is to govern the past.

William Stafford

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Leo Szilard

A Memoir—By EDWARD SHILS

TOWARDS THE END of August 1945, I received a telephone call from Leo Szilard. He had heard that I had been at work on a scheme for the international control of atomic energy, and we must meet. Very shortly thereafter, he came to my room. He was short and plump; he had a large head, a high, broad, somewhat sloping brow, and small, fine, neatly curving features. His hair, dark and combed back, had a broad grey streak running almost from the centre of his forehead, and surmounted a ruddy face. It was the face of a benign, sad, gentle, mischievous cherub. The whole formed a picture of unresting sensitivity and intelligence, immensely energetic and controlled, and yet with great ease and gentleness of manner. He had sparkling eyes, a beautiful melancholic twinkle of a smile, and spoke in a low musical voice, which had a slight touch of a sob in it. He came right to the point. He glanced briefly at my draft of a rather complicated and utopian scheme which involved a universal labour market for scientists, detailed inspection, comprehensive aerial photography of the United States and the Soviet Union (and any other country which might become relevant), and the dissolution of all secrecy. (I later learned that my scheme was of a child-like simplicity compared with that which Szilard had been developing.) All he said was that we were thinking along the same lines and that we must "remain in touch." He then departed. The next day he telephoned again to say that he had spoken with Mr. Robert Hutchins, then Chancellor of the University of Chicago, who said that he shared our views.

Szilard came to see me almost at once—he had to come to me because his rooms were inaccessible to me; he was still an employee of the Metallurgical Laboratory, which was the name for the Chicago part of the "Manhattan Project." But even if his rooms had been accessible, he would have come to me despite the heat, the distance, and his eminence, since that was the way he was. He was always ready to inconvenience himself for whatever important cause he had in mind at the moment. He never engaged in unimportant ones—and he never claimed the precedence of age or distinction, although he was always willing to grant them to others.

In those days, conferences and seminars were just beginning to be the thing. We decided with Mr. Hutchins' support that we must have a conference at the University of Chicago to discuss international control. In the days which followed, we met frequently to work out plans for the conference. We always met in the Social Science Research Building, and he always came on foot. From my window, I could see him approaching, roly-poly; he walked smoothly and rapidly, the swift and regular agitation of his legs contrasting with the serenity of his bearing.

He liked me to meet him at all hours and would often prevail upon me to go out walking with him. Sometimes we went to his room in the flat of Professor Paul Weiss. It was a large room with bookshelves to the ceiling. They were bare. He had no physical property other than his clothing. He pressed me to rack my brain to think of persons of my acquaintance who had "inventive minds" or who might have valuable political connections and whom we might invite to our discussion. By the time our conference was held, Szilard no longer had any immediate interest in continuing on the path which had originally brought us together.

Like our more optimistic associates of that

IN the '30s Leo Szilard first suggested to Rutherford and to Einstein the possibilities of a nuclear weapon, and he went on to prove it by his experiments (with Fermi) on uranium chain-reactions. In the first year of the war he helped to persuade President Roosevelt by the famous "Einstein-Szilard letter" to initiate the Manhattan Project. In the last year of the war he tried, with the "Szilard Petition", signed by many nuclear scientists, to convince the generals (and President Truman) not to use the atomic bomb against Japan. Since that time—until his death at the age of 66 earlier this year—he continued to generate original and bold scientific and political ideas: as someone said, "the father of the atomic bomb trying to father atomic peace...."

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time, I thought that if we began with something very specific, centred on the new-born bomb, we could then go on to more general disarmament. He insisted that we must start with a more comprehensive settlement of the outstanding differences between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Without that, no progress could be made towards disarmament or the control of nuclear weapons. He argued against my view, but he never seemed to be criticising; as always, he was suggesting something positive. His own views were often dazzlingly unrealistic, but they were never mere criticisms of what anyone else was doing: they were rationally, meticulously, and ingeniously elaborated efforts to find something superior. This was characteristic of his procedure. He was always quick to generate new ideas, he seldom embraced the ideas of others, and he would very often discard his own ideas for something new and of his own invention which he thought better. I was told that in the Metallurgical Laboratory, he exasperated and even affronted certain persons whom he had inspired with important ideas in which, by the time the inspired persons had brought them to fulfilment and reported with gratification their results to Szilard, he had lost all interest.

At our sessions, which ran over a week and which were filled with eminent scientists, high civil servants, distinguished economists and political scientists, Szilard took no great interest in what anyone else said. But when we were not in session, he spent much of the time exploring leads to Washington. His mind was already on the next stages of the campaign, the renewal on a larger scale of the political campaign which he had set in motion within the Project in the form of the "Committee on Social and Political Implications." That campaign had broken against the unsympathetic and unimaginative single-mindedness of Secretary of State Byrnes. Now that he was free, he would pass into that "open conspiracy," the promulgation of which had drawn him to H. G. Wells.

As soon as the conference was over, he went off to Washington with Dr. Edward Condon. I had given him a few introductions and suggested a few names; he soon used these up and went far beyond them. He was conducting a largely one-man battle, in touch with Professor Urey, Dr. Condon, and other of his scientific friends. On occasion, he met with the younger scientists, like John Simpson and David Hill, encouraging them, picking up a scrap of gossip from them, and not telling them much of what he was doing. Meanwhile, the May-Johnson Bill, which had been drafted within the War Department for the post-war organisation of nuclear research and development, moved into the forefront of public attention. Szilard bore down on it. He made the rounds in Washington, trying to arouse the concern of Senators and Congressmen, State Department officials, and the grave and foolish ladies who ran salons frequented by the higher officials. He testified before the Congressional Committee which was holding hearings on the May-Johnson Bill, and he spoke against it so persistently, so reasonably, so unyieldingly, that he bewildered and angered the Congressmen who interrogated him. Though I heard from him frequently, I did not see him again until the end of October or early November, when we had another conference, this time in Rye, New York. To this conference we invited more journalists and legislators, and fewer scientists and academic social scientists. For Szilard, this conference was part of his search for collaborators for his campaign. He was exerting a tremendous effort in trying to marshal new allies while trying to keep any of the old ones from getting out of his hands. I remember going to his suite in the building where we were staying. He was simultaneously on two separate long-distance calls on telephones in two rooms, going back and forth, putting down the receiver in one room while he went to take up the conversation in the other. All the while, actual and potential collaborators sat about; they were not let in on the substance of the telephone conversations which were about the very issues being talked about in the rooms.

After this he again disappeared into Washington, and it was some time before we saw him again in Chicago. In the meantime, the "scientists' movement," the Federation of Atomic Scientists and then the Federation of American Scientists, got under way. The Emergency Committee came into existence. The *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* was founded by Hyman Goldsmith and Eugene Rabinowitch. Szilard occasionally surfaced—sometimes only by telephone—at meetings of one or another of these groups, gave lots of advice, complex, daring, fantastic, and popped out again. When he came back he brought news of the battle and of the great figures and the lesser organisations. He identified himself with none of them. He was a kindly, solicitous, detached, and lone "operator." His opinions were cherished by scientists. Szilard never gave his information with any air of reporting about the great to the small: the lords of creation had no more charm for him than an obscure and responsive research student. With the exception of Albert Einstein and James Franck, he seemed to treat everyone as an equal—although even with Franck, he

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permitted himself the liberty of mixing jokes with affection. He was polite, universally indulgent (except about the State Department), succinctly critical whenever he felt he ought to be. When the campaign against the May-Johnson Bill seemed to be assured of victory, he began to appear more frequently in Chicago. The MacMahon Bill—which was to guarantee civilian control of atomic energy and leave the way open for freedom of research and international co-operation—was in part his creation. Together with Byron Miller, a government lawyer, and Edward Levi, then Professor of Law at Chicago, Szilard devoted many hours to the drafting of the bill and on occasion showed great patience with details.

Once the domestic legislation was out of the way, he returned to international problems which had engaged him since before the war. They never again moved very far from the centre of his attention. When he was not concerned with bringing about a *détente* between the United States and the Soviet Union, he thought about the new states of Asia and Africa. He had ideas about elections like those of Jayaprakash Narayan and Marshal Ayub Khan, and for a time he persisted in the attempt to persuade me to organise a long-term study group to deal with the problem of new states. By the time I succeeded with my colleagues in organising something like that, he had moved the matter to one side of his mind. Before doing so, however, he did make a substantial contribution to the development of oral contraceptives, since he was convinced that only the slowing down of the rate of population growth in the new states would provide the conditions for their progress, and their peaceful assimilation into the world community. But throughout the late forties and the fifties, his mind was busily engaged on the problems aggravated by nuclear weapons. He was full of contrivances. The Pugwash meetings were the realisation of his idea of meetings of Soviet and Western scientists which had been on his mind since 1945 and which he had put forward in the postscript of his "Letter to Stalin." (On one occasion when we discussed this, he insisted that if such a meeting were to come off, then the Russians must argue the American case, the Americans the Russian case.)

By the early fifties, he had again taken up scientific research. He was through with physics. He thought there was nothing interesting to do in nuclear physics; it was just a matter of getting larger and larger machines, but fundamentally the process of discovery was simply a repetition of what had been done before. He began to work in what is now called molecular biology.

I tried several times to get him to settle down academically, and since he was full of brilliant notions about many of the matters with which sociologists, political scientists, and economists were concerned, I persuaded my colleagues to bring him into our Division of the University. He was to be appointed to a professorship in the Social Sciences, so that he could devote his attention officially and academically to the political and social aspects of science. It fell through because with the same playfully serious ingenuity which he manifested in his schemes for the dispersal of the urban population or for the "trading of cities" and in his system for changing the Polish-German frontier and rendering Germany an integral part of a European community, he devised such complicated conditions regarding the ways in which the different Divisions would contribute to his salary that the arrangement became impossible. I think that the real reason for this obstruction lay in his anxiety that he would be tied down too much to the University and would be less able to move about the country—especially to New York—than he had been.

In New York he spent a lot of time in a delicatessen frequented by Central European refugees on upper Broadway, somewhere in the region now known as "the Upper West Side kibbutz." I occasionally met him there and he was very insistent that I should have certain Eastern and Central European delicacies, which he praised in the disinterested and precise way in which he spoke of everything.

In New York at that time he thought that he had found a patron for his political activities in a businessman who gave him a desk in his office. (It turned out to be fruitless.) He used to spend time with his aged father, a Hungarian engineer, with his nephew, whom he regarded with great affection, and with a lady, Dr. Gertrud Weiss, who later became his wife. I do not have the impression that during this time he was very active in promoting his political causes. He was writing and thinking, and occasionally he would send in some startling article to the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* or a story of the type which later appeared in his book *The Voice of the Dolphins*.

He would come back for long stretches of time to Chicago, where he lived ascetically, with peculiar self-indulgences such as meals of French-fried onion rings, a speciality of a horrible restaurant frequented by students. A great favourite for lunch was a glass of buttermilk into which he poured the entire contents of the sugar bowl, followed by sherbet. If one lunched with him, he might be silent for a long time and then come up with a scheme for improving the selection of librarians. At other

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times, he would be after me to leave the United States and go to live in Australia or New Zealand or perhaps a small island in the Pacific, in order to be away from the dangers of nuclear warfare. He himself, nevertheless, spent his time in the cities which according to his increasingly pessimistic expectations would be the first to be destroyed by nuclear weapons.

He could be seen walking the streets with Aaron Novick (his collaborator and protégé in molecular biological research and now Professor at the University of Oregon); or he might sit long at lunch discussing some improvement of the patent law, or some improvement in the monetary system, with professors of law or economics; or else he might be seen walking along 57th Street or going into one of the little snack bars there with a young scientist. Sometimes, one saw him sitting with the saintly James Franck in one of those disagreeable places.

IN THE COURSE of the years, from Szilard and from his friends, I learned a little of his past. He had spent his youth in Budapest as a member of a youthful circle, many of the members of which later gained renown as scientists. He studied engineering at first. He once said to me, in explanation of the remarkably large number of outstanding Hungarian physicists of his generation, that it had been possible because "physics was not taught in Hungary." Towards the end of the first World War, he served as a junior cavalry officer in the Hungarian Army, but saw no action. After the war, he went to Germany, where he worked closely with Einstein, and where he habilitated as a *Privatdozent.* He interested himself in everyone's business—without intruding into their private affairs. If he visited someone else's laboratory, he might well end by offering a comprehensive plan for its rearrangement. He interested himself in everything. He was a member of a seminar for the study of economic theory, particularly mathematical economics. He read novels, too, although his taste was not very good—he told me that he liked Louis Bromfield best among contemporary novelists. I once lent him the Mr. Norris book, gave him *Prater Violet.* He never said a word about them. Bohemia did not interest him. He only liked intellectual and political unconventionality. He was, naturally enough, a great admirer of H. G. Wells. In the second half of the twenties, he went to London and visited Wells to obtain the Central European rights to the publication of translations of his writings. Wells' imagination of the future, his prediction of the atomic bomb, his belief in the centrality of science, and his ideas about the open conspiracy all attracted Szilard. Like most Central Europeans of his generation, he became a great admirer of Great Britain. I got the impression that his liking for Britain was based on his belief that it was a country where intellectuals could talk to the great of the land as a matter of course, and could thereby influence their decisions.

In 1932, he concluded that Hitler would come to power, and as a careful reader of the financial pages, he advised his friends to transfer their funds abroad. He decided that something must be done to save German scientists and scholars after the expulsions which he saw were inevitable. He thought first of an "international university" and gave up the idea.

He went to Vienna just after the *Reichstag* fire. The first dismissals had already taken place. While walking in the street, he unexpectedly met an old Berlin acquaintance, Jacob Marschak, a man with an inventive mind, who later became famous as an econometrician at All Souls, Chicago, Yale, and California. Szilard told him that he thought that they must do something to provide for those scientists and scholars who would have to leave Germany. Together they visited Gottfried Kuhnwald, the old, hunchbacked Jewish adviser of the Christian Social Party. Kuhnwald was a mysterious and shrewd man, very Austrian, with sideburns like Franz Josef. He agreed at once that there would be a great expulsion. He said that when it happened, the French would pray for the victims, the British would organise their rescue, and the Americans would pay for it. Kuhnwald advised them to consult a certain German economist who was then in Vienna. They did so, and were told that Sir William Beveridge was also in Vienna in connection with his work on the history of prices. They were told, too, that Beveridge was staying in the Regina Hotel, where Szilard also was registered. Szilard immediately called on Beveridge and put the problem to him. Beveridge said that he had already heard of certain dismissals and had thought of appointing one of the dismissed economists to the London School of Economics. Szilard then suggested to Kuhnwald that he invite Beveridge to dine with him. Kuhnwald was reluctant to do so, because, he said, if one invited Englishmen to dinner they became "too conceited." He suggested that he invite him to tea as an alternative. So, Kuhnwald, Beveridge, and Szilard met for tea. Beveridge agreed that as soon as he got back to England and got through the most important things on his agenda, he would try to form a committee to find places for the academic victims of Nazism; and he suggested that Szilard should come to London and occasionally prod him. If he prodded him long enough and frequently enough, he would probably be able to do something. Very shortly after

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Beveridge's departure, Szilard went to London. Beveridge was at once ready, and with his customary decisiveness, he set about the details of raising funds. In a relatively short time, the Academic Assistance Council was established. Szilard took a great interest in its working: he came regularly to the office to help out, provided contacts in Germany for the General-Secretary and arranged for the recruitment of Miss Esther Simpson, who remained its secretary throughout its existence.[1]

After the Nazis came to power, Szilard went to London, where for some time he spent many hours of meditation and calculation in the lobby of the Strand Palace Hotel, reflecting on scientific matters and on the affairs of the world. He came into contact with Professor Lindemann, who (whatever his later conduct in the affairs studied by Sir Charles Snow) was very helpful to him—as he was to other refugee scientists. Szilard worked at Bart's and at the Clarendon, under Lindemann's sponsorship, and an effort was made to find a fellowship for him at an Oxford college, but it fell through. It was in this period that the "Szilard-Chalmers effect" was discovered. When Szilard was staying at the Strand Palace Hotel, he would occasionally wander over to the London School of Economics and listen to Harold Laski's eloquence. He liked the critical attitude which socialists took towards the injustices of the world, but he did not believe in their recipes. They were neither elegant enough nor ingenious enough. The beauties of the market mechanism were more congenial to his mind.

He was convinced that war was going to come to Europe and he had told his friends that he would settle in America a year before the outbreak of war. In January, 1937[2]—a little less than a year too early—he transplanted himself to the United States. He appeared at the Physics Department at Columbia, and tried to recruit physicists there to his way of of thinking. The atomic bomb had been on his mind for a long time—his appreciation of H. G. Wells and Harold Nicolson was bound up with their prevision of nuclear weapons. Now he began to work with Enrico Fermi, Herbert Anderson, and Wallace Zinn on a series of experiments to prove the possibility of a chain reaction. From the summer of 1939 onwards, he knocked at many doors to alert the Government to the significance of nuclear fission. He worried lest the Nazis might discover the possibility of the bomb and he decided that America must work on it lest the Nazis beat them to it—but he also hoped that all who worked on it might find it to be impossible.

Ever since 1939 he had been trying to get the main nuclear physicists outside Germany to agree *not* to publish the results of their research. As so often, his colleagues could not appreciate what he was after in proposing an action so contrary to the ethos of competitive publicity. He withheld his own papers on the possibility of maintaining a chain reaction in a system of graphite and uranium, but it took months of hard work to elicit an official request from the Government for him to do so. His mind moved incessantly, impelled by obsessive and prophetic anguish, and over a tremendous range. While working at his research, he worried about the possibility that the Germans might get control of the uranium supplies of the Congo. He thought of proceeding through Einstein, first to the Belgian Royal Family, and then to the State Department. He began to be convinced that a direct approach to the White House was necessary to gain support for the research. He was now working closely with his old friend, Professor Eugene Wigner, now a Nobel laureate. Through another old friend, a refugee economic journalist, he went to Dr. Alexander Sachs, a banker, who knew the President. A plan was worked out. Szilard wrote the letter, Einstein signed it, and in October 1939, Sachs read it to the President. In the memorandum accompanying the letter, Szilard reported that a chain reaction based on fission by slow neutrons seemed almost a certainty and that if the chain reaction could be maintained by fast neutrons—which was less certain—very powerful bombs might be possible.

This was the beginning—but the Government moved very slowly and under the distrustful counsel of conventional minds, civilian and military. Szilard struggled constantly against complacency, respect for protocol, red tape, and indecision. He wrote a memorandum in September 1942, entitled *What's Wrong With Us*, blaming the failure to make an im-

[1] Beveridge in his book made no reference to Szilard's role and Szilard himself, in his conversations with me, never claimed credit for it. He never received any assistance from it either, although there were times in the middle thirties when he was living on a very narrow margin. What I know about this I have learned from other persons. It was absolutely characteristic of Szilard to do a thing like this, to be so foresightful, so selfless, so inquisitive, so imaginative, so unsparing of his own energy and time, and so undemanding of benefit or acknowledgment for himself.

[2] It was in 1937 that he told a friend about his ideas regarding the feasibility of the atomic bomb and in the same conversation he spoke of his ideas for preserving peaches in tins in such a way that they would retain the texture and taste of the fresh fruit.

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portant decision on the late Arthur Compton's unwillingness to be involved in controversy and on the security restrictions imposed by the Army. The judicious authors of the official history of the Manhattan District Project say that for Szilard, "the new and unusual held no cause for hesitation."

The work went on with disappointments and triumphs. From September 1942 onward, Szilard was insisting among his friends on the Project that they pay more attention to the political problems to which their work was bound to lead. In January 1944 he wrote to Dr. Vannevar Bush urging him to intensify the work on the bomb because unless nuclear weapons were used in the present war, the peoples of the world would not understand their cataclysmic power and so would not be willing to make the sacrifices required for international control. In March 1945, he wrote a long paper arguing that the vulnerability of the United States to nuclear attack rendered it necessary for them to seek international control. He argued that the United States Government should raise the matter with the Soviet leaders immediately after it had demonstrated the effectiveness of the bomb. He assumed no aggressive intentions on the part of the Soviet Government in the post-war situation but regarded a dangerous armaments race as inevitable if no system of international control were established.

Again he persuaded Einstein to present his views to the President, as he had done five-and-a-half years before, but this time there was no response. In May 1945, Szilard and Professor Bartky, the Chicago astronomer, went to the White House, but the President's secretary would not give them an audience with the President. Instead, he sent them, together with Professor Urey, to James Byrnes, who was about to become Secretary of State. Szilard handed Byrnes the memorandum he had sent to Roosevelt. The interview went badly; Byrnes had no understanding for Szilard's viewpoint or style of thought.

DURING THIS PERIOD, within the Metallurgical Laboratory an intense discussion, driven largely by Szilard but by no means entirely his creation, was going on. The Committee on Social and Political Implications was worriedly exploring the political aftermath of their work. Their worries had troubled the virtuous and conscientious Arthur Compton, who undertook to transmit their views to the Scientists' Panel of the Interim Committee. On June 11th, the Committee on Social and Political Implications completed its report. The main points were: the secret of constructing a bomb cannot be monopolised; an arms race will result; an arms race would be disadvantageous to the United States because of its urban concentrations of population and industry. The only possible solution, the report concluded, is international control and in order not to prejudice the possibility of establishing such control, the United States should avoid alienating world opinion. For this reason Japan should be warned and the power of the bomb should be demonstrated in an uninhabited area. (The use of the bomb against Japan if the warning failed was not precluded.)

Together with Arthur Compton, James Franck took the report to Washington in person. They could not see the Secretary of War but had instead to turn the report over to a very junior assistant.

Early in July, Szilard felt that the matter could not remain where it was. He drew up a petition to the President in which he stated that the country which set the precedent for using the bomb would have "to bear the responsibility of opening the door to an era of devastation on an unimaginable scale." It would weaken the position of the United States so much that any future arguments it might make for international control would be discounted. He asked the President to forbid the use of the atomic bomb unless the terms offered to Japan for surrender had been made public and Japan refused to accept them. Sixty-nine of his colleagues signed the petition and it was sent to Washington. It was without impact. The bomb was used. It was not long after this that he sought me out.

LEO SZILARD was original and eccentric in nearly everything he did. He was original and eccentric in his Benthamite institutional contrivances, in his mode of life, in his political ideas and methods. Yet he never sought to cut a figure. Everything he did was the result of the direct confrontation of a particular situation by a powerful intelligence which shunned the commonplace, and by a warm and compassionate heart.

Leo Szilard was an affectionately solicitous and considerate busybody. He never gossiped maliciously. There was nothing vengeful about him. He was not rancorous against former Secretary Byrnes; he only felt that he was a narrow and ungenerous person, too small for the tasks which had fallen to him. He had no feelings of animosity against anyone—not even against General Leslie Groves. He had during the Manhattan Project often exasperated the General by his unceasing flood of original ideas, his interest in post-war political problems, his ownership of a number of patents for processes connected with the bomb, his criticism of the rigidity of the Army's security procedure, and by just being his own lively, playful, unbureau-

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cratic self. But he never spoke angrily about Groves; on the contrary, he always spoke of the General with courtesy, but also without attempting to hide his view of the poor quality of his intelligence and imagination. He once showed me with characteristically sad amusement a copy of an unpublished interview which a *Fortune* correspondent had had with Groves, in which the General said that one of the causes of Szilard's difficult character was the fact that "he never played baseball as a youth"—in contrast with Oppenheimer, who had played tennis and therefore had (it seemed to Groves at that time) developed a more reasonable and co-operative character. Szilard's amusement was not just about General Groves but about himself, too, and the odd situation in which two such persons had to get on with each other.

There was no malice in Leo Szilard; there was some feeling of guilt about the bomb. Once, after Edward Teller had succeeded in his efforts to gain support for the construction of the hydrogen bomb, Szilard said in a sighing aside, "Now Teller will know what it is to feel guilty." This was the only time that Szilard ever expressed to me any feeling of guilt for his role in the production of the atomic bomb. Yet, repeatedly in the fantasies which he published in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and *The Voice of the Dolphins*, one sensed that he wished that he could undo what he had done and that he could withdraw from the world which he had done so much to fashion. I had the impression, too, that this was one of the reasons why he would have nothing more to do with nuclear physics.

Michael Polanyi has said that before Einstein and Max Planck, German science had been the scene of frightful acrimony among its great figures, and this acrimony seeped downward into the lower strata of university life. These two noble geniuses changed the moral atmosphere of German science. Leo Szilard was one of the products of this new atmosphere. Although many people who came into contact with his many-sided and incessantly active mind and his gently pungent personality were exasperated by his unwillingness to be tied down to administration, by the swift flow of his imagination and by his perpetual and perhaps even slightly perverse capacity to see beyond nearly everything which anyone else or he himself had said and to think up something more subtle or more ingenious, I think that there would be universal acknowledgment among all who knew him that he was entirely free of evil spirit, of any concern at all for self-advancement, and of any pleasure in the discomfiture of others (with the possible and intermittent exception of the State Department).

He was a restless, homeless spirit. He owned no property, very few books. He had no "stake in the country" in the ordinary sense. Hotel lobbies, cafés, Jewish delicatessens, poor restaurants, and city pavements were the setting for the discussions which were his main form of communication—he said the age of books had passed. He told me some years ago in justifying his refusal to follow a regular academic career that he regarded himself as a "knight errant," who wanted to be free to go wherever important ideas in science or in the effort to protect the human race would take him. That was the way in which he had tried to live and the way in which he wished to spend his remaining years. Fortunately, the generous flexibility of the University of Chicago, the affection of his friends, and the modesty of his own needs enabled him to do so.

In his last years, together with his friend Eugene Wigner, he was awarded the *Atoms for Peace* Prize. A steady flow of manuscripts of an increasingly lucid eloquence, the activities of the "Conference of Scientists on World Affairs" (Pugwash) and his own open conspiracy which he called "The Council for a Livable World" —conducted, fittingly enough, from the Dupont-Plaza Hotel in Washington—and a renewal of his activity in molecular biology took the energy which was almost undiminished by his illness. He sought out Khrushchev in Moscow to learn his views and to expound to him his own view of the nature of a comprehensive settlement of the conflicts between the United States and the Soviet Union—and he tried to convey the results of this long conversation to President Kennedy. The genuine anguish which prompted all this action never left him, but it never clouded the rationality of his argument. After his entry into the status of Professor Emeritus at the University of Chicago, he took up an appointment at the Salk Institute in La Jolla, California, where he was full of schemes for new research. The establishment (in close association with Victor Weiskopf) of the European Molecular Biology Organisation was one of the last of his many institutional inventions.

His response to the nearly fatal cancer which he withstood with typical unwillingness to allow anyone or anything to dominate him—he decided on and supervised with success his own radiation therapy—was of a piece with the rest of his life. One almost felt that his resourceful contrariness and his unwillingness ever to accept defeat and to sink away into apathy would enable him ultimately to withstand death itself.

These are some of the impressions left on me by this extraordinarily sweet and calmly desperate genius.

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THEATRE

Bait the Devil

By John Gross

"He affirmeth that Christ deserved better to dy than Barrabas and that the Iewes made a good Choise, though Barrabas were both a thief and a murtherer." According to the notorious deposition made to the authorities by the informer Richard Baines just after Marlowe's death, this was one instance of the poet's "damnable Iudgment of Religion." Baines was a shady character, and some scholars treat his report with scepticism or reserve. But there are others who accept it as authentic; and certainly to a non-specialist the blasphemous wise-cracks which it contains are expressed with a vigour and bravado which make this seem plausible. (Among other things, Marlowe is alleged to have affirmed "that Moyses was but a Jugler & that one Heriots being Sir W Raleighs man Can do more than he"; "that all the new testament is filthily written"; "that all they that love not tobacco & Boyes were fooles.") If Baines *was* telling the truth, there could be no clearer warrant for regarding *The Jew of Malta* as a covert attack on Christianity, with Barabas as a prodigious comic villain who commands far more sympathy, and even respect, than the pious frauds ranged against him. This is the reading followed by Clifford Williams in his current production at the Aldwych (the first in London for over forty years), and he is justified by the results. Despite one or two serious flaws in interpretation, the play comes across as a powerful piece of work. It doesn't disintegrate after the opening scenes, as might have been supposed; while those critics who found much of it extremely funny in the study are now fully vindicated by the way in which even the horse-play holds the stage.

The harsh wit, the gangster morality, the sardonic Grand Guignol: all these are very much to contemporary taste. But before we rush to join the devil's party yet once again, it is worth pausing to consider a more orthodox point of view, such as the case presented by Alfred Harbage in the special Marlowe issue (Summer 1964) of the ever-invaluable *Tulane Drama Review*. Professor Harbage is a traditionalist, who sees the play as a piece of devil-baiting (the theatrical equivalent of bear-baiting and bull-baiting), with Barabas as direct descendant of the Vice figures of the interludes. In this context devil-baiting sounds ominously like Jew-baiting, but as Professor Harbage points out, in a society where men had recently been burned for being the wrong kind of Christians, no one would be shocked at the prospect of men merely being fined for being Jews. And whether we like it or not, there is "a hierarchy of social acceptability and privilege postulated in the play, with the Knights of Malta at the top, the Jews at the bottom, and the Spaniards and Turks in between"—a structure which is "nicely honoured" in the final doling-out of rewards and punishments. "Nicely honoured" is perhaps rather a prim way of putting it, in view of Barabas' spectacular final plunge into a boiling cauldron; but there is no denying that if the play is taken at face-value it rests on the assumption that Barabas can do no right and the Knights (in the long run, at any rate) can do no wrong.

Even a producer who rejects this approach ought not to show up the double-dealing of the Knights too blatantly, if he wants to preserve the spirit of the play. (The knockabout friars are another matter, a boisterous Elizabethan skit on Popery, but not necessarily on religion itself.) It is useful, too, for admirers of Barabas to be reminded that unlike the Turkish or Christian leaders he acts only for himself, and has no interest in his co-religionists. All this is stressed by Professor Harbage, who doesn't allow sentiment to colour his history. But if there were conventions within which Marlowe had to work, it needn't necessarily follow that he agreed with them; and in fact in *The Jew of Malta* the purely literary evidence suggests that he was working against them. To take the most glaring single instance, there is the contrast

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between the magnificent prologue spoken by Machiavel, and the perfunctory closing couplet in which the Governor offers up thin-lipped thanks to Heaven. In view of all that has gone before, this formal summing-up sounds like either cant or cynicism; if seriously intended, it represents a rare degree of bungling. Machiavel's curt precepts, on the other hand, have an almost Shakespearian resonance (and are delivered with corresponding forcefulness at the Aldwych by Derek Godfrey, in the briefest but most memorable performance of the evening). Machiavel speaks with vehemence, authority and scorn —and it is scorn, far more than avarice—"Fie, what a trouble 'tis to count this trash"—which characterises Barabas' opening soliloquy (described by J. B. Steane in his admirable recent study as a kind of second prologue). Master and pupil also resemble each other in the tone which they take with the audience, at once taunting and confiding: if they invite heckling, they also assume support. ("In your hearts you know we're right.") Machiavel begins by defying the moralists—"Admir'd am I of those that hate me most"; Barabas ends by appealing to the spectators, as he gloats over the trap which is shortly to be his undoing:

Now tell me worldlings, underneath the sun,
If greater falsehood ever has been done.

He is asking to be hissed and applauded in the same breath; the insinuation is that inside every groundling there is a worldling signalling to be let out.

Barabas is a titan who dwindles into a buffoon: the irrevocable turning-point is when Ithamore ("I worship your nose for this") replaces Abigail as his accomplice. Older editors were reluctant to assign the last three acts to Marlowe, at least in their entirety. But if there is nothing in them to match the opening soliloquies, the poetry hasn't vanished; it survives in the thumb-nail caricatures (the sketch of the buccaneering Pilia-Borza, for example), and even more in the dry, brisk sarcasms. Nor are the passages of low comedy, which tend to make tedious reading, by any means a drag on the stage; one of the most successful scenes at the Aldwych is the one where Barabas, disguised as a French musician, twangs away while he delivers a bunch of poisoned flowers. At moments like these he reminds one of the cunning old cat in a cartoon-film who keeps bouncing back for more; and indeed, until his final downfall he displays a resilience rarely to be met with outside a comic-strip. A few seconds after being thrown over the castle walls, he picks himself up and gets to work again; like Machiavel in the prologue, he's dead but he won't lie down. In dialogue, too, he always has the quickest come-back, the neatest argument. These powers of recovery are not just farcical, however:

No, I will live; nor loath I this my life;
And since you leave me in the Ocean thus
To sinke or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'le rouse my senses, and awake my selfe.

Barabas' indestructible vitality is eventually boxed in; but it is felt and conveyed as that of his victims never is.

Marlowe's sadism is at work here (though much less furiously than in *Tamburlaine*), but Barabas is not a sinister figure. His catalogue of his wealth—the fiery opals and grass-green emeralds—makes it sound positively wholesome, while his machinations are childish; the Jacobean shadow of corrupt sexuality has yet to fall. Clive Revill, who plays him at the Aldwych, is somewhat over-endearing (and when he sobs, he imports too much pathos); to Marlowe's first audiences Barabas was no doubt a frightening as well as preposterous bogey-man, and an Elizabethan performance must have been a terrifying experience. But in the purely comic episodes Mr. Revill is excellent (he takes the part at just the right speed, and in a tricky scene like Abigail's false conversion he manages his asides brilliantly). At times anyone might exclaim

This is the Jew
That Marlowe drew!

and for the rest, who but the most fanatical purist will object to a little toning-down? Forty-five years ago T. S. Eliot wrote praising *The Jew of Malta* for its "terribly serious, even savage comic humour." After all that has happened since, "horribly serious" comes closer to the mark. Better to take Barabas less seriously, and avoid conjuring up the spectre of modern anti-semitism. In this respect the Aldwych production largely succeeds; for the most part it is entertaining and inoffensive, which makes the one major blemish all the more difficult to understand. In the opening scenes Barabas and the other Jews are fitted out with stock gestures and pseudo-Whitechapel intonations which make them sound like a music-hall turn. (At several points Barabas himself seems to have been taking elocution lessons from Goldberg in *The Birthday Party*.) This kind of stage-Jewishness is not only a travesty in the first place; it is also ludicrously anachronistic in the context of sixteenth-century Malta. As a result, the production suffers, since twentieth-century connotations are dragged in, and it is impossible to think of the play simply as a remote extravaganza. Luckily, however, Mr. Revill drops both accent and mannerisms as the evening wears on.

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But it is a pity that the damage should be done above all in the first act, where most of the best poetry in the play is to be found.

A SECOND VISIT to the National Theatre production of *The Recruiting Officer* confirms that it is one of the best things now to be seen on the London stage, and perhaps the most completely satisfying. Robert Stephens makes an exceptionally sympathetic and spirited hero out of Captain Plume, while Colin Blakely is beyond praise as the ferocious Serjeant Kite. There have been one or two changes in the cast recently, but they interfere surprisingly little with the success of the production. The replacement for Max Adrian's wily Justice Ballance is rather colourless; but Robert Lang does remarkably well as Brazen, considering that he had to take over from Olivier. Sir Laurence's Brazen was a richly caparisoned heavyweight, yet at the same time delicate, almost dainty; a little enigmatic, and more than a little mad. Mr. Lang can't hope to emulate his mighty predecessor, but he makes his presence no less vividly felt by turning Brazen into a brilliant pink-and-gold coxcomb, as startling as a cockatoo. The rough male kisses ("My dear Plume! give me a buss") are still very funny, and so is the transvestite slapstick, which gives Maggie Smith as Silvia a chance to shine. Elsewhere, however—and it is the one weak spot in the evening's acting—she comes close to spoiling the part with some characteristic drawling and squawking. Perhaps she has taken her cue from William Gaskill's programme-note, which point out that in matters of morality Plume and Silvia speak "way ahead of their time."

In the same note Mr. Gaskill reports that "many people have asked me why I did not choose to direct Brecht's version of *The Recruiting Officer*." Anyone backward-looking enough to put on Shakespeare's version of *Coriolanus* will no doubt soon find himself pestered with similar enquiries. But fortunately Mr. Gaskill knew that he already had a minor masterpiece on his hands, and he resisted the temptation to transform it into something way ahead of its time. There is no one quite like Farquhar. He is famous for letting fresh air into the Restoration hot-house, for getting rid of the feverish rake and introducing a note of confident virility. But he still has his share of the old Restoration ruthlessness, the determination to talk at all costs like a child of this world. He stands midway between the Plain-Dealer and the Good-Natured Man, catching comedy at the point where it has recovered its geniality but not yet melted into sentimentality. He manages to relax without losing his panache; the triumph of his style is to be simultaneously elegant and down-to-earth, like the trim, sturdy monosyllables of 18th-century slang.

In principle, Farquhar's attitude was to take the world as he found it; but he evidently felt an uneasy twinge at the thought of his own experiences scouring the Shrewsbury countryside for cannon-fodder. After exposing one recruiting officer's stratagem after another, he washes his hands of the whole business: Plume quits the field to "raise recruits the matrimonial way." If the dominant mood of the play is none the less expansive, it is partly because the war is a long way away; the rustics (unlike Wart and Feeble in *Henry IV*, for instance) are being lured far over the horizon. "From the banks of the Danube to the Severn side, noble captain, you're welcome": at the very outset the gulf between Marlborough's campaigns and the pleasant pastoral setting is emphasised. Without turning the play into a tract, Mr. Gaskill skilfully heightens this contrast: Death stalks into Toy Town wearing a scarlet coat. Serjeant Kite (who owes something to Farquhar's hero, Jonson, but more to accurate observation) is a fearsome wild boar, a creature out of a nightmare; there is a moment of true terror as, preceded by his pike, he slowly reappears from an alleyway, ready to pounce on the yokels who have been gulled into taking the Queen's money by Captain Plume. This is a touch added by Mr. Gaskill, but it is surely legitimate. The grim side of Kite has to be played up, just as the grim side of Barabas has to be played down, if they are not both to be rejected as jokes which have worn unbearably thin.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Clive Bell

CLIVE BELL (who died in September, at the age of 83), had been a part of English intellectual life since the day in October, 1899, when he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, and found that his fellow-freshmen included Lytton Strachey, Leonard Woolf, and Thoby Stephen (brother of Virginia, who became Mrs. Woolf, and Vanessa, who became Mrs. Bell). Bloomsbury, as a group, was in being from that very day, although Clive himself dated its origin not so much from the Cambridge reading society, which the four friends founded with Saxon Sydney-Turner, as from the time in 1904 onwards when the group met constantly in London and was enlarged to take in Duncan Grant, Roger Fry, John Maynard Keynes, and one or two others.

Even quite young people know the outline of his career: that he had worked with Roger Fry on the Post-Impressionist exhibitions of 1910 and 1912; that his books and ephemeral writings, and above all his concept of "significant form," had had an immense influence in their day; that he was as much at home in France as in England, and that Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Segonzac, and others had prized his friendship and kept it in good repair. The uncompromising view of aesthetic experience which he put forward throughout his life sometimes led strangers to picture him as a wincing aesthete in full withdrawal from the hard realities of the day. ("To appreciate a work of art," he had written in perhaps the most famous of his polemical passages, "we need bring with us nothing from life, no knowledge of its ideas and affairs, no familiarity with its emotions.") But until his first and last illness made its cruel inroads upon him, Clive Bell looked what he was: a prosperous country gentleman who would be as good company in brushing-room and butts as he was in the National Gallery or the Tate. And he was a country gentleman such as Charles James Fox would have been happy to stay with: a scholar who had mastered the Greek and Latin classics in the original, and yet knew the world of power and privilege at first hand. He was ready to talk about anything: and however feebly the ball might be put up, he would always give of his best.

He had in a very rare degree the sense of occasion which makes even chance encounters memorable. Equally gifted as guest and as host, he had an Edwardian fondness for the full-scale anecdote and an Edwardian readiness to bring one out when the conversation seemed to demand it. But he never hogged the floor, and he contrived to make even the timid and the ineffective feel that they too had contributed something to the talk. His voice called for the open air: undeniably loud, it was never overbearing, and its characteristic note was one of high expectation and shared enjoyment. He had an enormous amount of style in everyday life, and it was the style of someone who had never had to hurry; like all the founder-members of Bloomsbury, he had also a highly-developed sense of the ridiculous, and applied it to subjects and situations which it is traditional to take very seriously indeed. He had passed all his life among people who knew how to take care of themselves in conversation, and he never resented plain speaking. "Yes," he would say after some notorious *mauvaise langue* had been to see him, "He spoke a good deal of ill of all of us, but I must say I found him very agreeable."

NOT MUCH OF THIS came out in his later writings, and his reminiscential sketches, *Old Friends*, are too courtly and digressive in style to give the full flavour of his company. Some idea of that flavour can, however, be got from his essays of fifty and more years ago, for he perfected in his twenties and thirties the robust and antithetical style which made him famous. If he was outrageous, it was because only outrage would penetrate at all deeply; and he used in his earlier writings the techniques of calculated overstatement which he later reserved for conversation. Here he is (again from the opening section of *Art*) at his most characteristic:

> Most people who care much about art find that of the work that moves them the greater part is what scholars call "Primitive." Of course there are bad primitives. For instance, I remember going, full of enthusiasm, to see one of the earliest Romanesque churches in Poitiers and finding it ill-proportioned, over-decorated, coarse, fat, and heavy. . . . But such exceptions are rare. As a rule primitive art is good, for, as a rule, it is free from descriptive qualities. In primitive art you will find no accurate representation; you will find only significant form. Yet no other art moves us so profoundly.

In *Art* (1914) he bit off more than could be chewed, even then, by any one young man, and no doubt to-day's thin-lipped censors would find much to mock at in that book's wilder and more panoramic allusions. But the feat of de-

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molition: that no one can deny. Clive Bell took the agreed hierarchy of aesthetic values and destroyed it for ever. Any first-year student at the Courtauld Institute can mug up arguments to show that *Art* can be faulted. But the point is that all subsequent writing on art in this country has benefited by the climate of freedom which Clive Bell initiated. "We are not yet clear," he wrote in one chapter of *Art*, "of the Victorian slough. The spent dip stinks on into the dawn." That second sentence—and how many people now writing on art would have been capable of it?—describes a state of affairs which Clive Bell did more than anyone to destroy. What he did was to carry over into the field of aesthetic speculation the concept of total freedom in the discussion of human affairs which was common to all members of Bloomsbury. *Anything*, however contrary to accepted form, could be discussed, much as the great navigators of an earlier century would flout the hypotheses of their predecessors.

He was very good, too, at getting a situation down on paper in such a way that the reader says to himself: "I wonder what happened next." When he first wrote, in 1912, that "the Romantics and the Realists were like people coming to cuffs about which is the more important thing in an orange—the history of Spain or the number of pips," it really did tidy up a still-straggling discussion; and it seemed inevitable to the reader that something allied to neither point of view must come into being. (Ibsen was the subject of the essay, but it applied equally to Cézanne.) It is possible, of course, to fall into a habit of heavy emphasis, and in this way to give an impression of unvarying dogmatism. Clive Bell sometimes did this, both in writing and in conversation. There was nothing tentative about his opinions, and he felt it only fair to everyone that he should express them as forthrightly as he could. But it is worth saying that about the notion of "significant form" he was a great deal more modest and diffident than legend suggests. The problem as he defined it was: "Why are we so profoundly moved by certain combinations of forms?" and his answer had by no means the Sinaitical assurance which it acquired in the minds of people who had never read the original text. "I suggested very cautiously.... I was, and still am, extremely diffident....": these are the phrases which he used of the notion of significant form at a time when he might have been expected to lash out at the opposition.

He never allowed himself to get far away from the first-hand shock, the intimate and lasting disturbance, of actual contact with first-rate works of art. Nor did he allow that disturbance to lose the kindling element of sensuality. Abstract thought was one thing—and no one had a greater respect for it—but it was never allowed to take precedence over the senses. Bonnard, for instance, will be all the rage, this next year or two, with our local band-wagoners, but I doubt if anyone will get much nearer to the truth about Bonnard in a few lines than did Clive Bell in this passage, now nearly fifty years old:

> The first thing one gets from a picture by Bonnard is a sense of perplexed, delicious colour: tones of miraculous subtlety seem to be flowing into an enchanted pool and chasing one another there. From this pool emerge gradually forms which appear sometimes vaporous and sometimes tentative, but never vapid and never woolly. When we have realised that the pool of colour is, in fact, a design of extraordinary originality and perfect coherence, our aesthetic appreciation is at its height. And not until this excitement begins to flag do we notice that the picture carries a delightful overtone—that it is witty, whimsical, fantastic.

The language dates a little? Yes, but how assuredly is authentic perception allied to a thought-out and consistent point of view! A reproach often levelled at Clive Bell was that in later years his perception was confined to a limited range of works of art; initially he argued that a knowledge of Kandinsky and the *Blaue Reiter*, of Brancusi, of the Italian Futurists, and of Larionov and Goncharova was indispensable to the critic of modern art; but he himself did not pursue the study of these artists very far. Parisian loyalties proved too strong, as did others bred within his own household, and with advancing age he inclined to settle for what he knew and liked already. Too little of a humbug to ape an enthusiasm which he did not feel, he did not go much beyond Victor Pasmore's landscapes of 1945, in English painting, or the friends of his own generation in France. I remember Ben Nicholson saying, "He got so near to the point of what we were doing, and then he didn't carry it through...." Well, perhaps he didn't—any more than he "carried it through" to the newest in literature, preferring to re-read *Paradise Lost* and *Tristram Shandy*. But he was in the right at a great moment in the history of painting. He and Roger Fry (and he was more independent of Roger Fry than many people suppose) were right about Cézanne at a time when even Sickert thought Cézanne was *"un grand raté"*; right about cubism when Tonks said "this talk of cubism ... is killing me"; right about Matisse when intelligent people from the Art-Workers' Guild shouted "Drink or drugs?" when Fry showed them one of his paintings. He helped to bring about a decisive shift in the history of taste: thanks to Fry and

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Bell, French painting of the period 1880–1914 became recognised as one of the greatest of human achievements in art. He had his shortcomings, even at that moment, but in the context of his own generosity and impetuosity of mind, and of the general thickness and dullness of the opposition, those shortcomings were remarkably few. He was the right man in the right place at the right moment, and there are not many art-critics of whom that can be said.

John Russell

Letter from Rome

The Fluent Society

IT WILL be interesting to see what happens when Luigi Barzini's *The Italians*[1] is translated from the English in which he wrote it into his native language. I think he will be much criticised in Italy, even by those who secretly agree with him. The Communists may well accuse him of cynicism and negativeness, the Fascists will not relish his description of Mussolini as a cowardly and empty showman, and the middle groups—the progressive business men in the north, for example—are not likely to share his resignation and his pessimism. As for the younger generation: will they see themselves as Barzini sees them, as the helpless victims of Italy's catastrophic past?

I am not suggesting that there is no objective criticism in Italy—there is, and it will certainly recognise the worth of this book—but this is a special case. *The Italians* is not like *The Ugly American* and the other self-accusing books that have been published recently in Britain and the United States; they deal with particular sections of the community and were designed for home consumption. This book was first published in England and the United States where it has received much acclaim, and it sets out to explain the nature of all Italians everywhere. As Barzini himself points out, this is a theme that engrosses his countrymen. They don't write about themselves but they do talk about themselves, endlessly and vehemently, and usually without reaching much agreement. It is a sort of perennial family argument. A spiteful and bad-mannered book like *Pour l'Italie* could be dismissed because it was written by a Frenchman. But Barzini is Italian, he knows what he is talking about, and to bring the family argument out into the open was a very dangerous thing to do. While he does not accuse his fellow-countrymen—indeed, he defends them—he exposes them and admits their weaknesses, and this is not a thing that people usually like. When we look into a mirror we tend to observe our good points, not our defects.

Yet who knows?—I may be wrong. I was talking the other day to an English-speaking Italian who had read the English edition, and he thought Barzini didn't go nearly far enough, that he was much too optimistic and indulgent. For people like myself, on the other hand, foreigners who have spent many years in Italy, the book is extraordinarily informative and satisfying. It may not tell us anything that is entirely new or that was not guessed at before, but on almost every subject, whether it be the Mafia or the Church or some esoteric topic like the devious workings of the *contadino*'s mind, it takes our knowledge and understanding a little further. Certainly if anyone was going to tackle this involved self-analysis Barzini was the man. The son of the famous correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*, he himself has been for many years an outstanding political journalist, and has been acquainted with most of the leading Italian figures of the day. He became bilingual as a boy in New York; his particular interest is history (he has an extensive historical library in English, French, and Italian); he saw something of colonial wars as a young man (in Ethiopia during the Italian conquest, and in China, where he was on board the American gunboat Panay when it was sunk by Japanese planes in the Yangtse River); he knew the Fascists (they arrested him in 1940); he is familiar with the inside workings of Italian politics (he is a deputy of the Italian Liberal Party) he knows the theatre and the literary scene (he has written a successful play and a number of books as well as editing newspapers); and he has those two qualifications which are almost essential for anyone who is going to write about the Italians: he lives on a farm and is a family man with five children.

As he himself points out, there is nothing

[1] *The Italians*. By LUIGI BARZINI. Hamish Hamilton, London, and Atheneum, New York.

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remarkable in knowing foreign languages—the real difficulty is in being able to write in any language at all—yet it is something of a *tour de force* for an Italian to handle English as well as this. *The Italians* has its defects, of course; it is repetitive in places; the style is sometimes rhetorical, and his many lists of people and places grow wearisome at times. But his ideas are fresh and vivid; he is intelligently sincere and witty, and he has the gift of descriptive phrase.

The great virtue of the book is that he grasps the nettles firmly. He says in effect: I am well aware that the northerns regard us as a venal and shiftless people, warm-hearted and ebullient but deceitful, hard-working but unreliable as soldiers and likely to change sides in a war, emotional yet crafty: in short, weak characters born to be dominated by foreigners. He does not even boast about the climate or the beauty of the country:

> Rio de Janeiro, Istanbul, and Hong Kong are as beautiful as the Bay of Naples. The Alps look just as impressive from the opposite slopes in France, Switzerland, and Austria.... Milan and Turin are colder in winter than Copenhagen.... Rome notoriously has one of the most unpleasant weathers of all, *scirocco* for almost two hundred days of the years.... Venice is under a dreary rain most of the autumn, winter, and the beginning of spring. There is no sadder atmosphere in the world, especially when the wind turns south-east and the city smells vaguely of rotten cabbages....

When a man can be as candid as this he is entitled to ask: Why, then, do so many millions of foreigners swarm into the country every year? And when they get here do they really understand the people and their ways? His answer to these questions is this:

> The Italian way of life down the centuries attracted people who wanted to take a holiday from their national virtues. In the heart of every man, wherever he is born, whatever his education and tastes, there is one small corner which is Italian, that part that finds regimentation irksome, the dangers of war frightening, strict morality stifling, that part which loves frivolous and entertaining art, admires larger-than-lifesize solitary heroes, and dreams of an impossible liberation from the strictures of a tidy existence.

And again:

> The *dolce vita* looks now more *dolce* than it ever was. Very few travellers see the ugliness underneath, the humiliation, the suffering. Not one in a hundred perceives the fundamental dreariness of everything under the glittering ormolu, the bitter fate of men who are condemned perennially to amuse themselves and the world, to hide their inmost feelings, to be *simpatici* at all costs in order to make a living.

The ugliness? The fundamental dreariness? The words pull one up with a slight shock. Can this be the lovely country where the smiling peasants gather grapes in the sunshine and the cathedral rises up superbly from the piazza? The country of harmony between nature and man, Browning's

> *Open my heart and you will see*
> *Graved inside of it, "Italy."*

Well, yes, it is. Barzini has his eye on the industrial back-streets, on provincial police-stations and office-blocks rather than on the Bay of Naples; on the farms in winter rather than the beaches in summer; the *palazzo* after the party is over. The Italians, he assures us, are by nature "a pessimistic, realistic, resigned, and frightened people. They believe man's ills cannot be cured but only assuaged, catastrophes cannot be averted but only mitigated. They prefer to glide elegantly over the surface of life and leave the depths unplumbed."

But why? Mainly, it seems, because they do not wish to combine and coalesce like other people. They recognise just one sure basis of existence—the family. Inside the family they practise all the applauded Anglo-Saxon virtues —loyalty, truthfulness, fair play, generosity. But the family is embattled. It must defend itself against other families, against foreigners, and above all against the government. Once a man leaves his front door he is at war with the outside world and in a crisis anything goes —double-dealing, trickery, dissimulation of every kind.

It is a vicious circle. The family can never be really safe because the government cannot guarantee its security. The government cannot be effective, cannot avoid corruption and mismanagement, because the family will never fully support it.

Barzini traces these ills, and many more besides, back to the French invasion at the end of the 15th century, the invasion that has let in wave after wave of conquering foreigners ever since. Unable to defeat these invaders because they were divided among themselves, the Italians have been forced to invent a new and devious pattern of behaviour merely in order to eat and stay alive. To make oneself agreeable to those in authority, to cultivate the arts of flattery, to judge carefully which party is in the ascendant and then support it, to acknowledge no loyalty except to the family and its intimates—these are some of the devices which the Italian feels he is bound to adopt if he is ever going to get and hold a job in a country where there are never enough jobs to go round. "The Italians," Bar-

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zini says, "have invented ancient ruses to defeat boredom and discipline, to forget disgrace and misfortune, to lull man's *angst* to sleep and comfort him in his solitude." Morals and fair play in the Anglo-Saxon sense don't come into it:

> The contemporary capitalistic world is still almost incomprehensible to most Italians, who admire, envy, and imitate, often very successfully, its outward aspect, its power, and its practical products, but miss its moral character. They even doubt if it exists at all. Many current rules of fair conduct strike the Italians as pure nonsense. Take the English saying "never kick a man when he is down." They (the Italians) do not believe anybody really obeyed it. They know a man should not be kicked if he is old, if he is strong and can immediately kick back, if he can avenge himself later, if he has powerful friends and relatives, if he could be useful some day in any way, or if a policeman is watching. But why not "when he is down"? When else, if you please, should one kick a man more advantageously? When more safely and effectively? A famous handbook on how to play *scopa*, the most common Italian card game, written in Naples by a Monsignor Chitarella, begins: "Rule Number One: always try to see your opponent's cards."

It sounds appalling. But before the Anglo-Saxon throws up his hands in horror it is as well for him to remember that there was never any necessity for a society for the prevention of cruelty to children in Italy, that if there is deceit amongst the Italians there is not much hypocrisy, that there is very little mental illness in the country, that drunkenness is not common, that class distinctions in the English sense hardly exist—almost everyone goes to the same school—that once you know the local rules of the game it simply becomes a different sort of game, and that good and gifted men do emerge and survive in Italy just as much as anywhere else, perhaps even more so at times. It is simply that the arts of government, of enforcing rules, are lacking. In Italy, so the saying goes, you only go to law if you are in the wrong; then you have everything to gain. If you are in the right you have probably already lost something and you are going to have a pretty tough time getting your due since the confusion and ambiguity of the law might easily defeat you.

This apparent anarchy, this topsy-turvydom, runs right through Italian life, and it can be very complicated. Barzini points out, for example, that everyone in Italy likes a good show—in church, at the opera, in the display of wealth, and best of all perhaps in the front that the individual himself puts up to life. Showmanship is one of the palliatives that make a hard life bearable. So in every crisis, in a car accident, for instance, the Italian stages a tremendous show—shouts, imprecations, appeals to his mother and the Madonna, threatening gestures—and all the time he is watching himself, and watching his effect on his opponents and friends. He doesn't intend to fight as a rule, but this does not necessarily mean that he is bluffing; he really feels for the moment the emotions he is enacting and he doesn't quite know to what lengths they are going to carry him. He may hit out, or more realistically wait for another day when his opponent is down and can conveniently be kicked.

As in car accidents, so in wars. Basically it is skill that counts, the knowing of the right moment to threaten to strike, and Barzini is quite correct when he says that the Italians make very intelligent diplomats and business men. They decide nothing by correspondence or by principles: they like to meet their protagonists face to face, so that they can weigh them up, discover their weaknesses and settle matters on an *ad hoc* basis. Power is the vital thing and if, as a good showman, you can give a convincing appearance of power it is almost as good as possessing power itself. You win without going to war.

BUT THEN, BUT THEN: the day does eventually come when the appearance is not enough and real power smashes the façade to pieces. The invader arrives and there follow the bitterness, the humiliation, and the defeat. It has always happened in the past and it will go on happening in the future. There is no escape.

What, then, is the author saying in this book? Probably his real thesis is that the Italians, like the Chinese (who also love ceremonies, deafening noise, decorative art, children, and subtle negotiations), are an ancient, intelligent people who have never had a chance. If they don't get an invader they get a dictator. Probably, too, he is defending the arts of peace as superior to the arts of aggression and war. To lead a reasonable, intelligent, cultured life without the shadow of fear over it—this the Italians might well do if the rest of the world would leave them alone, and if they could bring themselves to obey their own laws. They need a double deterrent, one against the world and another against themselves. In Barzini's opinion they are not likely to get it. But it is, at any rate, an advantage simply to understand the problem and to understand it from the inside, looking out. If this is the purpose of *The Italians*, it has succeeded admirably: it is a splendid book.

Alan Moorehead

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Letter from Berlin

Poets, Black & White

THE CONFERENCE ROOMS of the *Kongresshalle* in West Berlin are beautifully organised. The modern furniture is comfortable; along the great U-shaped table are microphones that actually function; each seat has an earphone and a dial for tuning in to fluent simultaneous translations in French, German, or English. The only machine that has yet to be invented is one that could focus the mind and make the participants in an international conference speak consistently on the same subject.

And so it was again at the "International Meeting of Poets" (and critics) at the *Berliner Festwochen* this autumn. Around the table sat (pride of lions, gaggle of geese) a brilliant anthology of poets and critics including W. H. Auden, Sir Herbert Read, Stephen Spender, Günter Grass, Jorge Luis Borges, Cleanth Brooks, Aimé Césaire, Michel Butor, Pierre Emmanuel, and James Merrill. Along with them were representatives of a talented new generation of African writers such as Wole Soyinka, Ezekiel Mphahlele, John Pepper Clark, Ousmane Sembene, Felix Tchicaya, and others. Much of the time one had the impression of separate speakers each ascending in his own private balloon for some solitary voyage.

The balloons were of every variety and rhetorical diversity. There were modest critical balloons that stayed fairly close to the ground, some painted with scenes from the autobiographies of their owners, others of somewhat improbable construction that managed nevertheless to stay in the air for a long time, a few ornate African ones that were last seen heading over the horizon, and even one German blimp modelled on The New Criticism. Taken separately, many of these ascensions were pleasurable or instructive, and one came away with the feeling that the lighter-than-air craft industry in 1964 has little to fear from its competitors.

Still, I am always plagued with a certain small nagging Protestant sentiment about such a show. I keep hoping for some transaction of intellectual business, some prosaic bumping of heads. And, in the course of things at Berlin, this began to occur.

Predictably enough, it did not occur between Africans and Europeans—there is always a wide gulf of politeness separating the two. Although they may be sharply critical about some of their own writers and although they may know modern English and European writing perfectly well, Africans almost never put up any challenges off their home grounds. The Europeans (and I include Englishmen and Americans here), on the other hand, enter on the subject of African writing or literary ideas with such diffidence and charity that even the most inept African writer can be made out as an interesting example of something-or-other. Africans keep insisting—and one African writer at this conference put it very well—that any writing conceived in English or French belongs to a branch of the world-wide trees of those two literatures; it should be judged by the standards of the whole. Perhaps someday this stifling kind of two-culture truce can be broken and in some future conference a black man will arise to say that such-and-such a fashion in English (or French) writing is nonsense or a white critic will remark that so-and-so's African poetry is no more than a bad copy of Langston Hughes'. And if that can happen without any fatal wounds to the feelings, the people around the table may suddenly become no longer either black or white but simply writers who share a literature.

IN THE MEANTIME, any debates are on a more or less segregated basis. African intellectuals have a big one that has, by this time, become almost a classic. A veteran conference-goer would feel gravely disturbed if the question of *Négritude* had been passed over. One of the peculiar interests of this issue is the fact that it has lost any specific definition and now can be debated from a variety of angles. A mixture of Sartre's ideas (in his famous "Black Orpheus" essay), Aimé Césaire's and Leopold Senghor's literary concepts (all much elaborated in the pages of *Présence Africaine*), it is now something more of a faith than an idea. The original wish to reject the values of a "sterile" white, or European, culture and to assert a Negro cultural renaissance is still there, though somewhat buried.

Perhaps the oddest aspect of the debate over *Négritude* is that the two sides split so neatly on lines of language. French-speaking Africans, having had their traditional cultures more or less eradicated by colonial policy and having been re-made into black Frenchmen, are fiercely negritudinous. The English-speaking Africans, who held on to much of their old heritage through the more permissive British attitude, tend to regard the whole matter as highly inflated truisms. But the debate—to an outsider—seems to be even more a matter of psychology than of ideology. At Berlin, as usual, I could close my eyes and hear an arch-typical debate between Anglo-Saxons and the French, so

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typical that it was nearly improbable. On one side were the level, sensible, pragmatic, and ironic voices of Ezekiel Mphahlele and Wole Soyinka (South African and Nigerian). On the other was the eloquent, sweeping, abstract, and —for me, at least—rather empty rhetoric of Lamine Diakhate and Paulin Joachim (Senegalese and Dahomeyan). At the moment it seemed not entirely fanciful to forget the African grounds of the argument and to hear the underlying accent of Dr. Johnson on the one hand and that of Jean Jacques Rousseau on the other.

But the strangest turn was given to the exchange by Aimé Césaire himself, a fine poet and one of the fathers of the whole *Négritude* idea. In 1959 at the Society of African Culture Congress in Rome I had heard him launch a violent attack against "decadent white culture" and exalt *Négritude* as a kind of wave of the future. On that occasion there was something of a Black Muslim tone to everything he said. In Berlin, the change was something of a surprise. Here Césaire spoke of *Négritude* in far less grandiose terms, battled no cultural enemy, and asked only that the culture of the Negro be recognised as a unique entity which could live harmoniously within the general scheme of humanistic culture in the modern world. Possibly Césaire has become bored with the whole argument and has signed a treaty of co-existence or mutual understanding with the rest of us. If so, the word has still to be carried from headquarters down to the front-line trenches.

On the European side one of the more interesting arguments concerned poetry as an element in other arts. As a point of departure, there was shown a film about Spain made in collaboration by the poet Pierre Emmanuel and the cinematographer Frédéric Rossif. It is an engaging attempt to fuse poetry, film image, and music into a single experience, but it came in for some rough treatment from the purists. Stephen Spender spoke in favour of the Joycean kind of novel, conceived, as he said, on poetic principles but conducted in a prose medium. Jose Javorsek declared for a modern drama that casts aside exposition of political, moral, or psychological problems and becomes "a congealed image of poetry." All of these efforts to make poetry into a formative element in other kinds of expression received a good deal of stubborn resistance and derision, however, and the counter-attackers kept noting that what could be called "poetic" is not necessarily at all what we agree to be poetry. W. H. Auden had more or less the last word on the topic, saying very incisively that poetry is not public, but "intimate." It is an intimate communication between poet and reader and it exists in pure form only through the printed page.

Auden undoubtedly carried the argument on points, but he probably changed few convictions. As for the Africans, most of them seemed to regard this as a fairly irrelevant European game of logic. The evening before we had seen a performance of the Yoruba folk-opera *Oba Koso*, in which music, dance, mime, story, and poetry all worked together. It would have been hard to find an African present who did not consider this kind of alliance as perfectly natural.

In the end, however, it is most likely that the best individual feats of flight—such as the delightful one by Jorge Luis Borges—are what remain in the memory after such a conference while the legislative debates revert to the perpetual agenda. Those flights serve to remind us that the poets are, after all, the supreme unacknowledged aeronauts of the world.

Robie Macauley

With Lukács in Budapest

I walked up the stairs to his apartment on the fifth floor (the well of the courtyard of the block is, I noticed, pocked with gunshot). I rang the bell and was shown into his study. He was telephoning and I had a moment to look at the crowded bookshelves—the books with little markers in them for reference—the small bust of Goethe on his desk facing his chair and a few bronze plaques. The study of a *Gelehrter*, crammed with learning, but also on this bright September day, with a pleasant cleanness and lightness about it. Lukács came in; he sat at his desk, opposite Goethe. He is short with a large head on a small body and a face which is, as it were, emaciated at the edges, on the side of the forehead where there seem deep hollows scooped. But down the middle of the face the flesh folds into lines of concentration, a frowning forehead, a pronounced nose, an expressive mouth, ears that stick out, bright eyes with rings of tiredness under them. While we talked I was a bit anxious, balancing his sustained powers of expression in a foreign language against his rather frail appearance. The general impression he gives both in appearance and inexhaustible manner is of a Jewish Bertrand Russell. Like Russell, he looks intellectual

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but not just that: spirited, but not spiritual. A bit worn but quite ageless: one does not think of him being eighty, though he referred several times to his age.

His manner was that of a most courteous and considerate millionaire of learning. With Goethe not only in front but also in volumes behind him, talking, he scaled the commanding heights. The peaks amongst which he moves easily are —it will be seen—Dante, Goethe, Tolstoy, Proust, Mann. I left with that feeling of elation one has after being with someone of superior intelligence which he does not (as English intellectuals often do) hide.

I TOOK NO NOTES, partly because I hate taking out a notebook, partly because I had no intention of writing up our conversation until I was on the point of leaving. Then I mentioned that I might do so, and said I was sorry I had not noted things down. He said it was better to create impressions of a conversation than report it exactly. "Otherwise you might just as well have brought a tape recorder, which would have made it no conversation at all." The tape-recorder kills interviewing because it puts it on the same level as a dictated letter signed in one's absence.

We recalled that we had met in Geneva at the first of the series of *Rencontres de Genève* in 1946. Karl Jaspers and Merleau-Ponty had been there, and we talked of the recent death of Merleau-Ponty. Lukács said that at the time of the *Rencontres* he had admired the liveliness and openness of Merleau's intelligence, and had formed the impression that his was a mind capable of greater development than Sartre's. But subsequently Merleau-Ponty had become a bit academic, "too much of the University professor," where it was immensely to the credit of Sartre that he had continued to develop. His most recent works—whether or not one agreed with them—were his most interesting.

Lukács said he had given up lecturing, attending conferences, etcetera. It was time that he sat down and tried to sum up a lifetime spent in thinking. His case was the exact opposite of that of Bertrand Russell who had written his philosophical works at a fairly early age and was now free to make pronouncements and to participate in the world of action.

He had completed the first part of his book on "Marxist Aesthetics" and was now writing about the relation of human personality to society in the Marxist system. It was a complex subject because neither was the idea that the person was completely conditioned by society—a social unit—true, nor that he was completely separate from it. For instance, in one's family one was not isolated: one was influenced by one's relations and they in turn were influenced by oneself. One was made by society and one made it.

He asked me what I was writing; I said that his remarks particularly interested me because I was devoting several years to writing a poem exploring experience in the history of one's time as symbolised by personal pronouns—I, thou, he, she, we, they, etc. One was first conscious of oneself as "I," then of others as being also "I." There was also a phase (particularly in adolescence) of losing oneself in the excitement of being "we." "We" the young against "them" the old, "we" the comrades against "them" the capitalists. "They" are not only people to whom "we" are opposed, but they are potentially absorbed into things they possess, abstractions they represent. Any class which appears as "they" to the "we" of another class is thought of by the "I"s who are members of the "we" as a bit dehumanised.

"All the same," Lukács objected, "everything human has a subjective ground." It was an illusion to suppose that a governing class was not subjective. "But people do tend to think of themselves as living in an impersonal history, amid historic forces, the heirs of a depersonalised past," I answered. To think oneself into the history of our time in a way which would penetrate and uncover its subjectivity even when one was discussing "theys" as formidable as Stalin and Hitler, was my idea.

He asked whether I thought of a sequence of scenes each of them in a different form, or whether there would be a sustained narrative in the same form. I said it would have to be written as a sequence of related parts. Lukács did not think it would be possible to write a long modern poem in a single continuous metre. I said that to-day anything like Goethean hexameters or Wordsworthian blank verse would be boring. But the great exemplar for modern poets was Dante, not because of his *terza rima*, but because of the absolutely literal basis of his imagistic chimeras. However fantastic his inventions might seem, they remained concrete, could be seen in other ways than in the words that enclosed them, could be drawn or made into sculpture. There was always in the Dantean scheme a blueprint, in the imagery, models. Even in Shakespeare this was not so, and the imagery tended to become dissolved into the hyperbolic language.

He agreed that *The Divine Comedy* was really a sequence of scenes, not a continuous developing narration and theme like *Paradise Lost*. He thought the *Inferno* the best of *The Divine Comedy*. One visualised it as a vast underground system of chambers. One passed from one room to another, from a scene containing Paolo and

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Francesca, to one with Ugolino, for example. There could not be a modern poem corresponding to *The Divine Comedy*, because Dante wrote in an age when men believed that the fundamental conditions of living did not alter. The characters in the *Inferno* were not those of people conditioned by their environment, not even by Hell. They were, so to speak, statues frozen into gestures projected by their human moral qualities within a history in which the fundamentals of human nature did not change. When Dante speaks with Paolo and Francesca they answer him in the roles which they enacted in their lives, not as people transformed by their circumstances.

He thought that in our age, unlike Dante's, we couldn't view human character as fixed, static, separate from the ideas and interests of the society in which people lived. Marxism pictured people as influenced by certain tendencies, directions of society, not crystallising into "characters" who could be taken out of history and examined like separate objects. No one was in himself completely bad or good, right or wrong. Rather one moved in a bad or wrong direction, a good or right one. He did not mean by this that people were conditioned predictably by circumstances so that they could be analysed mechanically. After the 1917 Revolution there had been in Russia a famous discussion between Lenin and Bukharin in which Bukharin had argued that given at some future time complete sociological information and complete control by political science over the development of history, then individual human behaviour would become completely predictable. Lenin replied that this was nonsense because the unpredictable was an essential quality of human nature. Marx had said not that history ends with Communism, but that it begins with it. After the final victory of Communism, everything previous to it will be pre-history.

Tolstoy was just as much a realist in his attitude to history as Marx, though he wasn't, of course, in the least concerned with Marxism. But in *War and Peace*, Prince Andrey becomes, as a result of the events in which he moves, almost a different person. The first time he is wounded, on the field of Austerlitz, he is dominated by the ambition to become another Napoleon. But the second time—after Borodino—when he is lying at the dressing-station among the other wounded, he is simply one man among others who has fought for his fatherland. And between the two events there is the relationship with Natasha Rostowa. Hence, there is at Austerlitz the collapse of Prince Andrey's dreams of ambition; at Borodino a deeper moral crisis, resulting in that spirit of forgiveness and compassion shown when he sees his hated rival, Anatole, brought into the dressing-station on a stretcher, and he feels nothing but pity for him.

"Then do you think that Marxism might provide a schema for poetry in the way that Aquinas did for Dante?" "I think not, because we have no fixed concept of moral character as black and white, good or bad, but only of direction within the dialectic of the historic process; and history does not stop at some achieved final goal." I asked him which works being written to-day he thought were good examples of Marxist writing. He greatly admired Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. The important thing about this novel was that the writer doesn't just describe the horror of the concentration camps, but portrays the way in which different sorts of human beings react to such a situation, whether they affirm their humanity or whether they betray it. "I believe that the fundamental task for writers to-day in the socialist countries is the poetically imaginative interpretation of the Stalinist period, since for everyone the good and the bad in him belong to that past which has made him what he is. So a new step forward in social realism begins with this story."

But, I suggested, to say that Tolstoy was a Marxist without knowing it amounted to saying that any good writer was bound to be a Marxist whether or not he knew that he was. His being Marxist consisted simply in his revealing in his work a correct relationship between the individual and the historic time and place. So perhaps *Ulysses* was an unconsciously Marxist novel. Lukács would not agree to this. He found *Ulysses* boring and tedious. He had read it only out of a sense of obligation because people had told him it was "important." He thought that Joyce achieved little except to explore the mechanism by which the subjective consciousness of a particular character functioned, in associating impressions, memories, ideas. Joyce was naturalistic in his description of the associative processes, but this did not make him a socialist realist. Lukács himself was not interested in the mechanisms of his own mind, but in thinking and arriving at conclusions.

Did I know who it was who first invented the phrase "interior monologue"? I said I thought it was some little-known 19th-century French novelist—I had forgotten his name. Not at all. The Russian critic Tschernischewski had first noted that what distinguished the youthful writings of Tolstoy in the mid-1850s was his use of interior monologue. And of course there

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are many examples of it in Tolstoy's later work (Prince Andrey's thoughts after Austerlitz), and in Dostoevsky. The contribution of Joyce was to convey naturalistically the actual mechanics of interior monologue.

"What about Proust then?" "Oh, the case of Proust is very different from that of Joyce. In *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* there is a real picture of the world, not a naturalistic—and pretentious and grotesque—photomontage of associations. The world of Proust may appear to be fragmentary and problematical. In many ways it fulfils the situation of the last chapter of *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, in which Frédéric Moreau returns home after the crushing of the Revolution of 1848: he has no longer any experience of reality, only a yearning for his lost past. The fact that this situation provides exclusively the content in Proust's work is the reason for its fragmentariness and problematic nature. Nevertheless, it is a portrayal of a true situation carried out with art.

"You see, what I ask of a novel is not whether it portrays naturalistically my inner mechanisms —Mr. Bloom sitting on the w.c. and thinking his thoughts—but whether it adds to the sum of my experience of life. Proust does that for me, Joyce doesn't." An example of what he admired was the scene in Thomas Mann's *Lotte in Weimar* with Goethe waking up in the morning to those images still hovering over him from dreams, gods and goddesses, and nymphs—"a genuinely human and organic reality."

Lukács likened himself to the street urchin in the Hans Andersen story, who sees that the Emperor has no clothes. All the critics praised Joyce. Lukács looked and saw that the Emperor rode naked. Lukács looked and saw that there was nothing to Samuel Beckett, nothing to the *Alexandria Quartet* of Lawrence Durrell, nothing to the so-called semanticist school of criticism. "But, of course, I may be saying these things because I'm a very old man, just on eighty."

He smiled at me. And when I asked about modern painting he said that perhaps just because he was a very old man what he noticed was the recent tendency for a painter to invent a technique which no one had used before—or which no other contemporary painter happened to be using. As a consequence of this, he became for a time the painter most under discussion, but after six months the novelty wore off, and then it became clear that apart from the device the painting had no content. Instead of looking for content the critics and the public looked to a painter for a new set of tricks. But it was wrong to think that Cézanne and Van Gogh, to whom the development of painting after them was often traced, were void of content. Their work had a great deal of content. But after them, there has been increasingly a tendency in art for the technique of the medium to separate from the content and become an end in itself.

BUT PERHAPS after all the art of the time through which he had lived, and which we labelled "modern art," which had provided the standards of taste from 1914 to the late 1950s, was the reflection of a period when for a great many people the problem of living had been reduced to terms of mere survival from terrible disasters, wars, upheavals. He thought that to-day—despite appearances—we were moving out of forty years of darkness into comparative light. "I think that's true of all parts of Europe, of the East as well as the West. I hope you won't mind my saying that I must reproach ENCOUNTER for not taking note of this change. You are conservative in this respect and you go on writing about the People's Democracies as though we were still living in the Stalinist era and your mission was to promote views held by Koestler and Orwell a generation ago."

Looking back on his life Lukács was glad it had coincided with eighty years of great historic change. He had been a schoolboy when *Buddenbrooks* was published. He had lived through the pre-1914 years which now seemed an almost unimaginable epoch. The period from 1914–1956 now began to take its place as the history of wars, revolutions, unemployment, hunger, fascism, concentration camps, and then —after the second World War—Stalinism, the Cold War, and the fear of the destruction of all our cultural history by the atom bomb. He thought that one of the symptoms of this new period was a revival of interest in Marxism.

"We are standing at the beginning of a new period of this kind, but the majority of people notice nothing of this," he wrote in a letter, returning to me my draft of our conversation. In another letter he protests that he had not thought of our conversation as being for publication, and that he annotated my draft only out of a sense of *Solidarität der Schriftsteller*—the solidarity of fellow-writers. He thinks that only answers to important questions about matters of great public interest are worth publishing. Ours was merely a lively discussion between writers. He leaves it to me, however, to decide whether to publish this. I have decided to do so, partly because I think that some of the things said throw light on Lukács' way of talking, partly because I hope it will be an example of the kind of dialogue "between colleagues" from the East and the West, that ENCOUNTER should now inaugurate. To publish such a con-

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versation is perhaps the best answers to Lukács' reproach that we print "only hostile reports." Perhaps I may also add in our own mild defence that the very people who post-datedly approve of "anti-Stalinism" between 1945 and 1956 are often those who were attacking us for those very attitudes then. We all agree though that events and attitudes in Europe have changed, and because of this a new atmosphere and relationship is possible. Writers behind the Iron Curtain are the colleagues of writers here; we have regard for their sensibilities, and respect for their views when (as is usually now the case) they do not reflect official instructions and attitudes.

Stephen Spender

A Song for Innocence

for Olivia

O desolate spring in the middle of the desert,
We have walked down the green margins of the hills
And come across the sand in the short
Cool hours when the heart fills
With love, hoping to find your clear
Waters under the fruit of the oasis
Which the cowboy sang about, the geographer
Drew, the churchman preached. A promise
Led us over the burning dunes
Hour after hour, year after year until
We forgot our thirst: our minds fill
Like our high boots with stones.
At last we are lost and drink
Dry air with a few curses. There is nothing to think;
Our eyes grow blind, our feet no longer
Remember where they were going or why
We began: only, inside us, each carries gratefully the cry
Of the others like food from a stranger
Whose ignorance is our home, whose body
Lying in the desert is our body.

David Posner

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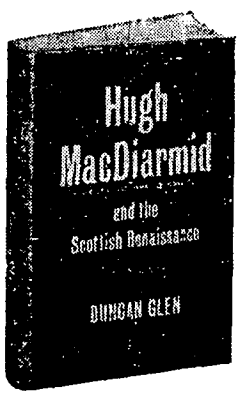

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Who is India?

On V. S. Naipaul's Journey into "Darkness" — By D. J. ENRIGHT

FEW PEOPLE these days, it seems, and very few Indians, regard *A Passage to India* as conveying an accurate picture of Indian life and character. "Good style," the Indian will admit appreciatively, "but not India...." And yet no one—and I rashly include Indians here—seems able to produce a picture of India which is either superior in its cogency or even notably different in essentials from Forster's. Forster covered himself by acknowledging—indeed it was a large part of the point—the impossibility of "picturing" India: the book is a "passage," and a (generally) gentle study in misconceptions. Aziz's account of the provenance of the water in the tank near Fielding's house assumes the power of the Mogul emperors to make water flow uphill. Miss Quested—the well-intentioned tourist makes the guide the test—accepts everything Aziz says as literally true. "In her ignorance, she regarded him as 'India,' and never surmised that his outlook was limited and his method inaccurate, and that no one is India." So it seems curiously wrong-headed in the critics to complain that Aziz is "unrepresentative," or (since he doesn't try to explain it) that Forster didn't understand Hinduism. Forster was writing a novel. In *An Area of Darkness* V. S. Naipaul, perhaps unhappily, is not.[1]

The incident of the uphill-flowing water was brought to mind by Mr. Naipaul's Kashmiri engineer. "That?" he says, waving his hand at Akbar's late-16th-century fort, "that is five thousand years old." Mr. Naipaul's stories are bound to remind other travellers of similar experiences of their own. Himself a Trinidad Indian who has spent much of his time in England, he remarks that the Indian army officer "even manages to look English; his gait and bearing are English; his mannerisms, his tastes in drink are English; his slang is English." Yes indeed. Several years ago I found myself in a small British party who were being conducted round Fort William in Calcutta. This treat had kindly (and perhaps not inappropriately) been arranged by the British agency sponsoring our intellectual tour, though my own feeling was that I hadn't come to India to be marched round an army camp, and only the intimation that we should eventually be offered a chota peg or so in the officers' mess dissuaded me from a sick headache. The brisk Indian major pointed out with professional pride how splendidly the fort was placed for shooting down rioters on the main streets. Endeavouring to repel the suspicion that he had actually said "shooting down the natives," I lagged behind, and hoped to catch sight of something specifically Indian, or at least something less specifically military. The major had taken note of my insubordinate attitude, and as I caught up with the party, "But *you* can't be British," he told me sternly, "I would say that you are French." No drink was offered. I seem to recall, though, that we were shown the regimental silver.

Perhaps the writer can get nearer to the spirit of a country, or its spirits, in the medium of fiction or poetry, with the help of a free ranging imagination, than through the head-on collision of an orthodox travel book. Possibly fiction can be truer than non-fiction in spheres where "the truth" is so enormously hard to come by; paradoxically, a greater objectivity is achieved through poetry or fiction. To write a travel book, which means sticking to the facts in a case where the facts are so many and so diverse, leaves the author dependent on the confrontation of his personality with the small minority of facts which happen to come his way; with the beaten-track or hit-and-run traveller the facts will be merely touristic, and even with the more enterprising or more privileged, they will still be a small minority and inevitably limited in kind by the fact that he *is* a traveller. A travel book by an author of little personality is

[1] *An Area of Darkness*. By V. S. NAIPAUL. Deutsch, 25s.

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likely to be plain dull; a travel book by an author with a pronounced personality (like Mr. Naipaul) is likely to tell us more about the author than about the country. Heads, the country loses; tails, the author wins.

Mr. Naipaul's earlier book on the West Indies hinted pretty strongly at its author's prickly, susceptible nature, the rawness of his nerves, his thinness of skin. In *The Middle Passage* it was the noise, especially in Trinidad, which most obviously tormented him. In *An Area of Darkness* it is the public defecation.

> Indians defecate everywhere. They defecate, mostly, beside the railway tracks. But they also defecate on the beaches; they defecate on the hills; they defecate on the river banks; they defecate on the streets; they never look for cover.

Both books are prone to exasperated generalisation. There: "History is built around achievement and creation; and nothing was created in the West Indies," or "Port of Spain is the noisiest city in the world." And here: "To be in Bombay was to be exhausted," or

> India's strength, her ability to endure, came from the negative principle, her unexamined sense of continuity. It is a principle which, once diluted, loses its virtue. In the concept of Indianness the sense of continuity was bound to be lost. The creative urge failed. . . . Shiva has ceased to dance.

Both books are rich in anecdotes, miniature dramas, character sketches, some of them so lively in themselves as hardly to consort well with the prevailing melancholy of the author's conclusions, others, equally vivid, provoking an odd resistance in the reader. The author appears as less than averagely tactful, in small matters at least, and prone to draw into his orbit persons of a disreputable, unbalanced, unhelpable, and even violent kind. There are moments in both books when the reader fears that the author (who has a gift for drawing the reader, too, into his orbit) is about to be badly beaten up. Mr. Naipaul loses his temper with an Indian, and then loses his temper with himself for losing his temper. And, such is the author's absorptive power, somehow the reader feels partly to blame for it. His quick exasperation is tied up with his artist's openness and vulnerability, and unhappily in *An Area of Darkness* (a generalising title!) he is mostly open to spectacles of human degradation or double-think or colossal inefficiency. The sight of a beggar, a human ruin, or "the starved child defecating at the roadside while the mangy dog waited to eat the excrement," this arouses pity. But what use is pity?—it soon yields to contempt. Contempt must be fought down—but how, except by learning to feel nothing? And out of feeling nothing nothing can come.

Mr. Naipaul agrees with Malcolm Muggeridge (and a number of other Englishmen) that almost the last true Englishmen are Indians. The epigram flatters neither race. Certainly in his sense of personal outrage when, say, someone is trying to cheat him, Mr. Naipaul is very much the Englishman, especially the Englishman during his first few days in the mysterious East. Except perhaps for its uncommon honesty, this summing-up of his passage Eastwards could well have come from such a virginal English traveller.

> After the bazaar of Cairo the bazaar of Karachi was no surprise; and *bakshish* was the same in both languages. The change from the Mediterranean winter to the sticky high summer of the Red Sea had been swift. But other changes had been slower. From Athens to Bombay another idea of man had defined itself by degrees, a new type of authority and subservience. The physique of Europe had melted away first into that of Africa and then, through Semitic Arabia, into Aryan Asia. Men had been diminished and deformed; they begged and whined. Hysteria had been my reaction, and a brutality dictated by a new awareness of myself as a whole human

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being and a determination, touched with fear, to remain what I was.

Yes, that terror of annihilation, of losing one's identity, of dissolving in the great raucous blinding crazy bazaar of unhumanity—the fear which we try to appease by sweetly calling it "home-sickness." . . . But the Englishman will never altogether lose his identity: he is patently, for better or for worse, "the Englishman," the *effendi*, the *tuan*, the *farang*, the *gaijin*, the foreigner: he will never lose *that* sort of identity. But in India, as Mr. Naipaul points out, Mr. Naipaul *looked* like an Indian.

> It was like being denied part of my reality. Again and again I was caught. I was faceless. I might sink without a trace into that Indian crowd. I had been made by Trinidad and England; recognition of my difference was necessary to me. I felt the need to impose myself, and didn't know how.

The determination to remain what he was, to preserve his face, is plain and strong throughout *An Area of Darkness*, and sometimes, I suspect, it prevents him from seeing other people for what they were. "All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old. . . ." Mr. Naipaul is something of an aesthete, an aristocrat, he has the sensibility of a brahmin, but not the supporting beliefs—or complacency—or callousness. His puritanical honesty, his refusal to be taken in by talk of Indian spirituality, afflicts like him an ingrowing nail. He is hardly ever out of pain. The reader suffers with him. Perhaps that is all we can do in the face of such colossal suffering—suffer a little ourselves, for a very little it will be, relatively.

THE MOST CHARMING section of this book—the most equable, the most hopeful—is the account of a sojourn in Kashmir, where the miseries and the petty villainies are recounted in greater intimacy of detail and set in a context of humour, patience, everyday life, within the continuity of experience. Though even here public defecation rears its ugly bottom, for once Mr. Naipaul has come somewhere near to putting down his roots, he is at peace as nowhere else in the book, his nerves are quiet. God bless Mr. Mohd Sidiq Butt, *Proprietor*, Liward Hotel, FLUSH SYSTEM. (It was Mr. Naipaul who saw to it that the Flush System was removed from its wrappings and actually installed.) While there is much throughout to remind us that he is a novelist, only this—and particularly the inset episode of the brahmin family sightseeing at Awantipur—reminds us that he is the author of *A House for Mr. Biswas*. The Sikh with whom he gets so agonisingly entangled would be a splendid creation in a novel: in this con-

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text he is bound to be viewed not as a creation, not as an individual, but as a Typical Sikh, Mr. Naipaul's Representative of Sikhhood. Similarly, the passing reference to "the fat, impertinent Anglo-Indian girl and the rat-faced Anglo-Indian manager" in his Bombay hotel sounds like a judgment on a whole community, while the history of Rafiq and Laraine, where again Mr. Naipaul's novelistic gifts are used brilliantly, presses itself upon the reader as a parable about mixed marriage and even, whatever the author's intentions, a rather dreadful warning.

Mr. Naipaul expresses himself forcibly and finely on the subject of caste. You cannot complain that your "unpalatable hotel" is dirty, he says, his confessed "horror of the unclean" here merging with his moral horror of caste.

> No Indian will agree with you. Four sweepers are in daily attendance, and it is enough in India that the sweepers attend. They are not required to *clean*. That is a subsidiary part of their function, which is to *be* sweepers, degraded beings, to go through the motions of degradation.... In Jammu City you will see them collecting filth from the streets with their bare hands. This is the degradation the society requires of them, and to which they willingly submit. They are dirt; they wish to appear as dirt.

From caste he moves to Gandhi, the reformer. Gandhi failed. That his writings are still immediately relevant to India, like an up-to-date guide-book, is the measure of his failure. "It is as if, in England, Florence Nightingale had become a saint, honoured by statues everywhere, her name on every lip; and the hospitals had remained as she had described them." The horror, disgust, and anger which India causes in Mr. Naipaul are translated into a gibing at the failed reformer. One can see that this affords him (and us) a certain relief, but it is surely a little naïve. Christ failed too, equally obviously. Mussolini succeeded, for the trains ran to schedule. But the world could have got by without Mussolini, and doubt may be felt as to whether we would cheerfully have done without Christ. Driven too far, Mr. Naipaul tends to lay about him somewhat indiscriminately. But I should say that he is in the right about the small-time big-business *gurus* and their smug and arrogant hangers-on, the imitation Tagores who make a living out of conscious "spirituality" or by exploiting cultural caste-aspirations.

He who wrote comfortably of India would not be writing about India. For the traveller who doesn't manage to keep his eyes closed possibly it is the most terrifying of countries, posing the most insoluble of problems. And perhaps the traveller is doomed to a more or less continuous petulance, once he has hardened himself, and petulance itself is a sort of defence. A battered fastidiousness declines into pettiness, a noble indignation into repeated complaints about open sewers. But petulance won't do in a writer. Small things come to loom too large, and some large things get left out of the account. "Out of all its squalor and human decay, its eruptions of butchery, India produced so many people of grace and beauty, ruled by elaborate courtesy," Mr. Naipaul tells us towards the end of the book.

> Producing too much life, it denied the value of life; yet it permitted a unique human development to so many. Nowhere were people so heightened, rounded, and individualistic; nowhere did they offer themselves so fully and with such assurance. To know Indians was to take a delight in people as people; every encounter was an adventure.

It is an honourable attempt to expiate sins of omission, yet it can make little headway against the disease, the brutalisation, and the tortured encounters which he has so potently related, in the face of all he means when he says, so harshly, "It is well that Indians are unable to look at their country directly, for the distress they

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would see would drive them mad." The tenor of *An Area of Darkness* is aptly reflected in his conclusion: his Indian journey, he says, "was a journey that ought not to have been made; it had broken my life in two." Then ought he to have made a book about the journey? Is this his quiet acknowledgment that the book is not exactly about a journey, a country, but largely about himself, a hybrid production, part novel, with himself as hero, villain, victim, and at times clown?

Yet it should be much easier for the reader to be generous towards Mr. Naipaul's book than it was for Mr. Naipaul to be generous about India and the Indians. The book is strongly felt, original, compact, and hardly ever dull: which makes it a rarity in its *genre*. If in the end the reviewer finds himself doubting the fairness of his own comments, perhaps he had better ask himself what sort of a book on India *he* would have written. In this case I am pretty sure of the answer: equally short-tempered, twice as gloomy, and not half as enjoyable. Forster comes to mind again. "India a nation! What an apotheosis! Last comer to the drab 19th-century sisterhood! Waddling in at this hour of the world to take her seat! She, whose only peer was the Holy Roman Empire, she shall rank with Guatemala and Belgium perhaps!" Perhaps as an amenable subject for travel-writers she doesn't yet rank with Guatemala and Belgium.

Waugh Begins

A Little Learning: The first volume of an Autobiography. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman & Hall*, 30s.

WE NEED no cybernetic word-count to demonstrate how frequently the verb "repine," in its negative conjugation, occurs in the works of Mr. Evelyn Waugh. None of his later heroes—Scott-King, Gilbert Pinfold, Guy Crouchback, the author himself—ever repines, in spite of the march of barbarism, the failure of the vintage, and the decay of classical syntax. The pose is robed and stoic. In the last imperial outpost the doomed values of language and chivalry are upheld, though always with a certain discreet self-mockery. Indeed, Scott-King takes a definite masochistic pleasure (not uncommon here, we are told, though unknown to the New World) in the rise of horrible Modern Europe. The red-eyed scavenger is creeping in. Mr. Waugh goes so far as to open the gates of Hampstead to him, cooing about its peace:

> Oh, but I have done an unselfish thing in telling him this! For I know he will yearn to be about the business of Balbus, and, as likely as not, he will plant himself upon the meadow with the willows, that looks so spring-like from my book-room door today. Nevertheless one must not repine. My work in this line is done. Balbus has built his wall.

The style, and the slippered epoch it so well expresses, will tell the reader which Mr. Waugh this is—not the comic-stoic mock-Augustan novelist but the whimsical man-of-letters, managing director of Chapman & Hall, friend of the great fraud Gosse. But the "one must not repine" is a significant link, a shared nose or villainous trick of the eye. The father, despite all the differences in the world, prepares us for the son.

And, of course, in reading this first volume of Mr. Waugh's autobiography, we are most interested in the genesis of a vocation, a temperament, and a style. We can ignore the remoter heredity, though Mr. Waugh makes it very entertaining; what we cannot ignore is the father, with his continual "flamboyant declamation to imaginary audiences," his despondent waltz-song (*"Nobody cares for me in the least. Everyone thinks I'm a horrible beast"*), his mercuriality and his dramatic asthma, but, most of all, the limitations of his literary taste. "Mr. Rupert Brooke," he wrote, "has the itch to say a thing in such an arresting fashion as to shock the literary purist into attention even against his will." The art of D. H. Lawrence needs "a shower bath of vital ideas." T. S. Eliot is the drunken slave who, in the classic custom, was exhibited at the height of a feast to the sons of the household, "to the end that they, being ashamed at the ignominious folly of his gesticulations, might determine never to be tempted into such a pitiable condition themselves." Well, the son's best novel takes its title from *The Waste Land*, but, with some inevitable advancing of the frontier of taste, the limitations have been passed on. Does not Mr. Pinfold abhor jazz and Picasso? Did not his creator affirm on television that James Joyce went mad to please the Americans?

The Gibbonian classicism of *A Little Learning* is a great joy, but it is an act, a posture, and it derives from the father's more Dickensian histrionics as much as the fictional gift itself. It is no more a "natural" style than the Elianism of Mr. Waugh's father's bookish contemporaries, though it evokes an England of firmer

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1724

Longmans

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A 'FURNISHED ROOM' in the notorious Gorbals district of Glasgow: £3 a week rent for two rooms; rotten floors, rat infested; an open fireplace the only facility for cooking; lavatories, flushed with a bucket of water, shared between 25 to 70 people—for many thousands all over the country the choice is this or complete homelessness. 650,000 slum houses is the official figure. And there are 6,000 homeless men, women and children in the London area alone.

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tastes and more powerful convictions than were known to E. V. Lucas (whom Mr. Waugh cites as his father's peer), Jack Squire, or W. W. Jacobs. The perfect mastery of the exact conceptual locution, often implying—as in Gibbon's own *Autobiography*—a moral judgment that is not really there, is the source of all of Mr. Waugh's humour and irony, as well as his carefully outmoded elegance. But when he falls from his own high standards—as when he uses the ghastly neologism "undergraduette" in the Oxford part of the book—we are shocked as we are shocked by no other author. In Mr. Waugh style is a kind of morality, and a solecism strikes with the force of an act of delinquency. But such lapses are very rare. Stylistically this is a consummate achievement, yet (and this is no paradox) the beauty of the writing draws away our concern with the subject-matter as recorded *fact*. Was Mr. Waugh's Oxford, for instance, really as he describes it? It reads, with the Arcadia of *Brideshead Revisited*, like some world of idyll far older than anything Mr. Waugh could have known. Still, we do not care much, and though Mr. Waugh's three delightful maiden aunts undoubtedly have historical referents, he is as welcome as is Apthorpe to invent them so long as we continue to be beguiled by the wonder of form and language. The professional fiction writer seeks the suspension of our disbelief when he writes a novel; it is hard to break the habit of credulity when we read his autobiography. Credulity, though, is a different condition from the ineluctable need to accept fact as fact.

THE YOUTH WHO emerges from this book is neither forward nor, as Mr. Waugh himself is only too ready to admit, particularly likeable. At Lancing he and his cronies christened a boy, for no good reason, "Dungy." "Once this large, desperate youth approached me in the cloisters and said: 'If you'll stop calling me "Dungy" I'll do anything you like. I'll publicly kick *anyone* in another House.' I replied: 'Oh, go and kick yourself, Dungy.'" Along with the "malice and calculation" went a gulosity that was to reappear in *Brideshead Revisited*, though later (and I believe wrongly) expunged:

> [We] began with crumpets, eight or more a head, dripping with butter. From there we swiftly passed to cake, pastry and, in season, strawberries and cream, until at six we tottered into chapel taut and stupefied with eating.... Little pots of *foie gras* and caviar occasionally came from London and we were as nice in the brewing of tea as a circle of maiden ladies.

And so on. Lust is the only deadly sin not to appear, and Mr. Waugh's youth, after a phase of mutual exhibition with a little girl, is innocent of sexuality. Indeed, the only sexual revelation in the entire book comes at the end, and the prototype of Captain Grimes—Mr. Waugh's colleague at a school not much like Llanabba—makes it. There had been a vast outing in honour of the headmaster's birthday:

> When it was all over and the boys in bed we sat in the common-room deploring the miseries of the day. Grimes alone sat with the complacent smile of an Etruscan funerary effigy.
>
> "I confess *I* enjoyed myself greatly," he said as we groused.
>
> We regarded him incredulously. "*Enjoyed* yourself, Grimes? What did you find to enjoy?"
>
> "Knox minor," he said with radiant simplicity. "I felt the games a little too boisterous, so I took Knox minor away behind some rocks. I removed his boots and stockings, opened my trousers, put his dear little foot there and experienced a most satisfying emission."

There are pederasts of more distinction in the book, but no other podorasts.

As for the young artist, we are reminded that Mr. Waugh, though he bloomed as a novelist early, started with the ambition to be a calligrapher and illustrator—an ambition as modest as that of the father in the field destined for the son. We have met Mr. Waugh's illustrations to his own novels and, with the indulgence appropriate to the *violon d'Ingres*, admired. There are other examples of his first and secondary art here and the technique is, I should think, faultless. The aim is cognate with that of the prose stylist—to achieve ironic effects (I am thinking particularly of "The Tragical Death of Mr. Will. Huskisson") through a severely classical, almost sculptural, line, but the flavour is of a mere hobby—like the flavour of the essays of Lucas and the senior Waugh. And, even in the author's attitude to the art that became his profession, there is something amateur and hobbyish: we need the discipline of Latin and Greek in order to write good English prose: "the old-fashioned test of an English sentence—will it translate?—still stands after we have lost the trick of translation." That excludes a great deal of modern English literature, much of it valuable, and it fixes the writer at an immovable frontier, administering the laws of a dead empire. But Mr. Waugh is probably disingenuous here, as he is in his very opening sentence: "Only when one has lost all curiosity about the future has one reached the age to write an autobiography." It is that charming television act again—the old man in a dry month. Mr. Waugh is writing for the future.

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THE READER WILL BE surprised at the lack of any literary passion in this first phase of Mr. Waugh's development—no books set him on fire, unless they are about the pre-Raphaelites. The young man who reads History and leaves Oxford with a bad third betrays no concern with scholarship. Mr. Waugh, an ironic statue in a toga, practitioner of perfect prose, has always tended to frighten us as Gibbon or Johnson or Junius frightens us—with the hint of a formidable library, much of it in his brain. We need not be frightened any more, nor need we cringe, with an underdog whine, in the presence of the accents of aristocracy. Mr. Waugh's father worked in an office, worried about money, and went to Lord's or the cinema before going home to Hampstead. At Oxford the contacts with the ruling class begin, and there is a sufficiency of name-dropping. The *Brideshead Revisited* postures are a legitimate indulgence for a novelist unrid of his father's romanticism, but the dream of a great Catholic aristocracy has a faint whiff of the sentimental about it. That there is no sentimentality in the harking back to Augustan solidity—temperamentally, if not historically, cognate—is a tribute to Mr. Waugh's perfect artistry, though artistry itself is all poses.

Mr. Waugh's conversion to Catholicism will appear, one presumes, in the next volume. A cradle-Catholic myself, and hence one of a long line of underdogs, I tend both to despise (always unjustly) and envy (sometimes justly) a man like Mr. Waugh who, with calm 18th-century logic, can sail into the Church after the sort of *echt* English upbringing presented in *A Little Learning*. It is the best of both worlds. Mr. Waugh gives us what he calls "A Brief History of My Religious Opinions," and the cradle-Catholic is aware of the great social, as well as theological, gulf fixed. In an earlier chapter we look in wonder on St. Jude's, Hampstead Garden Suburb, and its eccentric incumbent:

> Mr. Bourchier was a totally preposterous parson. When he felt festal he declared a feast, whatever the season or occasion marked on the calendar. He dressed up, he paraded about, lights and incense were carried before him. When the mood took him he improvised his own peculiar ceremonies. Once he presented himself on the chancel steps, vested in a cope and bearing from his own breakfast table a large silver salt-cellar. "My people," he announced, "you are the salt of the earth," and scattered a spoonful on the carpet before us. . . . Despite all Mr. Bourchier's extravagant display I had some glimpse of higher mysteries.

Well, this was the England of Mr. Waugh's boyhood and it is perhaps no more difficult for the Old Catholic to understand than the world of the minor public school with its "good Church traditions." The curious reader will take delight in pincering out from the brew the gobbets and slivers of genuine influence—the medieval illuminations, the comedy of bourgeois life, the individualists of Oxford and, above all, the paternal devotion to tradition.

THIS FIRST VOLUME, like Mr. Waugh's first novel, records a decline and fall. An academic failure, indecisive in his choice of vocation, inclined, like St. Augustine himself, to debauchery, in need of a greater solidity than Anglican Hampstead could provide, young Evelyn Waugh looked at the successes of his friends and tried to escape from his loneliness and dejection. Less resilient than Paul Pennyfeather, his wounds unpalliated by the large confidence of "Grimes," he sought a sempiternal quietus in the waters of the North Wales coast. The jellyfish stung him and sent him back to the future; the sea proved lustral, not lethal. Naturally, we rejoice. We look forward to reading about the larger learning, a lifetime's lessons on how not to repine.

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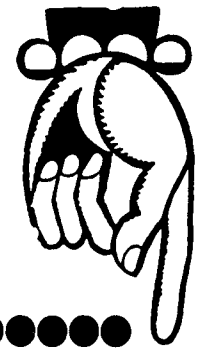
Tohu Bohu

Hebrew Myths: The Book of Genesis. By ROBERT GRAVES and RAPHAEL PATAI. *Cassell*, 36s.

AS JOHNSON sagely observed, we should all prefer to know something than not to know it, and I take it that if he could say this about tatting we can say it about Hebrew mythology. It is not the most boring thing in the world to discover that the marriage of Isaac to Rebecca was a blow struck by Abraham against the prevalent system of matrilocal marriage; or that Lilith, on all the evidence, scorned to adopt what is called "the recumbent posture" in sexual intercourse, like Malinowski's Melanesian girls, who more brightly named it "the missionary position." It is good to find out more about the probable meanings of *tohu* and *bohu*, of which one had heard, and about the mythical monsters known as the Reem and the Ziz, of whom one had not, and who have a whole chapter of this book devoted to them. Above all it is pleasant that Mr. Graves enjoys writing of these matters, and can find in them occasions for humorous sallies. Commenting on the androgynous Adam, he tells us that the back-to-back posture "made locomotion difficult, and conversation awkward." Brooding over the seduction of Dinah by Schechem, he concludes the "Hebrew myths treat women as fields to be ploughed and sown by godlike heroes—passive, and thus necessarily guiltless if the wrong farmer should enter." All pleasant; and yet we, or our fathers, took these stories so seriously as literal truth that they are making their start as myth too late ever to catch up. A man who did not know who Dinah was would feel totally unashamed, I suppose; most people have heard of a comparably dignified Greek heroine, say Andromache.

The authors, I should add, are not concerned to establish the value of these stories, but to explain them. Thus the real meaning of the Dinah story is political, having to do with a Reubenite subversion of the allegiance of certain tribes tributary to the Rachel federation. Presumably one needs a pretty specialised interest to care a lot about that. Yet a hundred years back this book, judging by the uproar caused by poor Colenso's demonstration that all those animals couldn't have got into the ark, would have been condemned on all sides. And it wouldn't be necessary to go back so far. But our fundamentalist past robs us not only of mythographical freedom but even, if we are not ancient historians, of interest in these myths. The creation stories, and the Eden myth, have a kind of permanence, if only because of their ineradicable traces in literature; but we have to be secular



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typologists, looking for the significance of the Genesis stories in their purely imaginary relations to later narratives, and not in themselves. This book has nothing whatever to do with such relations; it treats Genesis historically, as a series of allusions, obscured by transmission and by the hands of pious editors, to the dim pre-history of certain Near Eastern tribes.

The authors address the general reader, assuming that he will find their learning interesting in itself. Theirs is a scholarly book, thoroughly documented; I have no authority whatsoever to comment upon its scholarship, but I can say that the evidence is economically presented in that athletic prose with which Mr. Graves confers plausibility upon his more arcane speculations. His learning, and that of his collaborator, is expressed with a sober clarity which makes the whole book eminently Gravesian, and a model of exposition. There is a brief introduction, explaining that after the suppression of pre-Biblical documents the Bible itself had most of the polytheism edited out of it; from the few traces which remain, from cognate material, Akkadian and Ugaritic, which is now available, from traditions recorded in post-Biblical writings, and by means of such inferences as may be drawn from analogues in Greek myth, the true state of the documents underlying the priestly texts can be guessed at. The authors agree that Jewish mythology is much more austere, moralistic, and nationalist than Greek; and suggest that we have cause to study it if only because its patriarchal monotheism had more to do with the shaping of Western life than the less obviously ethical Greek tradition. We should want to know the materials which underlie our Hebraic ethics, and even our solemn festivals; they are the myths which supported and justified the institutions of an ancient group of Semitic tribes.

But if some will read the book for this reason, more will do so because it is a work of Graves. Long ago we heard from him on the subjects of matrilocal marriage, the recumbent posture, the desacralising of woman, and the place of iconotropy (the invention of stories to explain reliefs, paintings, or other objects of which the intention had been lost) in the formation of myths. It now appears that the Hebrew heroes were originally kings, dynasties, or tribes, and that the stories as we read them in Genesis have usually developed by way of some misunderstanding or bowdlerisation of the original historical fact. Some of the interpretations are highly conjectural, but are clearly proposed as such; as when Mr. Graves relates the Eden myth to visions induced by hallucinogens, of which the source might well be called a Tree of Life.

One cannot help wondering, perhaps impertinently, why it is that Mr. Graves, so much the poet before anything else, has so indefatigable a concern for this kind of learning. There is a connection with the Goddess, but it is tenuous; and there is, in the nature of the material, something of the character of the learning of those ancient Welsh poets he admires. He is not obviously *using* the myths for some end of his own, but engaging in disinterested enquiry. There are modern mythomaniacs, scholarly enough, who would at once reduce all this material to such archetypes as they wanted to have at hand; but Mr. Graves and his collaborator, far from reducing, contrive by a multiplicity of ingenious conjectures and learned allusions to diversify and enrich the *historical* aspect of myths.

Three hundred years ago poets were concluding, perhaps not very enthusiastically, that if poetry was to have a chance of seeming true in an age of science it had better give up Greek myths and use true Biblical machinery instead. Theirs was also an age of comparative mythology, and of theories which were designed to make the Bible seem more plausible as well as true. But nobody needs this now; the present book is not the kind a poet writes simply to clear up problems arising in his vocation. Nevertheless, it constitutes part of a vast encyclopaedic effort of the kind an epic poet puts in. Mr. Graves holds views on poetry which preclude his writing epics; and one imagines a sort of dissociation, an epic poet split into a writer of lyrics and epigrams on the one hand, and a curious and universal scholar on the other.

This is at best only part of the answer to my question. It occurred to me, as I read this book, that a good anthology might be made of various interpretations of these same Genesis stories, and of the Greek myths which Mr. Graves has dealt with elsewhere, offered by commentators over a thousand years and more, from the patristic allegorists to the eighteenth-century Platonists. Poets have always found these interpretations relevant; but they have not often done the work themselves, and have hardly ever, so far as I know, taken so severely rationalistic a view of the matter as Mr. Graves. And that is not only the making of this book, but of the chief puzzle about it.

Frank Kermode

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That Anarchist Bomb

The Anarchists. By JAMES JOLL. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*, 36s.

IT IS EASY for the enemies of anarchism —from Left or Right—to find its adherents funny. Godwin contended that in a well-ordered society, when hateful marriage had been replaced by cerebral companionship, the necessary but unexciting task of propagating the species "will be regulated by the dictates of reason and duty." Kropotkin saw fruitful models for political organisation in the British Life-boat Association, for world co-operation in the *Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits*. Practice has not lagged behind theory: in 1906, after one year of existence, the I.W.W. decided to do without a President ("the day is at hand when we must abolish anything that pertains to autocratic power and reactionary policy"), but was forced to call in the police when the deposed official refused to hand over the society's files. The resultant smirk could stretch from Arizona to Moscow. It is equally easy for sympathetic critics from the liberal centre to find them tragic. The tragedy of anarchist failure neatly matches the tragedy—perhaps more sincerely regretted—of Marxist success; against the entrenched institutions of the twentieth century it offers gestures both individual and noble. "I want the masses of humanity to be liberated," wrote Bakunin, "from all authorities and from all heroes present and to come." As it is, heroes are precisely what the history of anarchism has to offer—military heroes like Makhno, terrorist heroes like Emile Henry, reluctant political heroes like Federica Montseny, intellectual heroes like Kropotkin—all drawing their grandeur from their isolation, all on the losing side.

What is less easy is to write a study of anarchism that makes coherent sense of either doctrine or action. There are cloudy gestures of goodwill or vague plots existing mainly in police archives; and there are over-confident precise prophecies—such as Fourier's—or isolated *attentats*, again often owing more to the police than the revolutionaries. In both cases, the vital middle register between the particular and the general is lacking. The title can be all-embracing. Mr. Joll quotes Marx's "Alleged Scissions in the International" ("All Socialists understand by anarchism the following....") to some effect; although this was a deliberate attempt to steal the Bakuninists' clothes, it shows how wide the anarchist net could be thrown. On the other hand, this sectarian world preferred exclusive definitions to inclusive ones. A history of anarchism has to be partly a history of splits in working-class movements. Usually these occurred on the question of political participation (as the French *Fédération des Syndicats* split in 1895, the American I.W.W. in 1908, the Spanish C.N.T. in 1931), but they could grow from minuter points of doctrine. As the anarchists themselves rarely failed to point out, such heterogeneousness showed a true consistency to their own principles, which conformity would have betrayed. "We are united because we are divided," shouted one delegate at the 1882 Geneva Congress. It is not much help to the historian.

Mr. Joll seems to me to have met such difficulties well. He is a sensitive, elegant, and intelligent writer who compares particularly well with other chroniclers of anarchism in his theoretical summaries—for example, his six lucid pages on Sorel—and in his discursions on the arts. He can also pursue a complicated narrative clearly and swiftly, as he does in a chapter on Spain. But at the end—as with other accounts of this subject—one is left with a clear sense of incidents rather than of pattern; and the sentences one remembers best are all quotations. Like all historians of opposition—and a historian of anarchism is almost a historian of opposition to history—Mr. Joll is ready to defend the dustheap against (explicitly) Trotsky and (implicitly) Professor E. H. Carr:

> If the aim of the historian, like that of the artist, is to enlarge our picture of the world, to give us a new way of looking at things, then the study of failure can often be as instructive and rewarding as the study of success. A recurrent type of failure and its causes may throw light both on the psychology of individuals and on the structure of societies.

The trouble is that it is not easy to establish a recurrent type, and harder still to make his beliefs credible. Who could lay his hand on his heart and say that, even a hundred years ago, he could have believed that under the pressure of a few assassinations the old social order would collapse rather than close ranks; that austere self-sufficiency would eliminate "parasitic" careerists of distribution and exchange; that after the millennium there would be no conflicts of interest too severe to be settled by agreeing to disagree? It is not the ferocity but the optimism of the anarchists that remains opaque.

IT IS OFTEN maintained that the revolutionary fervour and terrorist activities of anarchism were particularly 19th-century phenomena, while their political visions and personal goodness belong to the ages. Bakunins pass, Kropotkins endure. Or, as Mr. Joll concludes, "The idea of a morality without sanctions or obliga-

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tions is as attractive as that of a society without government or governed; and, in one form or another, each will have its disciples in every generation." My own feelings are rather the reverse of this: bomb-throwing, unprogrammed revolutionary energy, pure destructive fury in the face of organised injustice—these can exist anywhere. After Kennedy and Gandhi, can we really continue to talk of assassination as if it were a quaint Ruritanian sport, "essentially" part of pre-1914 politics? It is a belief in society without government or governed that is temporarily in abeyance. (Morality without sanctions is still with us; morality without obligations seems to me a logical impossibility.) One can still sympathise with Proudhon's outburst: "*Morbleu*, let us revolutionise! It is the only good thing, the only reality in life!" But the vision of a small, peaceful, co-operative society after the revolution now escapes us. Its former popularity proves, perhaps, the difference between what the 19th century was and the way that it was going. The anarchist case was built on foundations half of which have since disappeared.

The small society, for example, was a common feature of anarchist theory. What surprises us now is not so much their faith in what could be done in small societies as their faith that small societies would come to cover more and not less of the earth's surface. Proudhon, as George Woodcock points out, was a patriot for his native Franche-Comté (which he more than once remarked would be better off if it joined the Swiss Confederation) rather than for France. Modern liberals might commend him for his anti-nationalism over the Polish Question, but his support of the South in the American Civil War, although it provides one more bizarrely respectable ancestor for States' Rights, hardly persuades one that local and universal liberties are as closely linked as anarchist theory demands. What it does reveal is how far the 19th century contained interstices of resistance to its own dominant movements, how much small-scale psychology could rationally survive into the age of large-scale politics. Hence the fact that Spain, a country which spent so much of its history "outside the mainstream" of European civilisation, provides the most solid example of anarchist achievement. Mr. Joll rather quizzically summarises the Marxist view: Spanish anarchism owed its strength to the fact that feudal relations collapsed without modern industrial relations arising to take their place, "so that Spain was somehow out of step with the pattern of historical development elsewhere." But the same conclusion might be drawn from his own argument that abstention from World War I saved the Spanish anarchist movement

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from the wash of patriotism that engulfed the enlisted working classes. Spanish history and anarchist history are both freaks; and they conversely suggest how freakish European politics can seem from the outside.

On technical progress, too, anarchism may remind us how slowly the industrialisation of Europe was completed, how long and how late the agrarian or small-town alternative seemed not only possible but natural. It is not true that most anarchists were simply Luddites. Kropotkin quarrelled with Morris over his hostility to machines, and shared Godwin's belief that mechanisation would speed up rather than delay the fair distribution of interesting work for all. (He was delighted, Mr. Joll tells us, to hear that a Mrs. Cochrane in Illinois had invented a washing machine.) But his advice: "Have the factory and the workshops at the gates of your fields and gardens," is something which the scale, if not the technical processes, of modern production has done little to encourage. The anarchist ideal of frugality and leisure (for serious pursuits, of course) is not widely encountered in the economic theory and practice either of welfare capitalism or of managerial socialism; but it was undoubtedly a reality in early French syndicalist and—the rule-proving exception again—Spanish working-class demands. The possibility of contracting out of industrial society—always a favourite weapon of non-violent anarchists—seemed more possible then than now. "Truly enlightened people," wrote Tolstoy, "will always agree to go back to riding on horses and pack-horses . . . rather than travel on railways which regularly crush a number of people, as is done in Chicago." At Yasnaya Polyana, perhaps; in Earl's Court or Times Square the choice seems to run into greater administrative difficulties. For all the anarchists' encounters with autocracies, jailers, and creditors—difficulties often heroically endured—their private lives seem to belong entirely to the pre-passport, pre-income-tax age, not necessarily freer but less organised in many incidental ways than our own. George Woodcock records that Charlotte Wilson, a leader of late 19th-century anarchism in England "had gone to live in a cottage on the edge of Hampstead Heath rather than accept the earnings of her stockbroker husband." It isn't, perhaps, entirely frivolous to reflect how much she would need those earnings to make a similar flight to-day.

In other words, it is not so much a lesson for the future that Mr. Joll's admirable book offers us as a lesson in the exact reconstruction of the past. The anarchists have been reproved for their failure to be positive; but it is precisely their attempts to be positive that have most thoroughly failed. At all levels, from the total overthrow of a régime to the improvement of conditions in an existing industry, the anarchists hoped to achieve without organisation what organisation has since achieved. After Trotsky, what insurrectionist would study Bakunin; after 1945, what trade unionist would follow the example of the Cordoba general strike of 1905, where the anarchist strikers, in order to incite the employers to a refusal which might provoke revolution, asked for seven and a half hours of rest in an eight-hour day? In a sense, the anarchists' total failure makes them more complete critics of modern society, which has hardly moved an inch to accommodate them. As Mr. Joll says, "like all Puritans, they have succeeded in making us just a little ashamed about the kind of life we lead." But it is a cold form of intellectual comfort. The only possible renaissance he sees for them—outside countries which reverse the spread of European influence altogether, if there are any—is an apocalyptic one:

> after the total disruption of the means of government, communications, production, and exchange by, say, a nuclear bomb. . . . Perhaps, after all, the terrorists were right, and only a bomb on a larger scale than any they ever envisaged could prepare the way for the true social revolution.

Certainly resistance to that bomb has produced a faint anarchist afterglow. Official "Committee of 100" theory maintains that Civil Disobedience can successfully be used to force through a particular measure rather than to overthrow a régime (Mrs. Pankhurst rather than Gandhi). But the possible confusion of aims isn't entirely accidental: the more one believes that the state is a machine to further the arms-race, the further one can legitimately identify disarmament with revolution. It is often pointed out, with more or less sincere regret, that the fatal weakness of the Spanish anarchists was their inability to win the war against Fascism. A practical weakness, yes; but a theoretical victory for the anarchist contention that the state only exists for unproductive and murderous ends, such as war. The only time I had the privilege of a (very brief) meeting with Bertrand Russell, I asked him about the conflict of interests in human affairs. "Oh that," he said, "that is all humbug invented by governments." I felt it was the Age of Reason rather than the voice of reason speaking: the Enlightenment's confidence in man wedded to the Romantic's dislike for most of the things—including governments—that man has recently made.

Francis Hope

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

"Quebec Oui, Ottawa Non!"

Letter from Canada

I RETURNED to Montreal recently on Queen Victoria's birthday, a national holiday in Canada. A thousand policemen were required to put down a French Canadian Separatist demonstration. Flags were burnt, a defective bomb was planted on Victoria Bridge, and a wreath was laid at the *Monument aux Patriots*, which marks the spot where twelve men were executed after the 1837–38 rebellion.

The last time I remember such excitement in Montreal was when Maurice Richard, the greatest ice hockey player of our time, was suspended and could not play in the first three games of the all-important Stanley Cup Series. Richard, a French Canadian hero, was disciplined by the President of the National League, a Scot named Campbell, and that didn't help. On the contrary: it illustrated yet again that in Canada it is almost without exception the Scots who are the managers and officers and the French who are the clerks and enlisted men. The French, though they make up something less than a third of Canada's total population of more than nineteen million, hold something less than 15 per cent of all responsible federal jobs. Furthermore, a recent study showed that while four-fifths of the directors of 183 major companies in Canada were Canadian-born, 90 per cent of them were of British origin. Less than 7 per cent of these positions were held by French Canadians. Commenting on this already inflammatory situation in 1962, Donald Gordon, president of Canadian National Railways, said that he had never appointed any French Canadian vice-presidents because they lacked the necessary university training. French Canadian students replied by buring Gordon's effigy in Montreal's Place Ville Marie. Then an enterprising Toronto reporter discovered that of the thirty vice-presidents employed by Canada's two railway systems only seven had actually been to university. The arrogant Mr. Gordon wasn't among them.

Now QUEBEC LIBRE is painted on many a Montreal wall, students fix stickers that read QUEBEC OUI OTTAWA NON to cars, and there have been bombing outrages. After one of the most recent and successful dawn lootings of an armoury (62nd Field Regiment in Shawinigan) John Diefenbaker, leader of the opposition, asked in parliament what was being done "to protect the armed forces." *Parti Pris*, an intellectual Separatist monthly with a circulation of 3,500, is frankly for revolution now: "we are colonised and exploited... Quebec society has entered a revolutionary phase. It is ready to take all means, not excluding violence...." Since then the Queen has come and gone, and the temperature has risen still higher.

ALL THIS SHOULD BE disturbing, but as a returning native I must confess that what I felt was a certain childish glee. W. H. Auden has written in these pages (Jan. 1963), "The dominions... are for me *tiefste Provinz*, places which have produced no art and are inhabited by the kind of person with whom I have least in common." When I was in New York an editor told me that he and his associates had recently compiled a list of twelve books with which to start a new publishing firm that was bound to fail. Leading the list of unreadables was *Canada: Our Good Neighbour To The North*. Well, now something was happening. At last something was happening in what our most notable gossip columnist still calls "Our-Town-With-A-Heart."

Montreal, incidentally, has a total population going on 1,200,000. Of these nearly 800,000 are of French origin and another 150,000 are of British origin. There are also some 50,000 Jews living in this city that was, in 1878, the victim of a poem, *A Psalm of Montreal*, by Samuel Butler.

Stowed away in a Montreal lumber room
The Discobolus standeth and turneth his face to the wall;
Dusty, cob-covered, maimed and set at naught,
Beauty crieth, and no man regardeth—
O God! O Montreal!

The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar—
He has neither vest nor pants to cover his limbs;
I, Sir, am a person of most respectable connections—
My brother is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon—
O God! O Montreal!

In all fairness, I should add that Butler in Montreal today would be all but overwhelmed by the arts industry. There is a *Place des Arts* bang in

THIS *letter from Montreal about "Canada's White Negroes" is by one of Canada's best-known younger writers. Mordecai Richler was born and educated in Montreal and is the author of five novels, the most recent being* The Incomparable Atuk (*André Deutsch, London, 1963, and in the U.S.A. Simon & Schuster under the title* Stick Your Neck Out.)

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the middle of town and the National Film Board of Canada turning out documentaries, some of them highly imaginative, just outside. French Canadian feature films of festival quality are being made for the first time. One of the most successful of these, Claude Jutra's jerky, self-indulgent, but adventurous *À Tout Prendre,* had what I suppose you might call a mood shot added to it a year after completion. It shows the hero (who also happens to be the director, star, *and* subject of the film) strolling past a wall on which QUEBEC LIBRE has been painted, and of course nothing could be more topical.

One night an old schoolmate told me, "I was going to buy a place in the Laurentians this year, but the truth is now I'm thinking of looking for something in Vermont. I hate to say this, but if I was going to buy a place in Montreal I'd get myself the biggest possible mortgage. Let somebody else get stuck if there's trouble."

One of the most responsible journalists in town said, "The men on the fringe are dangerous. Honestly, the next step could be an assassination and don't think the RCMP isn't worried. It could be Vanier, the French Canadian Governor-General. That would certainly provoke Ottawa. They might have to send in troops and then the whole thing would blow up."

Again and again I was asked, "What are people saying in London? What do they think?", and I had to tell them the truth, nobody was saying anything.

"If this was happening in Africa," a friend said, "or South America, everybody would be excited. Another Cuba they'd say. But Canada, hell, we're always taken for granted."

Another journalist, an old Montrealer not generally given to hyperbole, told me, "You know what I'd like more than anything? To be twenty and French Canadian. My God, it must be exciting." He went on to say, "All my sympathies are with the French in this. They're the best people in the country, aren't they? I mean the Protestants are so guilt-ridden and joyless. The French have such a damn good case too, but it's emotional, not rational. I mean you can't get them to sit down at a table and say I want this and I want that, you can't bargain...."

Off to visit an old friend the next morning I spied a lonely and defiant Red Ensign, our semi-official flag *manqué,* fluttering in a garden in Westmount, a district where only a year ago FLQ (*Front de Libération Québecois*) terrorists were planting bombs in mailboxes. Happy birthday, Queen Victoria, I thought, and good luck to you too, Charlie. Not yet a Separatist, I already felt pleased to think of the WASPS of Montreal in trouble. Maybe your time is coming soon, I thought, and we'll see how good you are at being a minority. A touchy minority.

TO BEGIN WITH, I'd recommend that all White Anglo-Saxon Protestant kids begin their school day by being roughed up by other kids who would then dance around them, chanting, "You killed Joan of Arc." If the WASP kids insisted on observing holidays as archaic as Victoria Day they would have to bring a note to school from their parents, which note would be read aloud to the amusement of the rest of the class. Come Christmas, the WASP kids would all have to rise and stand silently with the rest to listen to De Gaulle's message from Paris.

Maybe the process has already begun. For when I was downtown the following day and went to my old college, Sir George Williams, to see a faculty member, I was told, "Sorry he can't be disturbed now. He's having his French lesson."

In English-speaking board rooms all over Montreal it was the same, the Berlitz school now runs company programmes, and I got a picture of lots of big boys doing penance. Why, there was even a French column in the *Canadian Jewish Chronicle*. The next step was difficult to predict. It could be a Pantagruel Festival in Rabelais, Quebec, if there was such a place, or frogs' legs replacing Super "K" on the breakfast tables of Westmount. We already have, as *The New Yorker* once noted, a "Notre Dame de Grace Kosher Meat Market."

THEN ONLY last autumn, André Malraux came to town to open a "*France In Canada*" exhibition. "France needs you," he told the sapient aldermen of the Montreal City Council. "We will build the next civilisation together." Malraux added that he brought a personal message from General de Gaulle. It was that "Montreal was France's second city. He wanted this message to reach you.... You are not aware of the meaning you have for France. There is nowhere in the world where the spirit of France works so movingly as it does in the Province of Quebec."

Opening the exhibition the next day, Malraux said, "For France, Canada is not the past. It is not Jacques Cartier....It is what we will do together."

Four days later the Montreal *Star* replied with THE MALRAUX STORY: IF QUEBEC BELONGED TO FRANCE. "If Quebec still belonged to France," the story began,

> the big policy decisions would be made by a super-president three thousand miles away in Paris. Every man would have to spend at least

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18 months in the nuclear army. There would be better schools—but fewer universities—and education would be in the hands of the State, not the Church. All television and radio operations would be a part of the state propaganda machine. All citizens would enjoy liberal welfare benefits because Quebec—like the motherland—would be a welfare state. Businessmen would have to accept a higher degree of planning. In the courts, an accused would be presumed guilty until proven innocent. . . .

At a press conference the next day, Malraux said, "The mere thought that French Canada could become politically or otherwise dependent on France, is a dangerous and even a ridiculous one." He added that his "utterances never implied anything beyond the historical and the artistic, even though as a cabinet minister I might have been thought to be somehow politically involved."

But even as M. Malraux explained himself in Montreal, General de Gaulle sent a warm letter of congratulation to a Frenchman, Jean Cathelin, who had visited Canada twice and written a book called *Révolution au Canada*. De Gaulle wrote that he'd "draw profit" from the book and Cathelin, a member of the *Comité International de l'Indépendance de Québec*, a Paris lobbying agency for Separatists, claimed official blessing. The Elysée Palace insisted that de Gaulle's letter was a formality and that he was not a Separatist. Meanwhile the two French Canadians who started the Comité—and who, incidentally, have been compared by one Paris newspaper to "Tom Paine and Benjamin Franklin"—claim that both Algeria and Senégal have promised diplomatic support for a free state of Quebec. *Carréfour*, a French Catholic weekly, has run a headline that reads FORTY-FOUR INDEPENDENT NATIONS SINCE THE WAR. WHY NOT FRENCH CANADA?, and Jacques Berque, a professor at the Collège de France and a member of the Comité, has written in *France Observateur* that Ottawa's imperialism "has not exercised the same rigours and crudeness as (imperialism) elsewhere but takes the more insidious form of fake bilingualism, economic pressure, and financial exploitation."

FRENCH INTELLECTUALS have not always been so enamoured of Quebec, a province which was largely pro-Vichy in sentiment during the war and whose flag is still the *fleur-de-lis*. When Gomez, the Spanish republican in Jean-Paul Sartre's novel, *Iron In The Soul*, finds himself in New York on the day that Paris has fallen, he sees only grins and indifference on Seventh Avenue. Then, on 55th Street, he spots a French restaurant, *A La Petite Coquette*, and enters, hoping to find solace. "Paris has fallen," Gomez says to the bartender, but only gets a melancholy grunt for a reply. Gomez tries again, "Afraid France is a goner." Finally the barman says, "France is going to learn what it costs to abandon her natural allies." Gomez is confused until the barman adds, "In the reign of Louis-the-Well-Beloved, sir, France had already committed every fault there is to commit."

"Ah," said Gomez, "you're a Canadian."
"I'm from Montreal," said the barman.
"Are you now?"

And Gomez goes off in search of a *real* Frenchman.

Marcel Chaput, a leading French Canadian Separatist, has said, "If Quebec still belonged to France I should preach Separatism just as hard as I do today." In his book, *Why I Am A Separatist*, Dr. Chaput wrote, "The French Canadians form a nation. . . . There is no Canadian nation. . . . There is a Canadian state [which is] a purely political and artificial entity [while] the French Canadian nation is a natural entity whose bonds are those of culture, flesh, and blood."

The English Canadian response has not always been strikingly intelligent. An editorial first printed in the *Orillia Packet and Times* and then widely reprinted by Thomson Newspapers Limited is titled, THE CANADA I LOVE: AN UNFASHIONAELE TESTAMENT.

I love Canada . . . a thousand critics inform me that there is no such thing as a Canadian, no separate and distinct Canadian identity. I am one. Politicians and pundits assure me that there is no Canadian flag, no national anthem, but I am content with our flag, a sort of red ensign . . . and I am always moved when a good band plays "the Queen" but I could learn to stand up for "O Canada" too. I love Canada. There are people like . . . Marcel Chaput who . . . assail me for oppressing my French-Canadian brothers and threaten me with a promise to pull Quebec out of confederation, but I have been . . . drunk with the Van Doos and kissed Ghislaine Gagnon . . . and saluted George Vanier . . . and I know they're Canadians too. . . . I love Canada. Our politics are dull and our sports bush league, but you can't beat the beer or the air . . . I am a Canadian. Are there any more like me?

Unfortunately, yes. Lots. But there are others too. In a seminar on French Canada held in Montreal recently, Eric Kierans, President of the Montreal Stock Exchange, said, "This feeling not of revolt but of assertion in Quebec is deep, all pervasive, and it's not going to go away, and I for one don't think it should go away." He added that it was plain there had been a lack of any real direction on a federal level in Canada for the past ten years. "The Liberals," he said, "were used to running this

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country like a clock.... This country is too diverse to ever let it run like that.... So we have a vacuum, and in a vacuum all of the inherent differences in the country emerge." A European refugee I know in Montreal told me, "The Separatists are right when they say Canada isn't a nation, it's a state, but if only they knew how lucky they were! They haven't seen our European-style of nationalism and what it does. This isn't a country—but that's what I like best about it here!"

THE LAST TIME I was in Montreal for a lengthy stay, in 1960, the *Union Nationale* was defeated in the Quebec provincial election. A year earlier Premier Maurice Duplessis, leader of the *Union Nationale* and virtually Quebec's dictator for fifteen years, died of a stroke. Duplessis' successor, Paul Sauvé, died four months later; and in 1960 the Liberals, led by silky Jean Lesage and prodded by a brilliant newcomer to politics, René Lévesque, toppled one of the most corrupt and deeply rooted political machines in North America. It was more than a heartening political upset. What amounts to a French Canadian revolution had begun.

To-day there is a sense of liberation everywhere in Quebec, a province that is, incidentally, twice the size of Texas. Stalin, so to speak, is dead. All manner of hitherto suppressed energies have been released. Anything can happen. And "anything" includes the possibility that Quebec will separate to form an independent state. If Quebec secedes, it is generally assumed that British Columbia would follow quickly. Confederation, as we know it, could collapse. Then it is not unfeasible that a number of provinces (there are ten) would sue for entry into the U.S.A. In fact, should Quebec secede the structure of North American politics could be drastically shaken up.

Mind you, I'm not saying it's likely, but it is possible. A survey undertaken by *Maclean's* magazine in June 1964 showed that 29 per cent of all Canadians, almost one voter in three, were in favour of political union with the U.S.A.; 42 per cent wanted economic union only. A. M. Lower, a Canadian historian worried about the many young people who quit Canada for the U.S.A. (an estimated 50,000 in 1963), has written, "It has tended to be the more able and especially the spontaneous who have gone.... Canada has retained the withdrawn, the sedate and those with the least energy and ability." One of those with ability who *has* stayed behind is Professor Frank Underhill, who, in his book, *In Search of Canadian Liberalism*, wrote, "... if we allow ourselves to be obsessed by the danger of American cultural annexation, so that the thought preys on us day and night, we shall only become a slightly bigger Ulster.... If we will only be natural... we shall discover that we are very like the Americans, both in our good qualities and our bad qualities." An earlier *Maclean's* survey, conducted in 1963 when the Separatist movement was barely two years old, revealed that 13 per cent of French Canadians were already convinced Separatists. This group, the survey showed, was largely urban, young, and well educated; it included a number of influential journalists and many professional people and senior civil servants.

THE FRENCH, the first to colonise Canada, are a conquered people. Jacques Cartier explored the St. Lawrence Gulf in 1534 and brought the Indian chief Donnacona back to France with him, where Donnacona spun the French court tales about "immense quantities of gold, rubies, and other rich things." In 1608 Samuel de Champlain founded the city of Quebec in New France and opened up the fur trade with the Iroquois. Maisonneuve founded Montreal in 1642.

> He sprang ashore [Francis Parkman wrote in *The Jesuits in North America*] and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example, and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms, and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near at hand, and Mademoiselle Mance, with Madame de la Peltrie... decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of beholders. Now all the company gathered before the shrine.... They knelt in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft, and when the rite was over the priest turned and addressed them:
>
> "You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow until its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land."

A century passed. More. Then, in 1759, Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, Quebec City fell to the British, and the cry of a people was to become *"Je souviens."* Montreal was taken a year later and in 1763 France ceded its North American territories east of the Mississippi to Britain. New France—a few arpents of snow, as Voltaire wrote so contemptuously in *Candide*—was no more. But according to the Quebec Act of 1774 the boundaries of Quebec Province were enlarged and freedom of religion for Catholics was confirmed under a combination of British and French law. Lord Durham, in his famous report on Canada in 1839, wrote,

> There can hardly be conceived a nationality more destitute of all that can invigorate and elevate a people than that which is exhibited by the descendants of the French in Lower Canada,

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owing to their retaining their peculiar language and manners. They are a people with no history and no literature.

Twenty-eight years later, in 1867, the British North America Act was passed and the Dominion of Canada was created.

Quebec, from the beginning, put graft-ridden governments into office. Maurice Duplessis, who was first elected to the legislature in 1937, did not introduce corruption to the province, but under the *Union Nationale*, from 1944 to 1960, "the pay-off" just about defined the régime. A royal commission investigating the *Union Nationale* government in 1961 estimated that the graft paid out by companies doing business with the provincial government over a sixteen-year span came to about 100 million dollars. (Liquor licences for night-clubs in Montreal, for example, sold for as much as $30,000, whereas now, under a "clean" Liberal government, they can be had for a hundred.) Duplessis himself, it's worth noting, did not acquire a private fortune. He ran Quebec as his private manor and short of ordering his ministers to dance the Gopak he made sure that their public humiliation was complete. He contradicted and ridiculed them almost sadistically in the legislature and mocked them before journalists. Duplessis, an hysterical anti-bolshie, time and again employed brutal strike-breaking tactics in the province and threatened townships blatantly when he needed the vote. From the platform, he would say, "Do you want a new hospital? A new bridge? A new school? Then vote *Union Nationale*. I would hate to force gifts on you that wouldn't be appreciated."

Miriam Chapin, author of *Quebec Now*, writes that when she asked a farmer in one county why he voted *Union Nationale*, he replied, "We've got to have roads. Look at Verchères. They sent a Liberal to Quebec six years ago and they haven't laid eyes on a bulldozer since. A woman down there, they tell me, died in childbirth last spring, the doctor couldn't get to her through the mud. We *got* to have roads. See?"

Throughout Duplessis' reign the rich and powerful English-speaking community in Montreal—the bankers and brokers and industrialists who live in Westmount, where they have their own police force, postal and street cleaning systems—have remained aloof. The English-language newspapers have never criticised. In exchange for silence, the English-speaking community won contracts and tax concessions. They were, in effect, allowed to run the province's economy.

THOUGH MONTREAL is the second largest French city in the world, as recently as 1956 only 3 per cent of the English-speaking population was bilingual. The French, on the other hand, have always had to speak English or moulder in second-rate jobs.

Montreal is a sequence of ghettos. Even though I was born and brought up there my experience of the French was a pathetically limited and distorted one. Our street was called St. Urbain, after Pope Urban I. It led ultimately to routes 11 and 18, and all day and night big refrigeration trucks and peddlers in Chevvies and sometimes tourists used to pass going to and from northern Quebec, Ontario, and New York State. Occasionally the truckers, usually French Canadian, would pull up at Tansky's CIGARS & SODA for a breather. Some of the truckers had tattoos on their arms, others chewed tobacco. Tansky's regulars would whisper about them in Yiddish.

"I wonder how long that one's been out of prison?"

"But you don't understand. Statistics prove they're happier than we are. They care their kids should go to college? They have one every nine months regular as clock-work for the family allowance cheque."

The French Canadian truckers struck matches against the seat of their trousers or by flicking them with a thumbnail. They could spit on the floor with such a splash of assurance that it was the regulars who ended up feeling like intruders in Tansky's store.

If the French Canadians were our enemies then it must also be said that they were not entirely unloved. In fact it was the English we truly hated and feared. "Among them," I heard it said, "with their porridge faces, who can tell what they're thinking?" It was, we felt, *their* country, and who knew when, released by booze, they'd make trouble. The French, like us, were poor and rough and spoke English badly.

DURING THE WAR YEARS St. Urbain Street families used to club together to rent clapboard cottages from the French Canadians in the Laurentian mountains. Every week the farmers came to market with fruit and vegetables, and once a summer a French Canadian strongman came to town and we all went out to watch him bend an iron bar between his teeth and swallow razor blades. Then things went sour between the French Canadians and us. One day the kids fished and stole apples together and the next there were signs painted on the highway, *A bas les Juifs*. Adrian Arcand, the fascist leader, alarmed us. Laurent Barré, a minister in the Duplessis cabinet, told the legislature that his son, on entering the army, had

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been exposed to the insult of a medical examination by a Jewish doctor. "Infamous Jewish examiners," he said, "are regaling themselves on naked Canadian flesh." The Liberal government in Ottawa called for a plebiscite on conscription for military service overseas and on a sleazy beach outside Montreal French Canadians and Jews fought with clubs. A popular Jewish sportsman lost an eye. French Canadians and Jews met to fight again outside the YMHA. Duplessis published a pamphlet showing a Jew, with an elongated nose and skullcap, raking in gold, and the caption underneath invited Abie to return to Palestine. Swastikas were painted on sidewalks here and there.

Looking back, I can see that the real trouble was there was no dialogue between us. We went to one set of schools and the French Canadians to another. I'm sure many of them believed that there was such an order as The Elders of Zion and that the St. Urbain Street Jews were secretly rich. On my side, I was convinced all French Canadians were abysmally stupid. "Frenchies," as I recall it, were for turning the lights on and off on the sabbath and running elevators and cleaning chimneys and furnaces. They were stinky, ridden with T.B. and rickets. Their older women were for washing windows and waxing floors and the younger ones were for maids in the higher reaches of Outremont, working in factories, and making time with, if you had the chance. Zabitsky, the most feared of Tansky's regulars, said, "It's not very well known, but there's a tunnel that runs from the nunnery to the priest-house—and it isn't there in case of an air-raid either." He told us how an altar boy could become a bishop's favourite, that a nun's habit could easily conceal pregnancy, and suggested a new definition for bishopric.

We fought them stereotype for stereotype. If the French Canadians felt the Jews were running the black market then my typical French Canadian (we called them "frogs" or "pea soups") was a gum-chewer. He wore his greasy black hair parted down the middle and also affected an eyebrow moustache. His zoot trousers were belted just under the breastbone and ended in a peg hugging his ankles. He was a dolt who held you up endlessly at the liquor commission while he tried unsuccessfully to add three figures, or, if he was employed at the customs office, he never knew which form to give you. Furthermore, he only held this or any other government job because he was the second cousin of some backwoods notary who had delivered the family vote to the *Union Nationale* for a generation. Other French Canadians were speed cops, and if any of these ever stopped you on the highway you made sure to hand him a folded two-dollar bill with your licence.

Wartime shortages, the admirable Protestant spirit of making-do, benefited both Jews and French Canadians. Jews with clean fingernails were allowed to teach within the Protestant school system and French Canadians off the sandlots broke into the International Baseball League. Jean-Pierre Roy won twenty-five games for the Montreal Royals one year and a young man named Stan Breard enjoyed a season as a stylish but no-hit shortstop. Come to think of it, the only French Canadians I knew of were athletes. Of course there was Maurice Richard, the incomparable hockey player, but there was also Dave Castiloux, a clever welterweight, and, above all, the wrestler-hero, Yvon Robert, who week after week gave the blond Anglo-Saxon wrestlers what for at the Forum.

I BELIEVED that Montreal was the largest inland seaport and the second biggest French city in the world, *but only because my geography books said so.* Aside from boyhood street fights and what I read on the sports pages all I knew of French Canadians was that they were clearly hilarious. Our Scots schoolmaster could always raise a laugh in class by reading us the atrocious Uncle Tom-like dialect verse of William Henry Drummond: *Little Baptiste & Co.*

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow 'Julie Plante'
Got scar't an' run below—
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

St. Jean Baptiste is still the patron saint of Quebec, but in this summer's annual parade he was no longer played by a boy. He was, for the first time, represented by an adult, and the sheep that accompanied him in former years was tossed out. A few days before the parade, the extremely influential *Société Saint Jean Baptiste de Montréal*, with a membership of more than 300,000 throughout the province, presented a 125-page brief to the Quebec Parliamentary Committee on the Constitution. The *Société* said that Canada must consist of two equal partners—the Ottawa government leading the nine "English" provinces and a fully self-determined Quebec. The brief recommended, among other things, sovereign status for Quebec, including Quebec citizenship, for all its residents, and recognition of two nations in Canada. "This," Professor Michel Brunet of the University of Montreal told reporters, "is the answer

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to outright separatism." He added that French Canadian nationalism was not a fad.

> The "contract" which was made in 1867 was one between an adult and a minor, but the French partner in the contract feels very much that he has come of age and he thinks strongly that he has been "had."

Another indication, if it's needed, of how much times have changed in Quebec was the recall from Swiss exile this summer of the Marist Brother Pierre-Jerome. Brother Pierre-Jerome, now a legend in the province, is the author of a witty and engaging book, *Les Insolences du Frère Untel*, that was published anonymously in 1960 and sold an astonishing 127,000 copies in Quebec, making it the best-selling book in the history of the province. *Les Insolences* is not merely a good book: it is one of those rare and timely volumes that has become a factor in the making of a social revolution. It was the first book with a wide circulation outspokenly to criticise the church-run educational system, the sloppy French spoken by the young (*joual*), and the corruption of Quebec's political autocracy. "The whole of French Canadian society is foundering," Brother Pierre-Jerome wrote in 1960. "We are a servile race; our loins were broken two hundred years ago, and it shows."

Shortly after *Les Insolences* became a *succès de scandale*, Brother Pierre-Jerome was sent off to the Mother House in Rome by his Marist superiors. He lived there under strict discipline for a year before going on to teach at the University of Fribourg from where he was finally recalled to Quebec.

Les Insolences was first published as a series of letters by André Laurendeau, then editor of *Le Devoir*, and a long-standing enemy of Duplessis. Laurendeau is now serving on the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism with Davidson Dunton, the president of Carleton University in Ottawa, and F. R. Scott, the brilliant dean of the McGill law school and a poet with a sharp satirical eye. It was Laurendeau who developed the theory of the *"Roi Nègre,"* that is to say that the real rulers of Quebec (the English) used a French Canadian (Duplessis) chieftain to govern the province, just as colonial powers used African puppets to keep their tribes in order.

Laurendeau is not alone among French Canadian intellectuals who would like to see Quebec's revolution develop quietly within confederation.

On May 14th, 1964, the Montreal *Star* reprinted a "Canadian Manifesto" that first appeared in *Cité Libre* and was signed by seven distinguished French Canadian intellectuals who called themselves "The Committee For Political Realism." The Committee called for social justice, a fairer distribution of wealth, and a revised penal code, rather than more nationalistic heat.

> To use nationalism as a yardstick for deciding policies and priorities is both sterile and retrograde. Overflowing nationalism distorts one's vision of reality, prevents one from seeing problems in their true perspective, falsifies solutions and constitutes a classic diversionary tactic for politicians caught by facts.
>
> Our comments in this regard apply equally to Canadian or French Canadian nationalism.... We are not any more impressed by the cries in some English circles when American financiers buy Canadian enterprises, than we are by the adoption in the Province of Quebec of economic policies based upon the slogan *"maîtres chez nous."*
>
> Separatism in Quebec appears to us not only a waste of time but as a step backwards.... We refuse to let ourselves be locked into a constitutional frame smaller than Canada.... We do not attach to its existence any sacred or eternal meaning, but it is an historical fact. To take it apart would require an enormous expenditure of energy and gain no proven advantage....

Among the authors of the Manifesto is Pierre-Elliott Trudeau, a founder and editor of *Cité Libre*, a magazine that was once considered the most radical in Quebec, but that is now arrogantly dismissed by Separatists. For the Separatists have gone beyond abandoning the traditional sheep on St. Jean Baptiste Day. The symbol of the RIN (*Le Parti Republicain du Québec*) is the ram's head. Young Separatists smoke made-in-the-province Québecois cigarettes and are scornful of anyone over thirty—anyone who belonged to that generation that tolerated Duplessis. Governor-General Vanier, a French Canadian, is their Pétain-figure ("he speaks French with an English accent"), and even Jean Lesage, who brought decent government to the province, is considered a transitional figure.

"Duplessis isn't our problem," a Separatist told me. "Lesage and the others pushed open the door and for that they deserve credit, but they were totally unprepared for the new release of energy."

NEITHER DO THE Separatists take the many conciliatory gestures of English-speaking Canada, including the Royal Commission on Bilingualism, very seriously.

"I never heard of anything so silly as bilingualism," an RIN member said. "Why should they speak French in Vancouver? It's stupid!"

I spent an afternoon in Montreal with two RIN members, both students at the University of

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Montreal, both articulate and middle-class. Jacques, referring to one of Montreal's largest department stores, said: "Now they advertise that nine out of ten people who work there speak French. Sure, only the tenth one is the president of the company."

André said: "We have nothing against English Canada, you know. We don't hate them. We want to run our own affairs, that's all. And if you ask me they'd be better off without us too."

I asked Jacques if he felt the standard of living in Quebec would decline if the province was to separate.

"English Canada," he said, "puts up with a lower standard of living in order to remain independent of the United States. Why don't they credit us with the same sort of pride."

"Anyway, the standard of living would not go down," André said. "The Belgians would invest. So would the French and the Americans."

André and Jacques both said they were opposed to violence. They claimed that they were often followed by the RCMP and photographed at demonstrations. I spoke to them about English Canadian anxieties. Quebec, I said, has an unfortunate history of corrupt politicians and right-wing demagogues. There was Duplessis and even more recently Réal Caouette, a backwoods car-salesman whose *Le Railliement des Créditistes* won an astonishing twenty-six seats in the 1962 federal elections. Caouette, a bigot and a self-confessed admirer of Hitler and Mussolini, told his simple followers, "You don't have to understand Social Credit to vote for it." English Canadians, then, fear a right-wing coup should Quebec become an independent state. And several French Canadian trade unionists I spoke to, men with a long and honourable history of fighting Duplessis, were also unhappy about the Separatists. They feared that an independent nationalist government would necessarily support reactionary but indigenous capitalists, such as Jean-Louis Lévesque, against the unions. I also pointed out to the two students that the authors of a "Canadian Manifesto" had written: "nationalistic policies in Canada or in Quebec are generally advantageous to the middle class though they run counter to the interests of the majority of the population in general, of the economically weak in particular...."

André and Jacques dismissed the Manifesto as the work of Anglicised French Canadians and claimed a broadening trade union support. As for English Canadian criticism, "Well," André said, "sure we had Duplessis, but he was backed and kept in power by English Canadian financial interests."

This, of course, is an extension of André Laurendeau's theory of *Le Roi Nègre*. Many French Canadian intellectuals tend to identify with resurgent Africans and the American Negro. They see themselves as Canada's white Negroes.

A WELL-KNOWN literary critic told me, "It was when I first saw on TV all those Africans in their flowing robes at the UN that I thought: why not us too?"

Looking back on my own boyhood in Montreal I must say, unfortunately, that we didn't see the French Canadians as down-trodden Negroes, in fact *within that particular context* we saw them more clearly as rednecks ready to fall in behind the first demagogue to come along and spread violence in our own community. Sorry, but that's how it was. *Je me souviens aussi*. And to-day Montreal's large Jewish community is alarmed about the Separatists. "They've as much as told us," I heard again and again, "that we've got to get off the fence. We're supposed to come down with the French or against them." Anxiety, I should add, is smeared with a patina of condescension that is shared with the larger and most poorly-informed sector of the English-speaking community, which group feels that the French Canadians could no more manage a country than, say, the Egyptians could run the Suez Canal.

Many Jews I spoke to felt the Separatist movement was potentially rich in anti-semitic content. "If anything starts who'll get it in the neck? Us...." But as far as I could make out, from my limited and necessarily stilted conversations with Separatist leaders and students, there is no anti-semitic content to the movement; in fact again and again Separatists ingratiatingly quoted the Zionist analogy to the demand for their own state. All the same, I understand the apprehensions. Intellectually I can see little to fear, but when I drove out to Ste. Agathe in the Laurentians one day I felt what must be the standard Jewish response to the trouble. The French Canadians are writing on the highway again—true, this time out it was *Québec Libre* and not *A bas les juifs*—but when the French Canadians are writing on the highway I don't feel so good.

I have other reservations about the *Roi Nègre* theory. While I agree that the role of the English-language press in Montreal during the Duplessis era was, to say the least, disgraceful, the French Canadians, unlike the southern Negro, had the vote; they were not kept from the polls; and so if I was brought up in a notoriously backward and corrupt province it was, no matter how artfully you slice it, a French Canadian electoral majority that put the government in office and kept it there and kept

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it there. The English-speaking community may have been more than pleased about it, there is no doubt that they behaved slyly, shabbily, even dishonestly, but the shame, such as it is, is largely French Canadian. And pride and shame, not economics, is what the French Canadian problem is about.

André d'Allemagne, one of the leaders of the RIN, told me, "As a French Canadian, I have no country." D'Allemagne, who is 34 years old, is a University of Montreal graduate and used to work in the House of Commons in Ottawa as a translator. Like so many other French Canadian civil servants, some of them in the most senior positions, he has now returned to Quebec Province. Ottawa, for them, is foreign. To-day d'Allemagne lives in Montreal, where he works as an advertising copy writer. He told me that the RIN was opposed to violence and would try to get its policies accepted by direct appeal to the electorate. If, however, the RIN were outlawed, they would have to turn to violence. "Like the *maquis*," he said.

Quebec, d'Allemagne is convinced, will ultimately opt for independence. If English Canada resists, he told a reporter a month earlier, "two sunken ships would block the Seaway. We don't want to do it. The Seaway is international. But we will if we have to."

The RIN, d'Allemagne said, was not precisely socialist, "but somewhat to the left of centre." It was for secular control of the schools and one official language in the new state: French. D'Allemagne looks to the next Quebec provincial elections in 1966 as the big test—and he isn't the only one.

BETWEEN NOW AND 1966 there will undoubtedly be more and uglier outbreaks of violence in the province. More armouries will be looted and more banks raided. If it is doubtful, given its present level of popular support, that Quebec will actually sue for separation, then it is largely because the movement still lacks a leader of real stature. But there is just such a *potential* leader now active in the province—René Lévesque. For the present Lévesque is the Minister of Natural Resources in Jean Lesage's cabinet. He is also, as far as most French Canadian intellectuals are concerned, the conscience and most advanced thinker in that cabinet and, to the English-speaking community, anathema, the likely wild man. Lévesque, a man of style and brilliance, did not enter politics until 1960. Once elected and in the cabinet his first act was to prod the government into nationalising all hydro-electric power in Quebec, a measure for which he was abused in English Canadian newspapers. "Why attack us now," he said, "for doing what a Conservative government of Ontario did in 1905?"

Before standing as a Liberal candidate Lévesque was widely known and respected throughout Quebec as a television commentator who was outspokenly critical of Duplessis. "I am," he says, "not a Separatist, but I admit my thoughts are running in that direction." He has been described as "a last-resort Separatist," *i.e.*, if English Canada stands in the way of Quebec's social and economic development then—but only then—would he bolt the Liberals. He gives Ottawa, it is said, two more years, until 1966, and meanwhile English Canada makes no pretence about despising and fearing him. He is, to my mind, the most refreshing figure in Canadian politics. Speaking at something called the Empire Club in Toronto recently, Lévesque said, "Actually, I am a forty-year-old moderate. There are guys behind me who make me feel nervous." A pity English Canada doesn't realise how badly it needs him.

Mordecai Richler

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EAST & WEST

1939: A Backward Glance

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago the world gasped with incredulity when the Stalin–Hitler Pact was announced: a week later came the Nazi attack on Poland and World War II was on. Ever since, the significance of the Pact has been subject to passionate debate. To-day, a quarter of a century after, some of its aspects, obscure or forgotten, deserve to be remembered.

Stalin's ideas about pre-war Anglo-French policy towards Russia and Germany were expressed quite clearly in his speech to the Eighteenth Party Congress on March 10th, 1939:

> "To allow the belligerents to sink deeply into the mire of war . . . to allow them to exhaust and weaken one another; and then when they have become weak enough, to appear on the scene with fresh strength, to appear, of course, in the interest of peace and to dictate conditions to the enfeebled belligerents."

Rarely in history was there a more explicit case of political projection. Stalin resolved to play the role of *tertius gaudens* himself. The Soviet Union, he said, would not be drawn "into conflicts by the warmongers who are accustomed to have other countries pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them. . . ."

The significance of this pregnant phrase, which was later used innumerable times to justify the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact, was realised by very few at the time. When Neville Chamberlain gave the British guarantee to Poland on March 31st, 1939, he obviously had no clue to its significance. Seventeen years later, in his reminiscences of the 1939 Moscow negotiations for a security pact, Lord Strang rejected the idea that it indicated "that the Soviet government intended all along to come to terms with Germany."[1]

Whether Stalin intended it "all along" can be answered only by posthumous psycho-analysis. But his actions surely are intelligible only in the light of his March 10th speech. As he (and Molotov) revealed subsequently, it was intended as an overture to the negotiations with the Germans and it was so understood by Adolf Hitler. This was confirmed by Ribbentrop's speech after the signing of the treaty and again in his testimony at the Nuremberg trial.

How long did Stalin contemplate the possibility of reaching an agreement with Hitler? This cannot be answered precisely, but judging by interpretations of contemporary witnesses, from Walter Krivitsky to Gustav Hilger,[2] the idea was "never very far from his mind," though he could not of course know whether it would be acceptable to his enemy.

The Soviet–Nazi Pact cannot yet be definitively analysed by historians. The State Department published in 1948 some of the relevant captured German documents,[3] and the Foreign Office disclosed their part of the story in the *Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919–1939*; but the basic Soviet diplomatic material is still in the Soviet archives waiting for the light of day. It is doubtful, however, whether any additional Soviet publications can basically affect the picture. It is likely that, as in the case of other disclosures on the Stalin era, they may only add some details to a story which in the main is already known.[4]

Is the Pact, politically, already ancient history? Perhaps its significance can best be grasped not only by remembering its consequences, but by recollecting its reception at the time.

THE EDITORIAL in *Tribune* (August 25th, 1939) is perhaps a classic of political misconception:

> "A Pact of non-aggression between Russia and Germany, if it is signed, will be a great reinforcement for peace in Eastern Europe. At the same time it is a lie to suggest that it leaves Germany a free hand against Poland or anyone else. Every Soviet pact of non-aggression has contained the proviso that the U.S.S.R. will be free to act as it thinks fit, should the other signatory commit aggression against a third party. . . . Germany knows this perfectly well, and this will be an additional restraint upon her aggressive action elsewhere."

In a speech to the Assembly of the League of Nations on September 14th, 1935, Litvinov had already emphasised that there were *two* types of non-aggression treaties:

> "Not every pact of non-aggression is concluded with a view to strengthening general peace. While non-aggression pacts concluded by the

[1] Lord Strang, *Home and Abroad* (André Deutsch, 1956).

[2] Walter G. Krivitsky, *I was Stalin's Agent* (Hamish Hamilton, 1939); Gustav Hilger, *Wir und der Kreml* (Frankfurt a/M, 1955).

[3] *Nazi-Soviet Relations, 1939–1941* (Documents from the Archives of the German Foreign Office), Department of State Publications, 3023 (1948).

[4] In 1949 A. Rossi (Angelo Tasca) wrote a popular account of it in *Deux ans d'alliance Germano-Soviétique, Août 1939–Juin 1941* (Paris). Historical material on the subject has increased since that time, but the basic facts were already known in the 'forties.

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Soviet Union include a special clause for suspending the pact in cases of aggression committed by one of the parties against any third State, we know of other pacts of non-aggression which have no such clauses. This means that a State which has secured by such a pact of non-aggression its rear or its flank obtains the facility of attacking with impunity third States."

The Soviet–German Non-Aggression Treaty, however, *did not* include any provision for suspending it in case of aggression by one of the parties against a third State.[5] But it *did* include a secret protocol containing the following clause:

"In the event of a territorial and political transformation of the territories belonging to the Polish state the spheres of influence of Germany and the U.S.S.R. shall be bounded approximately by the line of the rivers Narev, Vistula, and San. The question of whether the interests of both Parties make the maintenance of an independent Polish state appear desirable and how the frontiers of this state should be drawn can be definitely determined only in the course of further political developments."

The next issue of *Tribune* (which, ironically, came out on September 1st when German bombs were already falling on Poland) reiterated even more emphatically that "the non-aggression pact signed by Stalin with Hitler had strongly reinforced the power for peace in Europe." In an article, "Stalin—Architect of Peace" it asserted that "by signing the non-aggression pact with Germany, Russia smashed the Fascist war-making alliance" and that "only malicious or ignorant political commentators could pretend that the Soviet–German Pact is an arrangement to give Germany a free hand in Europe." To say that it "means abandonment of the Soviet peace front against the aggressor" is "a contemptible lie." In the same issue George Bernard Shaw's opinion that "Stalin has Hitler under his thumb" was quoted approvingly, and Mr. K. Zilliacus sarcastically pronounced: "Let us dismiss the tales of a secret Nazi–Soviet alliance for the partition of Poland."

Other "anti-fascist organs" were no less politically perspicacious. While the *Daily Worker* proclaimed in a bold headline that "Russia Shatters the Axis", the *New Statesman* (August 26th, 1939) said that "it is not inconceivable yet that Stalin, who has captured the centre of the diplomatic stage, may himself take a hand in calling a halt to the war." In the same issue, Mr. Kingsley Martin did not mention the Nazi–Soviet Pact at all in his column; in the next number he described it as "realistic." A letter printed in the *New Statesman* on September 2nd expressed the feelings of one of its readers:

"I am amused at your reception of the Russo-German pact. Not one single word anywhere of disgust or decent indignation; not one word of passing reproof to or dissent from what is I suppose one of the most flagrant instances of double-dealing in modern times. . . ."

Predictions were shattered: in September it became obvious that the Molotov–Ribbentrop Pact was not meant to restrain Hitler from unleashing war, but to secure his rear. Before 1933 Stalin saw the Social-Democrats ("social fascists") as the main enemy and this certainly contributed to Hitler's seizure of power in Germany; after 1939 he allowed him to conquer the whole of Europe, for he saw the "Western imperialists" not as the blundering fools they were, but as wicked Machiavellians pushing Hitler to war with Russia. Appeasement was taken for permanent policy when in fact it was a phase. It would not influence Hitler; it could not secure peace; it would only guarantee defeat. "Peace at any price," as most of us know by now, leads to no peace at a higher price.

Stalin also "bought peace" on August 23rd, 1939; in his case it involved not just the abandonment of the victims to Hitler, but also the sharing of the spoils. It was during the period of the Soviet–German treaty that not only Eastern Poland, but the Baltic states, Bessarabia, and North Bukovina were gobbled up by Russia; that Finland was attacked; that more than a million inhabitants of the newly-acquired territories were sent to the Soviet slave labour camps and to Siberia; that thousands of Polish officers were murdered in Katyn; that German Communists were handed over to the *Gestapo* by the Soviet NKVD; that Germany received from Russia grain, petrol, and other raw materials, thus frustrating the Allied blockade. It was during the years of the Soviet–Nazi Pact that European Jewry was trapped and its annihilation prepared. While the Jews were being herded in ghettoes by the Nazis, Stalin's words hailing the German–Soviet Pact as "cemented with blood" cast gloom on the morale of all the conquered peoples. They could still recall his toast to Hitler after the signing of the treaty: "I know the German nation loves its *Führer*—I should therefore like to drink to his health."

On the British left, the press could not accept the consequences of the Pact which it had diagnosed so erratically. Subsequently both *Tribune* and the *New Statesman* adopted a different position on the war from the Communists;

[5] *Pravda* (September 4th, 1964) and *Izvestiya* (September 5th, 1964) disclosed that Stalin had been informed about the date of the planned German invasion of Poland well in advance by the Soviet master-spy in Japan, Richard Sorge. The Warsaw *Trybuna Ludu* (September 8th, 1964) printed this information in bold-face.

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the latter, after a somersault, regarded it as "imperialist" and, drawing the proper Leninist conclusion, argued that "the enemy is at home." (Ulbricht described Great Britain as "the most reactionary force in the world.") The lunacy of all this disgusted even the old Left Book Club hands, who described it as "the betrayal of the left."[6]

Moscow, August 23rd, 1939

ON THE *occasion of the signature of the Non-Aggression Treaty between the German Reich and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the undersigned plenipotentiaries of the two Parties discussed in strictly confidential conversations the question of the delimitation of their respective spheres of interest in Eastern Europe. These conversations led to the following result:*

1. In the event of a territorial and political transformation in the territories belonging to the Baltic States (Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania), the northern frontier of Lithuania shall represent the frontier of the spheres of interest both of Germany and the U.S.S.R. In this connection the interest of Lithuania in the Vilna territory is recognised by both Parties.

2. In the event of a territorial and political transformation of the territories belonging to the Polish State, the spheres of interest of both Germany and the U.S.S.R. shall be bounded approximately by the line of the rivers Narev, Vistula, and San.

The question whether the interests of both Parties make the maintenance of an independent Polish State appear desirable and how the frontiers of this State should be drawn can be definitely determined only in the course of further political developments.

In any case both Governments will resolve this question by means of a friendly understanding.

3. With regard to South-Eastern Europe, the Soviet side emphasises its interest in Bessarabia. The German side declares complete political désintéressement *in these territories.*

4. This Protocol will be treated by both parties as strictly secret.

For the Government of the German Reich:

V. Ribbentrop

With full power of the Government of the U.S.S.R.:

V. Molotov

From "Documents on German Foreign Policy, 1918–1945," Her Majesty's Stationery Office, Series D, London, 1956, Vol. VII, pp. 246–7.

Was the Pact vindicated from the Russian point of view? Stalin felt compelled to confront this question in the speech made after Hitler had violated the Pact by attacking the Soviet Union:

> "We secured one-and-a-half years of peace for our country and the chance to prepare our defensive forces in case fascist Germany invaded our country in spite of the pact. This was a definite gain for us and a loss for fascist Germany."

That the preparations were inadequate is now confirmed by the Soviet leaders themselves, who blame Stalin for the early Soviet reverses in war.[7] But they continue to justify the Pact itself, despite the fact that Stalin's *military* miscalculations, such as they were, pale into insignificance besides the *political* ones which led him to conclude the treaty with Germany. After the defeat of France, Hitler had all the resources of subjugated Europe for his forthcoming duel with Russia. It was only Hitler's blunder in getting involved in a Balkan war and postponing the attack on the Soviet Union which saved Moscow and prevented the whole of European Russia from being over-run by the Nazi armies. The villainy of the Pact was matched by its short-sightedness. In the 20th century there is no knavery that has not been justified in the name of "realism", but the events showed here less rationality than rationalisation.

IN THE FIRST PLACE, it was Stalin himself who had inflicted immeasurable damage on the Red Army: Soviet sources have recently revealed that in 1940, as a result of the Great Purge, there were no commanders who had graduated from a staff college in 225 infantry regiments (half the total strength)! And there were only 25 who had been through military colleges. The bleeding of Russia and of its army through the years of the Yezhov purge had probably weakened it more than the preparations for war during the period of Soviet–Nazi "friendship" could have strengthened it. Secondly, while it is not clear

[6] Victor Gollancz, *The Betrayal of the Left* (London, 1941).

[7] On September 4th, 1964, *Pravda* confirmed the fact, known for a long time in the West, that Richard Sorge also provided the Kremlin with the accurate date of the planned German invasion of Russia. But his warning was not heeded by Stalin. *Pravda* added: "How many thousands and millions of lives would have been saved if the information of Richard Sorge and others had not been locked up in the safe?" Stalin's disregard of the warnings by the West (and his own spies) was of course rooted in his political assessment of the situation and his illusions about the possibility of preserving the pact with Hitler.

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how much was in fact done during that time in overcoming the consequences of the 1936–38 mass terror, it is obvious that through his pact with Hitler, Stalin achieved only a respite during which Germany's power increased more substantially than Russia's: when the Nazi attack came millions of Soviet citizens paid with their lives for Stalin's "diplomatic masterstroke." The chestnuts, so to say, came home to roast. The Soviet disasters of 1941 were a direct consequence of the Soviet–Nazi Pact.

It can be argued that it is the end result that counts and, after all, Russia emerged victorious from the war; if she was *militarily* in a worse position in 1941 than in 1939 vis-à-vis Germany, her *political* position vis-à-vis the Allies was stronger; in 1939 she might not have had the military assistance which she received after 1941. But surely this *post hoc ergo propter hoc* reasoning hardly entered into Stalin's calculations when he concluded his pact with Hitler? He wanted to play it safe, not to play it dangerously. But he badly overestimated the French power of resistance and as a result found himself on the very edge. No rational policy can be based on the courting of a catastrophe in the hope that it may be for-the-best-in-the-end. Stalin was certainly not irrational in this sense, he was too cautious for that; and, as his long silence after the German attack indicates, he was stunned by his miscalculation. Had not his political position in the West, as a partner, become stronger as a result of France having been eliminated from the war? Yes, but in 1941 it was the force of German arms which, but for Hitler's blunders, was almost decisive. And in 1939, without his pact with Stalin, Hitler might well have hesitated to start the war.

TWENTY-FIVE years have passed since those fateful days of August, when the announcement of the pact between Hitler and Stalin made the world realise that it was once again on the brink of world war. A new generation has grown up for which it is already "ancient history." But while in the West few are now ready to defend the follies of the 'thirties, in the Soviet Union the Nazi–Soviet Pact is strenuously justified by the historians.

The argument reduces itself to two propositions: (*1*) that it is Britain and France who were to blame for the failure of the 1939 Moscow negotiations for a security pact; and (2) that it was then in the Soviet interest to conclude the pact with Germany. To prove it, Soviet historians use many interesting and even legitimate arguments; but to make their task easier they accuse the West of "falsifying history." Who are the falsifiers?

For one thing, the existence of any "double dealing" on the Soviet part in 1939 is denied. When the German documents on the non-aggression treaty with the Soviet Union were published, Stalin countered it by publishing an anti-Western book, *"Falsifiers of History."* Nowadays, although Stalin's historiography has been somewhat undermined in the Soviet Union, it is still maintained that there were no secret talks with Germany. As Mr. Ivan Maisky put it in his letter to *The Times* (March 12th, 1964),[8] after the suspension of the negotiations in mid-August "the Soviet government used the legitimate right, enjoyed by any government, to *change* its policy whenever the previous policy proves to be unreal." Thus we are given to understand that the conclusion of the momentous Soviet–German treaty, the whole agreement on its text between the enemies-turned-partners, took no more than a week. Even in the absence of documentation to the contrary, this strains credulity a bit much; but in fact we know of preliminary talks in Berlin and Moscow, from the Kandelaki mission through the conversations of Astakhov with Schnurre[9] to

[8] It was followed by an interesting correspondence, including letters refuting his arguments by Professors Agnes Headlam-Morley (March 16), W. N. Medlicott (March 17), Llewellyn Woodward (March 19), and Lord Strang (March 22).

[9] David Kandelaki was a Soviet trade emissary in Berlin. On Stalin's instructions, he tried to establish contact with Hitler and test the possibility of *rapprochement* with Germany in late 1936 and again in early 1937. The attempts were unsuccessful. The first information about them was provided by Krivitsky, "I was Stalin's Agent", pp. 32–39, and it was confirmed after the war when a dispatch from Schacht to Neurath (then the German Foreign Minister) from the files of *Auswärtiges Amt*, dated February 11th, 1937, fell into Allied hands. Cf. Leonard Schapiro, *The Communist Party of the Soviet Union*, Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1960, p. 485.

On April 17th, 1939, the Soviet Ambassador in Berlin, Merekalov, proposed to the German Deputy Foreign Minister, von Weizsaecker, "a normalisation" of Soviet-German relations. On May 5th, 1939, the Soviet *chargé d'affaires*, Astakhov, in a conversation with the high official in *Auswärtiges Amt*, Schnurre, asked him if the replacement of Litvinov by Molotov would change the German attitude towards the Soviet Union. In the delicate manœuvres made by both sides to test the possibility of Soviet-German accord the subsequent talks of Astakhov with Schnurre played an important part. (*Documents on German Foreign Policy, 1918–1945*, Her Majesty's Stationary Office, Series D, London, 1956.) Hitler understood the meaning of Litvinov's dismissal. In his talks to German generals on August 22nd, 1939, and in his letter to Mussolini of August 25th, 1939, Hitler evidently considered it "decisive" as a manifestation of the Kremlin's willingness to reach an agreement with Germany.

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those of Molotov with the German Ambassador in Moscow, Schulenburg, which prepared the ground for Ribbentrop's one-day visit to the Kremlin to sign the treaty. Its secret protocol, which gives the whole game away, has never been acknowledged by Soviet historians. Mr. Maisky writing in the Soviet magazine, *Novaya i Noveishaya Istoriya* (No. 1, 1964) does not utter a word about it, and adds to a *suppressio veri* a classical *suggestio falsi* by declaring that "the entry of the Red Army into the Eastern part of Poland on September 17, 1939... was juridically formalised on September 28 by an agreement between U.S.S.R. and Germany on a demarcation line in Poland." He does not explain that this was simply a modification of the original secret protocol, a modification involving new "horse-trading," *i.e.* swapping part of Poland for Lithuania, or an exchange of chestnuts. Characteristically, as he is writing for home consumption, Mr. Maisky does not refer to Sir Winston Churchill's testimony (as he did in a letter to *The Times* to prove a point), but he reproaches him for his role in 1939:

> "It is strange, that in his [Churchill's] memoirs, he finds it possible to pass over in silence the betrayal of Poland by Britain and France. Why? Is it not because, in September 1939, Churchill was a member of the British Government, and therefore bears responsibility for the crime committed by that Government?"

This—from a man who suppresses the information about the document in which Stalin and Hitler prepared the partition of Poland and who approves its "cementing in blood" in September, 1939—is almost too much.

The dialectics of other Soviet historians are no less breath-taking. In his book on *The Second World War*,[10] Professor G. A. Deborin perpetuates Stalin's political projections in a particularly extreme form by declaring that the Moscow negotiations served the British and French governments

> "to frighten Hitler with a prospect of the establishment of an Anglo-French-Soviet coalition and by demonstrating the isolation of the Soviet Union in the face of fascist aggression to push Germany into attacking the U.S.S.R."

How could the British guarantee to Poland have been taken as facilitating a German attack on the U.S.S.R., and how could the prospect of the Anglo-French-Soviet coalition be said to serve the same purpose? By "demonstrating the isolation of the Soviet Union" which such a coalition would have ended? It would take medieval sophistry to straighten this out.

It is, of course, a standard Soviet assertion that the Moscow talks had failed because the Anglo-French side had "never wanted them to succeed." This, as the British diplomatic documents clearly show, is not true. What is true, is that the British and French governments were not acting in accordance with the gravity of the situation, as they were still dominated by the men of Munich. Their attitudes were rooted in the period when, as the young John F. Kennedy observed in his 1940 study of *Why England Slept*, "the fear of Communism, not the fear of Nazism, was the great British bogey," and when pacifist illusions were permeating British public opinion. It is true that, although shaken, many appeasers were still hoping that war could be averted by making further concessions to Hitler.[11] But when all this is said, the fact remains that during the actual course of the Moscow negotiations it was the British and the French who were conceding point after point, and it was the Soviet side that was continuously raising new demands—until the time when Moscow could break off the talks (on the final grounds of the Polish refusal to grant in advance to the Soviet troops the right of passage through Poland in case of war[12]) when it learned from Berlin that Hitler was ready to sign the treaty.

Whatever one may think of the Polish stand (and the subsequent Soviet actions during the war confirmed many Polish fears), the Russians knew that Britain and France were trying to induce the Poles to abandon it. In his recent communication to *Le Monde* (February 29th, 1964), former Premier Daladier described how on August 21st, 1939, he presented the Polish ambassador in Paris, Lukasiewicz, with an ultimatum to agree to the Soviet formula, telling him that a failure to reply before 4 p.m. would be taken as agreement. No reply arrived and Daladier authorised the French military representative in Moscow, General Doumenc, to sign the military convention on Soviet terms. On August 22nd, Doumenc notified Voroshilov, who demanded a Polish confirmation of this. A few hours later, the *Deutsche Nachrichten*

[10] G. A. Deborin, *Vtoraya Mirovaya Voina* (Moscow, 1958, p. 31); *Cf.* also V. G. Trukhanoskii, *Vneshnaya Politika Anglii na Pervom Etape Obshchego Krizisa Kapitalizma*, 1918–1939 (Moscow, 1961, pp. 169–178); and *Istoriya Velikoy Otechestvenny Voiny Sovetskogo Soyuza* (Moscow, 1961, pp. 169–178).

[11] Martin Gilbert & Richard Gott, *The Appeasers* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1963), pp. 255–279.

[12] The fact that the U.S.S.R. had no common frontier with Czechoslovakia does not prevent Soviet historians from claiming that the Russians were ready in 1938 to fulfil the obligations of the Franco-Soviet pact and come to the assistance of Czechoslovakia (later abandoned in Munich by the Western powers).

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Bureau and TASS announced the forthcoming visit of Ribbentrop to Moscow.

From the Soviet point of view, it is surely possible to make a better case for the Soviet-German Pact. Stalin, like Hitler, was afraid of war on two fronts[13] and he could not know that Japan would *not* oblige Hitler by attacking Russia from the rear (but then he could not be sure of it in 1941 either). His paranoidal suspiciousness had been fed by the Munich Agreement of 1938,[14] and although he was in many ways quite unique, the type of political mentality he represented has been (and is) rather widespread among the Soviet political élite. More than that. There was also the most naked form of calculating self-interest, which, when it is stripped bare, is so often conceived in tragic short-sightedness. If one disregards the price in blood which the Soviet population had to pay for the pre-war policies of Stalin, it can perhaps be termed a form of *sacro egoismo*, but it is difficult to see why this egoism should be so sacred to any concerned observer in the West.

In any case, if it were indeed so imperative for the Russians to conclude a treaty with Nazi Germany, all the Soviet arguments about the failure of the Moscow negotiations being due to Britain and France fall to the ground; on this premise they could not, and perhaps should not, have succeeded in any case. Maisky and Deborin are simply trying to prove too much.

But, perhaps, there is a point to it. Some of the mentality of the 'thirties is still with us. Reminiscing on the events leading to World War II in the *Daily Worker* (February 20, 1964), Mr. William Warbey, M.P. endorsed "every opinion and every judgment made by Maisky" and added:

> Ivan Maisky's book, *Who Helped Hitler?*, might well have carried as its title the refrain from the song "When will they ever learn?"

Ancient Romans used to say: *Historia est magistra vitae*. But then things have changed a little.

Leopold Labedz

[13] "... Not to conclude a pact of non-aggression with Germany would have inevitably led to an attack on the U.S.S.R. by two aggressors—Germany and Japan—from two sides." (Trukhanovskii, *Vneshnaya Politika Anglii* ..., p. 368). "... The Soviet Union was threatened with war, in conditions of its complete political isolation—and that on two fronts at once, in the west and the Far East." *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union* (Moscow, 1962, p. 513).

[14] It is not intended to minimize here the folly of Munich, but only to point out an essential deficiency in Stalin's picture of the outside world. He projected his own deviousness on the Birmingham merchant mentality of Neville Chamberlain, saw only infinite cunning in all the political moves of the *kovarnyi Albion*, and expected a far greater degree of anti-Soviet solidarity among the "imperialists" than they really possessed. Even in 1941, he took the Hess "mission" very seriously and thought that it might be successful.

Fresco

Enjoying our nakedness, there is that:
and what
More would anyone want; bodies no longer
Strange but rewardingly familiar,
Merely by pressures leading to new hungers.

"Rewardingly familiar." A brave phrase,
Where before familiarity sickened and fondness
The deposit when desire went out of the door.

Yet it is so. Or do we unknowingly linger,
Eyes drowning, on that brink of satiety
Come upon as quick as the drying of this ink?

My nails dig, and your lips twist
With that bitterness of taste who could resist?

Alan Ross

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LETTERS

Alien's Eye

ONCE UPON a time, when my friend George Mikes was not yet an alien and had not the glory it brought him, we used to be members of what we called the "Stuocs" (Read it backwards, please). We could loosen our ties at night only after we had done our bad deed for the day. I think Alien the minute he returned fell back to our old ways, when he wrote that "...these women (of Budapest) are not what they used to be." Exactly according to our rules, the bad deed for the day was not to be a wicked one, only a delicious shock for everyone, through its sheer absurdity. Where on earth did he spend his pre-lunch hour, just when *Váci utca* and *Ló utca* as well are crowded with women who have been spending a good pre-pre-lunch half-hour in front of their—office and shop —mirrors and emerge wearing little dresses taken from the latest numbers of the magazine *Ez A Divat* (This Is Fashion) taken directly from *Elle* and *Vogue*. Next time our Alien comes, I shall let him sit at my window desk looking out on the *Váci utca*, where the sight of these "less alluring women" distracts my eyes all day. But I shall insist he goes and sees an ophthalmologist first.

IVAN BOLDIZSAR

The New Hungarian Quarterly

Budapest

"Battle of the Ghosts"

MR. DAVID MARQUAND's commentary on our *Rebirth of Britain* [ENCOUNTER, October] read far too much politics into it and too little economics out of it.

The Introduction says that the book sets out to examine the post-war return to the faith in authority as the solution to Britain's economic problems. It was triggered off by the July 1963 ENCOUNTER, but the 18 essayists range over the main trends in social and economic thinking in general and they quote over 100 writers apart from the half-a-dozen or so economists in the ENCOUNTER symposium. Mr. Marquand said too little about the general nature of our approach and nothing about the detailed proposals for economic policy without which the book cannot be judged.

But to begin with some misapprehensions he may unintentionally have left in ENCOUNTER readers' minds:

1. The essayists are not concerned to engage in political argument but to examine economic thinking and policy. Economic writers and thinkers cannot prevent the politicians from borrowing, with or without acknowledgement, for their own purposes, but that does not mean that economists are willingly lending themselves to political purposes.

2. The Introduction to *Rebirth of Britain* makes clear that the essayists include sympathisers at one time or other with all three political parties. Mr. Marquand says that what matters is the present sympathies of the essayists. One of them, Mr. Colin Clark, said after the book was published that his sympathies were with Labour, and at least one other is spiritually more at home with Labour than with the Conservatives. At least four have Liberal sympathies. Apart from Mr. Enoch Powell, only two or three others as far as I know have Conservative sympathies.

3. Mr. Marquand says that the doctrines outlined in the essays "are totally opposed to those of the Labour Party." Professor John Jewkes' analysis of anti-monopoly legislation; Ralph Harris's proposals for outlawing legal devices that restrict competition, reducing patent protection, requiring fuller disclosure in company accounts and gradually abandoning subsidies to private companies; and Professor Jack Wiseman's preference for heavy inheritance taxes would in general find more sympathy in the Labour than in the Conservative Party. And some of us (Gwyn James on agriculture, Denis Thomas on broadcasting, I on welfare) are critical of Conservative policy. But Mr. Marquand also oversimplifies: much in these and other essays would be accepted by *some* Labour people and *some* Conservatives but rejected by others. Neither party is a homogeneous mass but a convenient coalition, in some respects of incompatibles.

4. Mr. Marquand's assertion that the essayists "have, in effect, made a take-over bid for the soul of British Conservatism" will astonish many of us. A few British Conservatives talk sense as we see it, but I should be surprised if the conversion of many others came soon. As rising incomes bring a desire among people with middling and lower incomes for more freedom of choice, I myself would look to a realignment of non-conservative forces to adopt the essentially liberal policies some of my fellow essayists outline. (Others of them would not necessarily agree.)

5. Mr. Marquand's emphasis on politics led him to give most attention to Mr. Enoch Powell and his essay; of the other 17 only Mr. Graham Hutton and on one point Mr. Jossleyn Hennessy were discussed. Mr. Powell was asked to write his essay not merely because he shared some of the views of some of the essayists but because he has had experience of office in recent years and could offer a view on the extent to which the policies outlined by the authors were likely to be translated into policy. But the 18 agree more that the method of authority is not the solution than on the details of the alternative. And Mr. Marquand himself points to differences between the two authors, Powell and Hutton, whose essays he discusses at length.

6. None of our essayists advocates *laissez-faire* in the sense of anarchy, as Mr. Marquand implies; a market economy requires active government.

7. Some of us are highly critical of the welfare *state* but we want more *welfare*. My objection to the structure of state welfare as it has been developed by both the Conservatives and Labour—a system of welfare benefits irrespective of income or need—is in part that it has sacrificed humanity to equality. We could have been much more generous to the old people, the sick, and the unemployed in most need of help if we had not been tied to the principle of equal benefits to all and sundry. How Mr.

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Marquand can read class bias into such proposals I fail to see. (Most of our writers come from state schools.) It was one of the foremost advocates of state welfare, Professor R. M. Titmuss, who was moved to concede after 15 years or more:

> "Many of us must . . . now admit that we put too much faith in the 1940s in the concept of universality as applied to social security. Mistakenly, it was linked with economic egalitarianism. Those who have benefited most are those who have needed it least." (1960)

THE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCES between the main strand in post-war economic thinking reflected in the ENCOUNTER essays of Goronwy Rees, Michael Shanks, Andrew Shonfield, Austin Albu, John Vaizey and Mrs. Young and that of the *Rebirth of Britain* essays could not have been understood from Mr. Marquand's comments.

Contrary to Mr. Marquand's assertion there is a close link between the ENCOUNTER diagnosis of doom and the *Rebirth of Britain* theme that economic strength, productivity, expansion, and rising living standards lie not in increasing direction by the state but in creating the legal and institutional framework for mutually and socially advantageous relations between men as buyers and sellers of goods and services. The whole weight of historical evidence and contemporary analysis contra-indicates the ENCOUNTER diagnosis. Paul Bareau, John Brunner, Colin Welch, Denis Thomas, Professor Jack Wiseman (of the University of York), Gwyn James (Bangor University College), Colin Clark (Oxford), Dr. E. G. West (University of Newcastle), and A. R. Ilersic (Bedford College) and others are critical of the centralisation of economic controls by the state in education, agriculture, local government, external trade, welfare, broadcasting. The alternative that emerges from most of the essays in varying degree and form is what the Introduction calls "a Spontaneous Society."

The ENCOUNTER essays, with some exceptions, offered an authoritarian society as one most likely to galvanise human talents and material resources. The Spontaneous Society, some of the *Rebirth of Britain* essayists argue, would be more likely to make for economic progress by providing individual citizens with incentives rather than exhortation or controls. I would explain the argument in these terms: central direction works to some degree only in war or other emergencies. The inducements of the Spontaneous Society are more effective in peacetime because they are immediate, personal, direct, dramatic. The economic error of the authoritarians is that they expect the individual citizen or official to be able to comprehend the whole of mankind and society. The result, in the language of Edmund Burke, would be that "everything about us will dwindle by degrees, until at length our concerns are shrunk to the dimensions of our minds." The strength of spontaneity is that it enlists the energies of individuals in the context of their immediate experience and purpose—not merely themselves or their families but also their occupations, their unions, their clubs, churches, schools. If you tell people to work harder to reach Neddy's growth target of 4 per cent you will be lucky to get 2½ per cent; if you tell them to work harder for themselves and their interests you are more likely to get 5 per cent.

In Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary, and Russia spontaneity is allowed, encouraged, or tolerated increasingly in the growth of local markets for private exchange of goods and services, not least when the economy has become sluggish and nearing seizure through an overdose of central authority. The communist collectivists seem to be far ahead of western collectivists who believe they are in the van of progress by wishing to replace markets by state direction. Mr. Marquand would be less frightened by the "law of the market" if he saw it as a social/economic order in which the use of resources is governed by the preferences of man as consumer. But it is necessary first to abandon the superstition that to appoint a man a public official is to create him a public benefactor. Dr. Brian Abel-Smith, another advocate of state welfare, has set an example in candour:

> "It was perhaps uncritically assumed that the formal authority of elected representatives, either in central government or local government, would be enough to ensure that services always put first the needs of their users rather than the convenience of those providing them." (1964)

This is the difference between the authoritarian approach typified in some of the ENCOUNTER articles and the spontaneous approach indicated in many of the *Rebirth of Britain* essays. It is not enough to say, as Mr. Marquand does, that our essayists argue that what was good enough for Adam Smith is good enough for us. What is true is that the philosophy of the Spontaneous Society has a considerable intellectual pedigree in the writings of English (and some Scottish) economists, political theorists and social scientists from David Hume, Edmund Burke, Adam Smith, Nassau Senior, Alfred Marshall, J. M. Keynes (despite his misinterpreters) to Professor John Jewkes, Professor Sir Arnold Plant, Lord Robbins, Professor S. R. Dennison, Professor F. W. Paish, Professor H. B. Acton and others in our day.

This is the essential distinction we hope your readers will consider when comparing your essays and ours. But I hope they will judge ours by reading them, not by Mr. Marquand's notes.

ARTHUR SELDON
Institute of Economic Affairs, London

Spain

MAY I through your columns express my protest at the recent unkind treatment of Spain in England? First the BBC has seen fit to repeat on television a programme entitled "The Uneasy Crown," the factual inaccuracy of which was pointed out to my certain knowledge to the BBC when it was first shown in October 1963. In a charmingly evasive way the BBC defended the right of historians to "free interpretation" of history, which of course nobody disputes. But oh, could we not have some respect for facts?

Again the BBC distinguished itself in the Radio

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London

TO COLLECTORS *of vogue words: make room in your vocabulary—next to* viable, ambivalent, *and* semantic—*for* charisma, *which appears in two articles in the current issue of* ENCOUNTER. *It used to mean a favour specially vouchsafed by God; now, generally, a grace or talent. Professor Richard Hofstadter's use of the word to describe an attribute of Barry Goldwater is, I feel, ambivalent, non-viable, and at odds with semantics.** LONDON EVENING STANDARD

[*"Most contemporary usage of the word charismatic is metaphorical; the word has become a chic synonym for 'heroic' or for 'demagogic' or even just for 'popular.'..."
(Arthur Schlesinger Jr., "On Heroic Leadership," ENCOUNTER, December 1960).]

London

THE *resignation of Mr. Herbert Hill as chairman of Birfield Ltd., the light engineering group, which controls Hardy Spicer Ltd., has been rejected by the board. A formula for settling the strike at the Birmingham car components firm was arrived at on Saturday. Mr. Hill referred to "distortion and misunderstanding" which had developed from his remarks about strikers at Hardy Spicer. He denied categorically that he had used the words "low mentality" when referring to his workers, or that his description that they were "people who were not of very high intelligence" was meant to imply as much. He said he was using "intelligence" in the sense that they lacked information about the broader issues of the strike and its economic implications.*

He said he had used his description "poor dears" more as the patrician chairman of a £17m. organisation who sees from a high level his own people cutting their own throats for no good reason. He said he took particular care to maintain contact with the shop floor and had been described as a kindly man, unafraid to speak his mind. Near his desk stands a magnificent bouquet of flowers—a gift from his staff to mark his silver wedding anniversary.

THE TIMES

London

GORDON LONSDALE, *alias Konon Trofimovich Molody, the Russian spy, was sentenced at the Old Bailey in 1961 to 25 years in prison for his role in the Portland Spy Ring. Mark Bloom [later released by the Home Secretary pending an official inquiry into his case] describes an interview which Lonsdale had with the Prison Governor in 1963 [shortly before his exchange for Greville Wynne, the British businessman imprisoned in Moscow]. Prisoners are allowed to have their local newspaper as well as one daily and a Sunday paper.*

The Russian memorised the relevant prison rules and applied to see the Governor. Lonsdale first quoted the rules, then sought to establish his right to order his local paper. The Governor said it would be quite in order.

*Lonsdale thanked him and turned to leave. The Governor, perhaps realising he was dealing with a wily customer, said inquiringly: "Which is your local paper?" You can imagine the Governor's face when Lonsdale replied "*PRAVDA, *sir"....There was a great deal of arguing.... Eventually he was allowed to have it.*

Lonsdale translated three books into Russian and later (after the Berlin exchange) asked for them to be forwarded to him in Moscow. They were The Man Who Never Was [*about a British secret service stratagem in World War II*], Cloak Without Dagger [*Memoirs of a former British Intelligence director*], *and* Popsky's Private Army [*Commando tactics behind the lines*]. SUNDAY TIMES

Moscow

I WAS *pushed [writes Greville Wynne, the English businessman recently released from a Russian prison] into a cell which was terribly bare, with a bed made of metal slats a quarter inch thick. A heavy bed—everything was so heavy so that one man could not pick it up and throw it at the guard. A flat mattress, one pillow, one blanket, a stool and a table—that was all. There was also one small shelf and one wall was covered with the rules of the prison—all in Russian that I did not read anyhow. There was a barred window—you could not see out of that. And of course it was winter. In the Lubyanka there is hardly any heating, just one short piece of pipe sticking out of the wall.*

While I was eating somebody was watching me through the spy hole, which clicked incessantly night and day. I was under observation all the time. There were two guards on the small passage to my cell.

I was taken along the corridors and placed in front of a general, a colonel, and an interpreter, and I was interrogated for the first time. They were the same people I had seen on the plane from Budapest.

I must say the interpreter never tried to be difficult. He never tried to interrogate: he just did his job of interpreting. And this helped considerably, of course. He was a really quiet sort of chap. His English was almost perfect. He had an artistic temperament, rather than a hard-bitten Lubyankan one.

I felt sorry for him at times—it sounds funny to say this, for though it would seem ridiculous to say he was sympathetic he certainly wasn't very anti-me. He gave me odd cigarettes privately, and once he gave me a book—The Brothers Karamazov, *by Dostoevsky....*

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

Staphorst, Holland

THE COUNCIL *of this Calvinist town of 9,000 has refused to continue the local library's annual $3,560 subsidy because of its "wicked" books. About 100 books condemned by the council, including works by Ernest Hemingway and Erich Maria Remarque, are distinguished by red bands on their covers.* N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

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Times of September 10th by describing Falla's ballet "*El amor brujo*" as "a ballet of love and voodoo, inspired by Andalusian folklore." No comment seems necessary.

And now, of all unexpected people, that delightful and perceptive writer on many things and places, and notably on Spain, James Morris, lends his authority to a hoary chestnut about Spanish history. In an otherwise excellent article in your October number he writes of Spain as a country in which despotism is the form of government most acceptable to the people.

Is this really the country of the revolt of the Comuneros, of the Germanías, of the revolt of Aragon against Philip II, of the Catalan revolt of 1640, of the Madrid rising against Napoleon, immortalised by Goya, of the rising of Riego and the constitutional government (or mis-government) put down by the hundred thousand sons of St. Louis, of the civil wars of the 19th century fought by those who defended constitutionalism against a return to absolute monarchy? Is it the country which throve under the relatively stable constitutional régime which lasted from 1874 to 1923, a record of constitutional government not much shorter and not much worse than that of Italy at the same time? And is it the country which fought for three years and lost hundreds of thousands of lives in a struggle against a form of despotism imposed with outside help? Will your readers appreciate the courage required to strike in a country where strikes are illegal?

In stressing a so-called natural propensity to accept despotism, Mr. Morris is unjust to a people who have paid a price so heavy in defence of freedom that they are at present understandably cautious before launching on a new round of battle.

ISABEL DE MADARIAGA

London

I WASN'T really writing about Spanish history, but about what appears to me to be the Spanish condition to-day: and a quarter of a century in which the present Spanish despotism has been virtually unchallenged, while the whole world around has changed, does not seem to show any irresistible popular desire for democracy. I admire the people of inner Spain more than any other, but I cannot believe in their unconquerable individualism: nor alas can I regard the Spanish Civil War, in which Spaniards on both sides fought with the same courage, as a national "struggle for freedom."

JAMES MORRIS

Waterperry, Oxford

Pavlov's Bad Dog

ANY MINUTE now, Dr. Eysenck is going to start complaining about the letters he lets his subjectively motivated self write to the press. What is this? He wants Miss Nott to "produce a proper criterion and carry out an empirical study on a few hundred cases" before he will consider her suggestion that the neuroses of his patients may be "an obscure form of social criticism." What is Dr. Eysenck's criterion for producing proper criteria? Is it derived from empirical studies? And if so, by what criteria has he decided that empirical studies are capable of producing proper criteria? And if it's a matter of him accepting them, does he manage to do this in an exclusively objective manner? And if he does, how does he know he does? Isn't there some point at which he has to rely on looking very fierce and saying: Well, that's what *I* think, so there. Which would be quite true. *And* quite all right.

ELIZABETH YOUNG

London

IF WE ARE to believe H. J. Eysenck in his reply to Kathleen Nott, the issue at stake is simply whether it is right to help people to get rid of habits that they have developed, from smoking to homosexuality, from phobias to criminality. Modern learning theory, he says, does precisely this, while the methods used in psychiatry don't work at all.

But the question raised by Miss Nott, and which Dr. Eysenck admits to be pertinent, was that of the validity of a method of treatment of emotional and intellectual disorders which does not recognise the existence of the disorders underlying the manifest symptoms or the duality of the desire to be free and the desire to be related.

Dr. Eysenck's reply is to describe three types of patient, and then to assert that since these obviously need help, and behaviour therapy provides it (according to its criteria), there can be no doubt of the validity of behaviour therapy or the principles on which it is based. To regard these as still a matter for discussion, when they are clear enough to the behaviour therapist, is to be guilty of impassioned emotionality and to be undeserving of a reasoned answer.

But to give him his due, we must thank Dr. Eysench for the scientific precision with which he delineates the poet. What we knew as fine frenzy has now been objectively defined as agitated emotion.

H. DAVIS

St. Albans, Herts.

Naipaul's "Hinduism"

AS A REGULAR READER of the ENCOUNTER, I consider it my duty to bring to your notice the reactions which have been produced in the minds of some of your readers by V. S. Naipaul's "Christmas Story" published in your March issue. Some people are rather surprised that a journal like yours should have given publicity to such stuff. What is considered objectionable is the writer's description of Hinduism. Page after page carries his characterisation of it as something synonymous with dirt and filth, physically, socially and spiritually. One has to remember that about 90% of the population of India consists of Hindus. It may be that living in the West Indies, the writer has been compelled by circumstances to form this jaundiced opinion but writing such as this hurts the feelings of many of those who read it.

SAMPURNANAND

Governor, Rajasthan

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The Amazing Potentialities of Memory

I LITTLE thought when I arrived at my friend Borg's house that I was about to see something truly extraordinary, and to increase my mental powers tenfold.

He had asked me to come to Stockholm to lecture to the Swedes about Lister and other British scientists. On the evening of my arrival, after the champagne, our conversation turned naturally to the problems of public speaking and to the great labour imposed on us lecturers by the need to be word perfect in our lectures. Borg then told me that his power of memory would probably amaze me—and I had known him, while we were studying law together in Paris, to have the most deplorable memory!

So he went to the end of the dining-room and asked me to write down a hundred three-figure numbers, calling each one out in a clear voice. When I had filled the edge of an old newspaper with figures, *Borg repeated them to me in the order in which I had written them down and then in reverse order, that is beginning with the last number. He also allowed me to ask him the relative position of different numbers: for example, which was the 24th, the 72nd, and the 38th, and I noticed that he replied to all my questions at once and without effort, as if the figures which I had written on the paper had been also written in his brain.*

I was dumbfounded by such a feat and sought in vain for the trick which enabled him to achieve it. My friend then said: "The thing you have just seen and which seems so remarkable is, in fact, quite simple. Everybody has a memory good enough to do the same, but few indeed can use this wonderful faculty." *He then revealed to me how I could achieve a similar feat of memory, and I at once mastered the secret—without mistakes and without effort—as you, too, will master it tomorrow.*

But I did not stop at these amusing experiments. I applied the principles I had learned in my daily work. I could now remember, with unbelievable facility, the lectures I heard and those which I gave myself, the names of people I met—even if it was only once—as well as their addresses, and a thousand other details which were most useful to me. *Finally, I discovered after a while, that not only had my memory improved, but that I had also acquired greater powers of concentration; a surer judgment—which is by no means surprising since the keenness of our intellect is primarily dependent on the number and variety of the things we remember.*

If you would like to share this experience and to possess those mental powers which are still our best chance of success in life, ask A. W. Borg to send you his interesting booklet *The Eternal Laws of Success*—he will send it free to anyone who wants to improve his memory. Here is the address:

A. W. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Highfield Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6, Ireland.

Write now—while copies of this booklet are still available.

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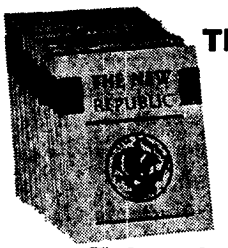

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Shell guide to Wales

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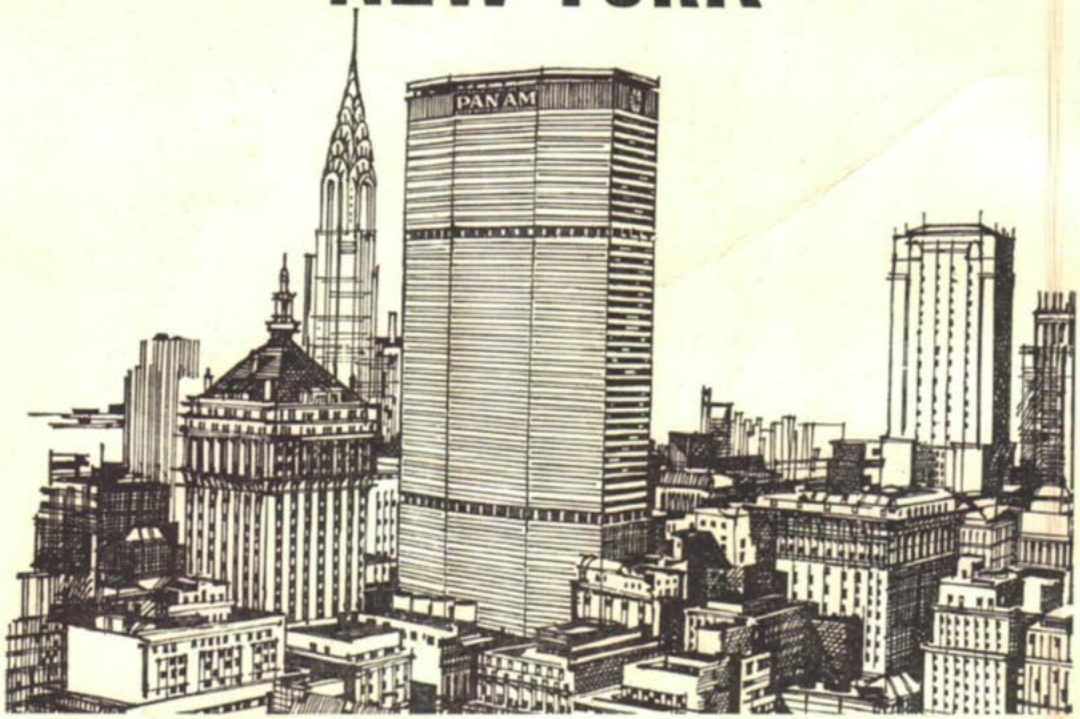

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